

The
Anglican
Hymn Book

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THE
ANGLICAN HYMN BOOK.

EDITED BY THE
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With gladsome feet we press ...	332	Corbet Singleton. <i>Written for this work</i> , 1867
Within a chamber, calm and still ...	159	Corbet Singleton. <i>Written for this work</i> , 1867
With me is Luke alone of all ...	170	Corbet Singleton. <i>Written for this work</i> , 1867
Ye boundless realms of joy ...	213	New Version, 1696
Ye choirs of New Jerusalem ...	115	Corbet Singleton <i>Tr. for this work</i> , 1867
Ye saints and servants of the Lord ...	263	New Version, 1696
Ye servants of the Lord ...	305	Doddridge, 1755
Zion, at thy shining gates ...	37	Benjamin Hall Kennedy, D.D., 1863

INDEX OF TUNES AND COMPOSERS.

The following Tunes have been harmonized for this Work by G. A. MACFARREN, Esq. :—
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The following, for the same purpose, by E. G. MONK :—

Nos. 1, 4, 14, 30, 32, 34, 63, 67, 95, 108, 110, 118, 119, 125, 131, 137, 138, 141, 153, 176,
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These have been revised by E. G. MONK :—

Nos. 16, 42, 51, 58, 60, 104, 106, 186, 203, 206, 249, 277, 291, 302, 317, 321, 324.

The Asterisk * denotes original Tunes written for this Work.

The Dagger † denotes Tunes harmonized for this Work.

The Double Dagger ‡ denotes Tunes revised for this Work.

HY.	TUNE.	COMPOSER, OR SOURCE.	METRE.
1	Morning Hymn ...	Dr. W. Boyce. Ob. 1779† ...	L.
2	Melcombe ...	S. Webbe, circa 1790† ...	L.
3	No. 3, A. H. B. ...	Dr. R. P. Stewart, 1867* ...	L.
— 4	{ Straf mich nicht in deinem Zorn... }	J. Rosenmuller. Ob. 1685†... ..	6 sevens.
5	No. 5, A. H. B. ...	E. G. Monk, 1867*	8,8,6,8,8,6.
— 6	Ach Gott und Herr ...	Harmony founded on Bach. Ob. 1750	L.
7		Ancient Melody. Printed 1535† ...	L.
— 8	Waldeck ...	Lutheran†	L.
9	No. 9, A. H. B. ...	E. G. Monk, 1867*	8,3,3,6.
10	Evening Hymn ...	T. Tallis. Ob. 1585	L.
11	No. 11, A. H. B. ...	E. G. Monk, 1867*	L.
— 12	Weimar ...	Melchior Vulpinus. Ob. cir. 1616†... ..	8 sevens.
13	No. 13, A. H. B. ...	E. G. Monk, 1867*	4 tens.
14		Lutheran†	8,6,8,6,8,8.
15	No. 15, A. H. B. ...	Henry Smart, 1867*	8,6,8,6,4,4,8.
16		Rev. J. Jowett, 1823†	8,2,3,6.
17	No. 17, A. H. B. ...	Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, 1867*	8,7,8,7.
18	No. 18, A. H. B. ...	G. A. Hardacre, 1867*	8,7,8,7.
19	Oldenburg... ..	{ Lutheran. Rev. W. Havergal's } { Old Church Psalmody }	4 sevens.
20	No. 20, A. H. B. ...	E. G. Monk, 1867*	8,8,8,8,6.
21	Moravia ...	Rev. J. West, 1800	S.
22	No. 22, A. H. B. ...	G. A. Macfarren, 1867*	L.
23	No. 23, A. H. B. ...	W. H. Holmes, 1867*... ..	L.
24	Old 137th ...	Day's Psalter, 1563†	D.C.
25	No. 25, A. H. B. ...	G. A. Macfarren, 1867*	8,7,8,7.
26	No. 26, A. H. B. ...	E. G. Monk, 1867*	8,7,8,7.
27	Zohemoth ...	Rev. W. Havergal, 1859	8,7,8,7,8,8,7.
28	Conditor Alme ...	Ancient†	L.
29	No. 29, A. H. B. ...	Walter Macfarren, 1867*	8,7,8,7,4,7.
30	Luther's Hymn ...	First printed in 1524†	8,7,8,7,8,8,7.
31	St. David's ...	Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621† ...	C.
32	Ermuntre dich ...	J. Schop, 1641†	6 eigh'ts.
33	{ Alle Menschen müs- sen sterben ... }	Bach's 371. Ob. 1750	8,7,8,7,7,7,7.
34	Old 125th ...	Day's Ps.†	D.S.
35	No. 35, A. H. B. ...	G. A. Macfarren, 1867*	8,7,8,7,4,7.

HY.	TUNE.	COMPOSER, OR SOURCE.	METRE.
36	No 36, A. H. B. ...	G. A. Macfarren, 1867* ...	6 eights.
37	Axminster... ..	Henry Lawes. Ob. 1662 ...	4 sevens.
38	Turk and Pope, or Spire	Day's Ps.† ...	L.
39	Saxony	{ Lutheran, before 1588. <i>Haver-</i> <i>gal's Old Ch. Ps.</i> ... }	L.
40	No. 40, A. H. B. ...	E. G. Monk, 1867* ...	8,8,6,8,8,6.
41	No. 41, A. H. B. ...	R. P. Stewart, 1867* ...	8 sevens.
42	Battishill	J. Battishill. Ob. 1801 ...	4 sevens.
43	Lusatia	Lutheran. <i>Havergal's Old Ch. Ps.</i> ...	8,7,8,7,4,7.
44		Wurtemberg Gesangbuch, 1864 ...	4 sevens.
45		Old Eng. ish† ...	D. C.
46	No. 46, A. H. B. ...	E. G. Monk, 1867* ...	8,7,8,7,4.
47	Frankfort	{ C. Joseph, 1690. <i>Havergal's Old</i> <i>Ch. Ps.</i> ... }	8,7,8,7.
48	Bristol	Ravenscroft's Ps.† ...	C.
49	No. 49, A. H. B. ...	E. G. Monk, 1867* ...	4 sevens.
50	No. 50, A. H. B. ...	E. G. Monk, 1867* ...	L.
51	Playford	Playford's Psalter, 1671† ...	L.
52	Jesu Redemptor ...	Ancient† ...	L.
53	Durham	Ravenscroft's Ps.† ...	C.
54	St. Mary's	Playford's Psalter ...	C.
55	No. 55, A. H. B. ...	E. G. Monk, 1867* ...	7,5,7,5,7,5,7,5.
56		Henry Lawes ...	4 sevens.
57	No. 57, A. H. B. ...	G. A. Macfarren, 1867* ...	8,7,8,7,8,7.
58	Freylinghausen ...	Freylinghausen, 1704† ...	L.
59	Zoan	Rev. W. Havergal, 1859 ...	7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6.
60	Bavaria	Lutheran† ...	L.
61	No. 61, A. H. B. ...	Herbert S. Irons, 1867* ...	6 sevens.
62	St. Matthias	? Jer. Clarke. Ob. 1707 ...	L.
63	Ratisbon	Werner's Choral Book, 1815† ...	6 sevens.
64	St. Ityld	H. E. Dibdin, 1851 ...	4 sevens.
65	York	Scotch Psalter, 1615† ...	C.
66	Alleluia dulce carmen	Michael Haydn, 1800† ...	8,7,8,7,8,7.
67	Culbach	Lutheran† ...	4 sevens.
68	No. 68, A. H. B. ...	G. A. Macfarren, 1867* ...	6,6,8,8,6,4,4,4,8.
69	No. 69, A. H. B. ...	G. A. Macfarren, 1867* ...	8,6,8,8,6.
70	No. 70, A. H. B. ...	E. G. Monk, 1867* ...	C.
71	Cheshire	Ravenscroft's Psalter† ...	C.
72	Chichester... ..	Harmonized by Ravenscroft ...	C.
73	Abbey	Scotch Psalter† ...	C.
74	No. 74, A. H. B. ...	E. G. Monk, 1867* ...	6,5,6,5,6,5,6,5.
75	Southwell	Denham's Psalter, 1558. (<i>Havergal</i>) ...	S.
76	No. 47, Redhead ...	R. Redhead, 1853 ...	4 sevens.
77	Lamentation of a Sinner	Ravenscroft's Psalter† ...	D. C.
78	Ludlow	Ravenscroft's Psalter† ...	S.
79	St. Bride	Dr. S. Howard. Ob. 1782 ...	S.
80	Windsor	G. Kirby. Ravenscroft's Psalter ...	C.
81	No. 81, A. H. B. ...	E. G. Monk, 1867* ...	C.
82	Sorlington... ..	Dr. Thomas Campion, 1600 ...	4 sevens.
83	Dunbar	Scotch Psalter† ...	C.
84	{ Werde munter mein Gemuthe ... }	J. Schop. (<i>Bach</i>) ...	6 sevens.
85	No. 85, A. H. B. ...	G. A. Macfarren, 1867* ...	8 sevens.
86	Franche Compté ...	Genevan Psalter, 1563† ...	L.
87	No. 87, A. H. B. ...	Walter Macfarren, 1867* ...	7,7,7,7,8,8.
88	Lambeth	R. King, 1695. <i>Havergal's Ch. Ps.</i> ...	6 eights.
89	No. 89, A. H. B. ...	E. G. Monk, 1867* ...	L.
90	No. 76, Redhead ...	R. Redhead, 1853 ...	6 sevens.
91	Judea	{ Dr. W. Crotch. <i>Hackett's</i> <i>Psalmist</i> , 1840 ... }	C.

HY.	TUNE.	COMPOSER, OR SOURCE.	METRE.
92	No. 92, A. H. B. ...	E. G. Monk, 1867* ...	L.
93	No. 93, A. H. B. ...	G. A. Macfarren, 1867* ...	6,6,6,6,8,8.
94	No. 29, Redhead ...	Day's Psalter, 1865 ...	C.
95	Turnau ...	Gnadau's Choralbuch† ...	8,7,8,7.
96	No. 96, A. H. B. ...	E. G. Monk, 1867* ...	8 sevens.
97	No. 97, A. H. B. ...	E. G. Monk, 1867* ...	8,6,8,6,8,8.
98	Saulus ums Gesetz ...	B. Ge-ius. 1605 ...	L.
99	Rockingham ...	Dr. Edward Müller. Ob. 1807† ...	L.
100	Old 1-t ...	Ravenscroft's Psalter† ...	D.C.
101	No. 101, A. H. B. ...	G. A. Macfarren, 1867* ...	L.
102	Burford ...	H. Purcell. Ob. 1695† ...	C.
103	Egham ...	? Dr Turner. Ob. 1744† ...	S.
104	Störl ...	Störl 1744† ...	8,7,8,7,4,7.
105	St. Philip ...	Lutheran† ...	4 sevens.
106	Martyrdom ...	Hugh Wilson† ...	C.
107	Dresden ...	{ Dresden H. Book, 1767. (Last four notes of 4th line altered) }	8,7,8,7,7,7.
108	Zurich ...	J Sch p† ...	6 sevens.
109	No. 109, A. H. B. ...	Herbert S. Irons, 1868* ...	4 sevens.
110	{ Herr Jesu Christ dich zu uns }	Lutheran† ...	L.
111	Easter Hymn ...	Henry Carey. Ob. 1743† ...	4 elevens.
112	Kissengeu ...	Lutheran. <i>Maurice's Choral Harmony</i> ...	4 sevens.
113	Howard's 148th ...	Dr. Howard, 1770 ...	6,6,6,6,8,8.
114	No. 114, A. H. B. ...	Walter Macfarren, 1867* ...	8,8,6,8,8,6.
115	St. Fulbert ...	Dr. Gauntlett ...	C.
116	Thanksgiving ...	{ Rev. J. B. Dyke's. <i>Hon. and</i> <i>Rev. J. Grey's Hymnal</i> ... }	L.
117	No. 117, A. H. B. ...	E. G. Monk, 1867* ...	8,7,8,7,7,7.
118	St George ...	N. Hermann, 1860† ...	C.
119	Rochester ...	Day's Psalter† ...	L.
120	St. Dionysius ...	E. G. Monk, 1863. <i>Grey's Hymnal</i> ...	8,7,8,7,4,7.
121	No. 121, A. H. B. ...	C. A. Macirone, 1867* ...	8,8,8,4.
122	No. 122, A. H. B. ...	G. A. Macfarren, 1867* ...	7,8,7,8,4.
123	Wolverhampton ...	G. J. Elvey, 1840. <i>Hackett's Psalmist</i> ...	C.
124	Presburg ...	Lutheran† ...	6 sevens.
125	Lubeck ...	Lutheran, 1704† ...	4 sevens.
126	Jam Lucis ...	J. Bishop. Ob. 1737 ...	L.
127	St Paul ...	Jeremiah Clarke† ...	L.
128	Gopsal ...	G. F. Handel. Ob. 1759 ...	6,6,6,6,8,8.
129	Caithness ...	Scotch Psalter† ...	C.
130	No. 130, A. H. B. ...	R. P. Stewart, 1868* ...	8,7,8,7,7,7.
131	{ O Ewigkeit, du Don- nerwort }	J. Schop† ...	6 eights.
132	Eppendorf ...	{ C. P. E. Bach. Ob. 1788. } <i>Havergal's Old Ch. Ps.</i> ...	L.
133	Narenza ...	Lutheran.† <i>Cologne Hymn Book</i> ...	S.
134	Tallis' Ordinal ...	Thomas Tallis. Ob. 1585 ...	C.
135	Buckland ...	Rev. L. G. Hayne, 1863 ...	4 sevens.
136	Veni Creator ...	{ R. P. Stewart. <i>Chope's Hymn</i> } <i>and Tune Book, 1862</i> ...	L.
137	St. Ann ...	Dr. W. Croft. Ob. 1727† ...	C.
138	Olmütz ...	Lutheran† ...	8,6,8,4.
139	No. 139, A. H. B. ...	G. A. Macfarren, 1867* ...	7,7,5,7,7,5.
140	Suabia ...	Lutheran† ...	S.
141	Unser Herrscher ...	Neander, circa 1650† ...	8,7,8,7.
142	St. Peter's, Manchester ...	R. R. Ross, 1851 ...	7,6,7,6,8,8.
143	Weimar ...	{ C. P. E. Bach. <i>Maurice's Choral</i> <i>Harmony, 1854</i> ... }	L.
144	Dantzic ...	Lutheran. <i>Maurice's Ch. Harmony</i> ...	7,7,7,5.

HY.	TUNE.	COMPOSER, OR SOURCE.	METRE.
145	Trinity	Rev. L. G. Hayne	8,8,8.
146	No. 146, A. H. B....	G. A. Macfarren, 1867*	Irregular.
147	Whitehall	Henry Lawes	L.
148	Mach's mit mir	Bach's 371	L.
149	No. 149, A. H. B....	E. G. Monk, 1867*	4 sevens.
150	Nayland, or St. Stephen	Rev. W. Jones. Ob. 1799	C.
151	Arundel	S. Webbe	L.
152	St. Austell	Arthur Henry Brown 186—	8,7,8,7,7,7.
153	Wareham	W. Knapp. Ob. 1768†	L.
154	Dunfermline	Ravenscroft's Ps.†	C.
155	Ezekiel	{ Schneider's Handbuch, 1829. Dibdin's Standard Ps. and Tune Book }	C.
156	Wessex	E. J. Hopkins, 1867. Temple Book	8,6,8,6,8,8.
157	No. 157, A. H. B....	E. G. Monk, 1867*	8,7,8,7,4,7.
158	Das walt Gott	Bach's 371	L.
159	No. 159, A. H. B....	E. G. Monk, 1867*	8,6,8,6,8,8.
160	No. 160, A. H. B....	E. G. Monk, 1867*	8,8,6,8,8,6.
161	No. 161, A. H. B....	G. A. Macfarren, 1868*	L.
162	No. 162, A. H. B....	G. A. Macfarren, 1867*	8,6,8,8,6.
163	Silcher	{ F. Silcher, circa 1780. Württem- burg Gesangbuch, 1864 }	4 sevens.
164	Old 148th	Este Ps. 1592, and Playford's Ps. ...	6,6,6,6,4,4,4,4.
165	No. 165, A. H. B....	E. G. Monk, 1867*	4 tens.
166	No. 166, A. H. B....	G. A. Macfarren, 1867*	8,6,8,6,8,8,6.
167	No. 167, A. H. B....	Walter Macfarren, 1867*	8,8,6,8,8,6.
168	No. 168, A. H. B....	J. Hullah, 1868*	8,8,6,8,8,6,4,4,6.
169	Norfolk	Dr. S. Howard†	L.
170	No. 170, A. H. B....	E. G. Monk, 1867*	L.
171	No. 171, A. H. B....	E. G. Monk, 1867*	8,8,7,8,8,7.
172		{ G. A. Macfarren, 1865. Steg- gall's H. for Ch. of England }	8,7,8,7,7,7.
173	St. Edmund	Dr. Steggall, 1849. Ch. Ps....	8 sevens.
174		J. Wood, 1762. (Dibdin)	L.
175	Magdalen College	Dr. Wm. Hayes. Ob. circa 1779 ...	8,8,6,8,8,6.
176	Old 50th	Day's Ps.†	D.S.
177	Gilead	Rev. W. H. Havergal	L.
178	Carlisle	Ravenscroft's Ps.†	C.
179		C. Steggall, 1849. Ch. Ps.	8,7,8,7.
180	Gloucester... ..	Ravenscroft's Ps.†	C.
181	No. 181, A. H. B....	E. G. Monk, 1867*	S.
182	No. 182, A. H. B....	R. P. Stewart, 1867*	8 eights.
183	No. 183, A. H. B....	E. G. Monk, 1867*	C.
184		Sigmund Von Birken. Ob. 1681† ...	6 sevens.
185	No. 185, A. H. B....	G. A. Macfarren, 1867*	L.
186	Mainz	Mainz Choralbuch†	6 eights.
187	Dort	Lutheran†	L.
188	Southwell New	H. S. Irons, 1861	C.
189	Bedford	W. Wheal. Ob. 1745†	C.
190		Württemberg Gesangbuch	4 sevens.
191	No. 191, A. H. B....	E. G. Monk, 1867*	6,6,6,6,4,4,4,4.
192	Culross	Scotch Ps.†	C.
193	Cannons	{ G. F. Handel. Havergal's Old Ch. Ps. }	L.
194	No. 194, A. H. B....	E. G. Monk, 1863	6 eights.
195	Winchester Old	Alison's Psalter, 1599†	C.
196		J. C. Bach, 1680†	4 sevens.
197	St. Luke New	{ Arthur S. Sullivan, 1867. Nis- bet's Psalms and Hymns... }	C.
198	St. Luke	Supplement to New Version, 1703†	8 eights.

HY.	TUNE.	COMPOSER, OR SOURCE.	METRE.
199	All Saints	{ ? Dr. Croft. <i>Supplement to New</i> <i>Version</i> }	D.C.
200	Dortmund	Hamburg Choral Book†	L.
201	Luxemburg	Lutheran. <i>Havergal's Old Ch. Ps.</i>	4 sevens.
202	University Coll.	Dr. Gauntlett, 1848	4 sevens.
203	Old 100th	Day's Psalter†	L.
204	No. 204, A. H. B.	W. H. Holmes, 1868*	4 sevens.
205	St. John	Supplement to New Version	D.C.
206	Old 104th	Raveuscroft's Ps.†	5,5,5,5,6,5,6,5.
207	Was Gott thut	Bach's 371. (<i>Derived from</i>)	8,8,4,8,7.
208	No. 143, Redhead	R. Redhead	4 sevens.
209	Sandringham	J. Turle, 1863	4 sevens.
210	St. Matthew	Dr. Croft†	D.C.
211	{ St. Magnus, or Not- tingham }	J. Clarke	C.
212	No. 212, A. H. B.	E. G. Monk, 1867*	6,6,6,6,4,4,4,4.
213	Croft's 148th	Dr. Croft	6,6,6,6,4,4,4,4.
314	No. 214, A. H. B.	E. G. Monk, 1867*	4 sevens.
215		J. Crüger, 1653	3 sevens.
216	Hanover	? Croft. <i>Supplement to New Version</i>	5,5,5,5,6,5,6,5.
217		J. Crüger†	L.
218		Lutheran†	7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6.
219	No. 219, A. H. B.	E. G. Monk, 1867*	8 sevens.
220	No. 220, A. H. B.	E. G. Monk, 1867*	L.
221	{ Ten Commandments, or Audi Israel }	Genevan Psalter, 1562†	L.
222	St. Faith	Bamburg Hymn Book, 1732	L.
223	Old Martyrs	Scotch Psalter†	C.
224		{ Lutheran. <i>Layriz, Kirchengesangs</i> , 1854 Orlando Gibbons. <i>Ob.</i> 1625. }	4 sevens.
225	Angels' Song	(<i>Reduced</i>)	L.
226	Canterbury	Este's Ps.†	C.
227	Meribah	Rev. W. H. Havergal	6 eights.
228	Bishopthorpe	Jer. Clarke	C.
229		C. Steggall, 1865	7,7,7,5.
230	Coburg	Lutheran	8,7,8,7,4,7.
231	Morial	Rev. W. H. Havergal	6,6,6,6,4,4,4,4.
232	Warum sollt' ich mich	J. G. Ebeling. 1672†	8,3,3,6,8,3,3,6.
233	No. 233, A. H. B.	G. F. Reynolds, 1867*	3 sevens.
234	St. Ninian	{ E. G. Monk, 1862. <i>Chope's H.</i> and <i>Tune Book</i> }	6 sevens.
235	Dundee	Scotch Ps.†	C.
236	Stuttgart	Lutheran†	8,7,8,7.
237	No. 237, A. H. B.	G. A. Macfarren, 1867*	6 fours.
238	St. Theodulf	M. Teschner, circa 1600†	7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6.
239	Tantum ergo	S. Webbet	8,7,8,7,4,7.
240	St. Peter	A. R. Reinagle, 1840	C.
241	St. James	Raphael Courteville, 1680†	C.
242	Babylon Streams	Dr. Champion†	L.
243		Michael Haydn†	8,7,8,7,8,7.
244	Lovehill	{ Sir F. A. G. Ouseley. <i>Maurice's</i> <i>Chor. Harmony</i> }	C.
245	No. 66, Redhead	R. Redhead	C.
246	No. 246, A. H. B.	G. A. Hardacre, 1867*	6,5,6,5.
247	Exeter	Wm. Dorrell, 1840	L.
248	No. 248, A. H. B.	Walter Macfarren, 1867*	8,8,8,4.
249		Dr. B. Cooke. <i>Ob.</i> 1793†	4 sixes.
250	Congleton	M. Wise. <i>Ob.</i> 1687	4 tens.
251	Brigewater	Henry Lawest.	6 eights.

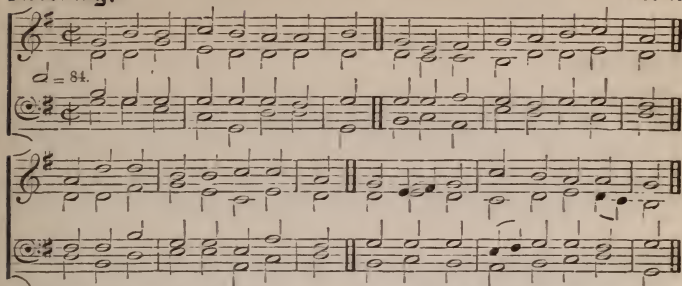
HY.	TUNE.	COMPOSER, OR SOURCE.	METRE.
252	Freuet euch, ihr Christen	{ J. Cruger. <i>From Bach, by Dr.</i> } <i>Gauntlett</i>	8 sevens.
253	Lincoln	Ravenscroft's Ps.†	C.
254	No. 254, A. H. B. ...	E. G. Monk, 1863*	8,7,8,7,8,7,8,7.
255	St. Clement	Playford's Ps.†	C.
256	Von Himmel hoch ...	Founded on Bach	L.
257	Ins feld g-h zäle... ..	Layriz	7,7,7,6.
258		Lutheran†	L.
259	Wachet auf! ruft uns ...	{ ? P. Nicolai, 1556—1603. <i>Har-</i> <i>monized by Mendelssohn</i> ... }	8,9,8,8,9,8,6,6,4,8,8.
260	St. Alphege	Dr. Gauntlett	7,6,7,6.
261	Ewing	Alexander Ewing	7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6.
262	No. 262, A. H. B. ...	Walter Macfarren, 1867*	7,6 7,6,7,6,7,6.
263	Old 113th	Genevan Ps.†	6 eights.
264	Nun Danket	J. Cruger†	6,7,6,7,6,6,6,6.
265	No. 265, A. H. B. ...	R. Minton Taylor, 1867*	L.
266	Ulm	Sigillius, 1657	4 sixes.
267	Ein feste Burg	Printed at Wittenburg, 1529†	8,7,8,7,6,6,6,6,7.
268	Allein Gott in der ...	Ancient. <i>Harmonized by Mendelssohn</i> { A. S. Sullivan, 1867. <i>Nisbet's</i> <i>Ps. and H.</i> }	8,7,8,7,8,8,7.
269	Formosa	{ A. S. Sullivan, 1867. <i>Nisbet's</i> <i>Ps. and H.</i> }	8,7,8,7,8,7,8,7.
270	{ Christus der ist mein } leben	Melchior Vulpus, circa 1609†	7,6,7,6.
271	Dir hab' ich mich ergeben	{ Geo. Neumarch. Ob. 1681. <i>Harmonized by Mendelssohn</i> }	9,8,9,8,8,8.
272	St. Michael	Day's Ps.†	S.
273	No. 273, A. H. B. ...	E. G. Monk, 1867*	4 sevens.
274	Mayenne	Goudimel, 1865†	8 sevens.
275	{ O Jesu Christe } wahres Licht	{ Lutheran. <i>Harmonized by Men-</i> <i>delssohn</i> }	L.
276	Franconia	Lutheran. circa 1720†	S.
277	Wells	Before 1740. <i>Dibdin</i> †	L.
278	Moccas	A. R. Reinagle	S.
279	St. Francis	C. Latrobe, 1795	4 sevens.
280	Ernebridge	Henry Lawes	6,6,6,6,4,4,4,4.
281	No. 281, A. H. B. ...	E. G. Monk, 1868*	7,7,7,5.
282	Gibbons	O. Gibbons†	4 sevens.
283	No. 283, A. H. B. ...	E. G. Monk, 1867*	L.
284	No. 284, A. H. B. ...	Henry Smart, 1868*	6,4,6,4,6,6,4.
285	Salisbury	Ravenscroft's Ps.	C.
286	Old 112th	Lutheran, 1540†	6 eights.
287	St. Crispin	G. J. Elvey. <i>Thorne's Ps. and Hymns</i> S. Wesley. Ob. circa 1815	8,8,8,6.
288	Bethlehem... ..	{ H. G. Hassler, 1613. <i>Harmo-</i> <i>nized by Bach</i> }	7,6,7,6,7,6,7,6.
289	O Haupt voll Blut ...	Henry Baker, Mus. B., Oxon., 1868*	4 sevens.
290	No. 290, A. H. B. ...	From Braun, 1675†	6,6,4,6,6,6,4.
291	Braun	{ Ravenscroft's Ps. <i>Found. d on</i> <i>Alison's Harmony</i> }	D.C.
292	Old 81st	Lutheran, 1593. <i>Dibdin</i>	L.
293	Buda	J. H. Walker, 1860	8,7,8,7,4,7.
294		J. Kent. Ob. 1776†	L.
295	Winchester New... ..	Ganthert†	8,7,8,7,8,7,8,7.
296	St. Hilary	Goudimel. <i>Day's Ps.</i> †	5 tens.
297	Old 124th	C. Steggall, 1868*	8,7,8,7,4,7.
298	No. 298, A. H. B. ...	Bach's 371	8,8,6,8,8,6.
299	In allen meinen thaten	A. R. Reinagle	S.
300	Ben Rhydding	Scotch Ps.†	C.
301	London New	? C. Green, circa 1700†	L.
302	Kent or Devonshire ...	Arthur Henry Brown, 1868*	7,6,7,6.
303	St. Finbar		

HY.	TUNE.	COMPOSER, OR SOURCE.	METRE.
304		O. Gibbons	C.
305	No. 305, A. H. B. ...	Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, 1867*... ..	S.
306	Eatington	Dr. Croft†	C.
307		Reduced from Wurtemberg Book†	4 sevens.
308	No. 308, A. H. B. ...	{ H. D. Stanistreet, Mus. B., } { Oxon., 1868* }	6 eights.
309	St. George's, Windsor ...	G. J. Elvey	8 sevens.
310	Bertram	Rev. W. Havergal	L.
311	Halle	Schneider's Choral Book, 1829 ...	L.
312	Vienna	Havergal's Old Ch. Ps.	4 sevens.
313	Darmstadt... ..	Darmstadt Cantional, 1837† ...	8,7,8,7,8,7.
314	No. 314, A. H. B. ...	G. J. Elvey, 1868*	8,7,8,7,8,7.
315	No. 315, A. H. B. ...	G. A. Macfarren, 1867*	6,6,4,6,6,4.
316	St. Leo	A. H. Brown, 1868*	8,7,8,7,8,7,8,7.
317	Strattner	Strattner, 1691†	4 sevens.
318	Bickleigh	S. Reay	6,6,6,6,8,8.
319	St. George New	Dr. Gauntlett, 1848	S.
320		Merton Tune Book, 1863	4 sevens.
321	St. Columba	Chope's H. and Tune Book† ...	4 sevens.
322	Lea	J. Lea Summers, 1862	C.
323	No. 323, A. H. B. ...	G. A. Hardacre, 1867*	4 sevens.
324	No. 324, A. H. B. ...	Rev. R. Corbet Singleton, 1867† ...	8,6,8,6,8,8.
325	Song of Gratitude ...	{ Melody of Choral by Beethoven. } { Ob. 1827. Op. 132. Har- } { monized by G. A. Macfarren } ...	L.
326	No. 326, A. H. B. ...	E. G. Monk, 1868*	7,8,7,8,8,8,8,8.
327	No. 327, A. H. B. ...	G. A. Macfarren, 1867	L.
328	No. 328, A. H. B. ...	Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, 1867*... ..	4 sevens.
329	St. Raphael	E. J. Hopkins, 1863. <i>Temple Book</i>	8,7,8,7,4,7.
330	No. 330, A. H. B. ...	E. G. Monk, 1868*	7,7,7,7,3,7.
331		W. H. Monk, 1863	S.
332	No. 332, A. H. B. ...	G. A. Macfarren, 1867*	6,6,8,4,6,6,8,4.
333	No. 333, A. H. B. ...	E. G. Monk, 1867*	10,4,6,6,6,6,10,4.

AWAKE, MY SOUL, AND WITH THE SUN.

Morning.

No. 1.



f AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

mf Thy precious time mis-spent redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great Day thyself prepare.
In conversation be sincere;
Keep conscience as the noon-day clear;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways,
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

f All praise to Thee, Who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept!

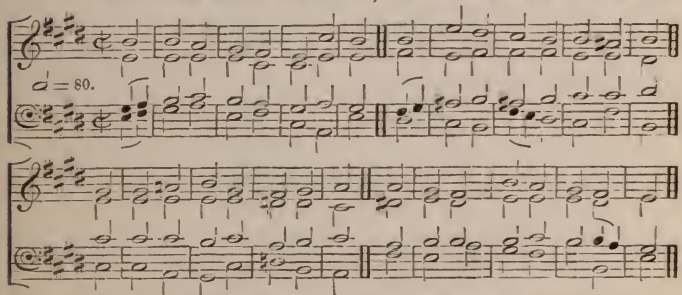
Grant, LORD, when I from death shall wake
I may of endless light partake!

p LORD, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct control, suggest, this day
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

f Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

OH! TIMELY HAPPY, TIMELY WISE. No. 2.



mf Oh! timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise!
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new!

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove,
Through sleep and darkness safely
brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.
New mercies each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;

New perils past, new sins forgiven.
New thoughts of God, new hopes of
Heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

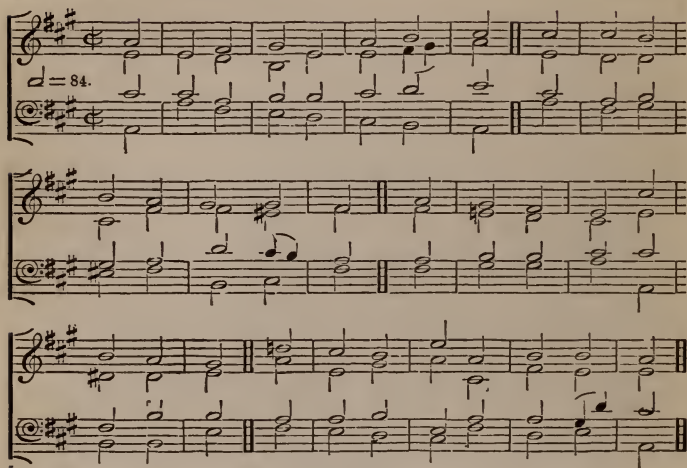
p Only, O LORD, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

O SPLENDOR OF THE FATHER'S BEAM.

Splendor Paternæ gloriæ.

Morning.

No. 3.



f O SPLENDOR of the FATHER's beam,
Who draw'st from Light its faintest ray;
Thyself the Fount of every gleam;
Day-star, that givest light to day.

True SUN of Righteousness arise
In sheen of ever-streaming light,
Outpour Thy Spirit from the skies,
On mortal sense a radiance bright.

p O FATHER, come to help our vows,
Thou FATHER of Almighty Grace:
Eternal glory crowns Thy brows;
Each guileful sin do Thou erase.

mf O strengthen all our valiant deeds;
Unpoison Envy's cruel fang;
Make smooth the rugged path that bleeds;
For steady steps on Thee we hang.

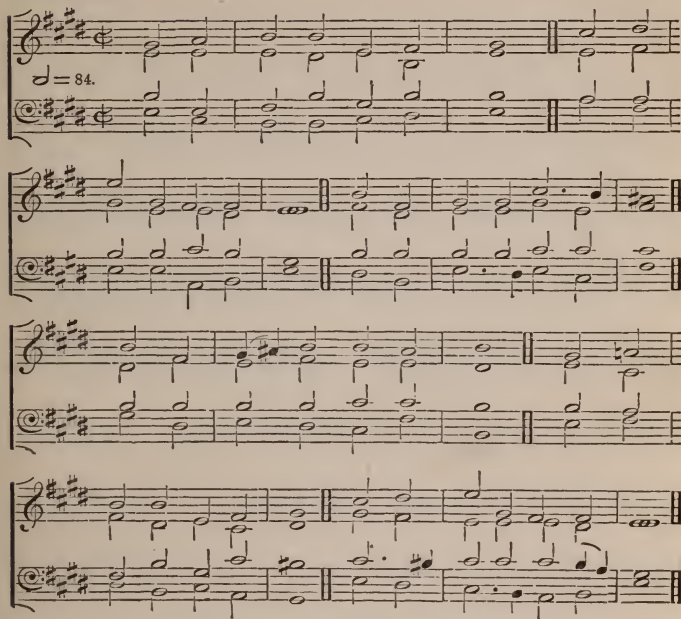
Direct and rule the erring soul,
May Chastity unspotted reign!
Faith burn with fervour's living coal,
Unknowing craft's insidious bane!

f In cheerful mood let pass this day;
Be modesty the dawning glow;
A bright meridian Faith display,
The soul a twilight never know.-

CHRIST, WHOSE GLORY FILLS THE SKIES.

Morning.

No. 4.



f CHRIST, Whose glory fills the skies,
CHRIST, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night!
Day-spring from on high, be near!
Day-star, in my heart appear!

p Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see:
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

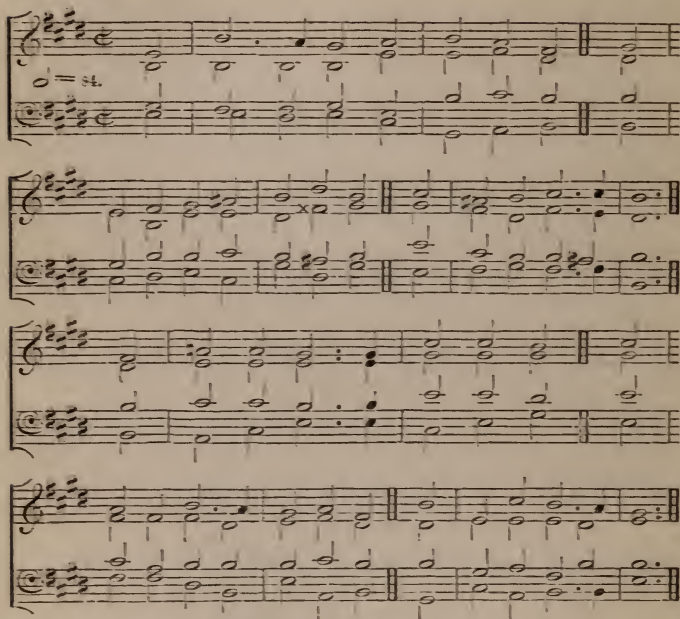
mf Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief!
cres. Fill me, Radiancy divine:

Scatter all my unbelief!
f More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day!

THE MORNING LIGHT HATH SHED ITS BEAMS.

Morning.

No. 5.



mf THE morning light hath shed its beams,
And paved its way in living streams:

f Rise, Christian! meet the ray!

mf And while it pours its golden fire,
Oh, let it golden thoughts inspire:

f Up, Christian, hail the day!

f Shake off the lingering mould of night;
Put on the armour of the light;

Renounce a languid ease;

mf Apparel thee in holy dress.

The garb of JESU'S Righteousness;

p Then fall upon thy knees.

mf For Satan comes in light's array,

To haunt us lest we kneel and pray:

Quick! humbly CHRIST adore!

cres. That He may rise thy leading star,
To warm and light thee from afar,

f Thy brightness evermore.

p If night hath dropped a spot of bane
To soil thy conscience, wash the stain

In CHRIST'S all precious blood;

f Full strengthened by His cordial Grace,
Essay thy soul's diurnal race,

Sustained by saintly food.

p Then when the day draws near the West,

And tells thee of approaching rest,

To ease thy weary head.

O pray a Saviour's richest love

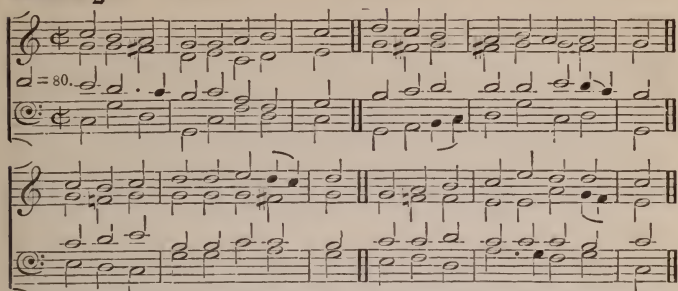
May drop in radiance from above,

To gild thy dying bed.

LOOK FORTH, MINE EYE, LOOK UP AND VIEW.

Morning.

No. 6.



mf Look forth, mine eye, look up, and view,
How bright the daylight shines on me;
And as the morning doth renew,
Mark how renewed God's mercies be.

Behold the splendors of the day
Disperse the shadows of the night;
And they, who late in darkness lay,
Have now the comforts of the light.

p So when that morning doth appear,
In which Thou shalt all flesh destroy,
We shall not be awaked with fear,
cres. But rise and meet Thy SON with joy.

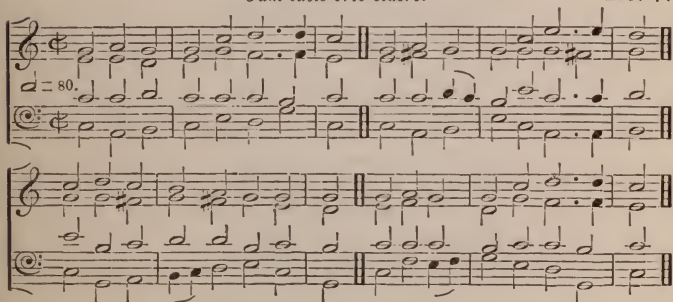
Nor twilight plagues, nor midnight fears,
Nor mortal, nor immortal foes,
Had power to take us in their snares,
But safe we slept, and safe arose.

f Let heart, and hand, and voice accord
This day to magnify Thy Name;
And let us every day, O LORD!
Continue to perform the same.

AS MOUNTS ON HIGH THE ORB OF DAY.

Jam lucis orto sidere.

No. 7.



mf As mounts on high the orb of day,
In lowly guise to God we pray,
To shield us from the shafts of ill,
While we our daily tasks fulfil.

p The tongue of license may He curb,
Lest strife should sweet repose disturb;
And may He softly screen the sight,
Lest it should drink of vain delight.
Our inmost thoughts be ever pure!
May sinful folly ne'er allure!

And let the flesh, with pride inflamed,
By temperance be gently tamed;

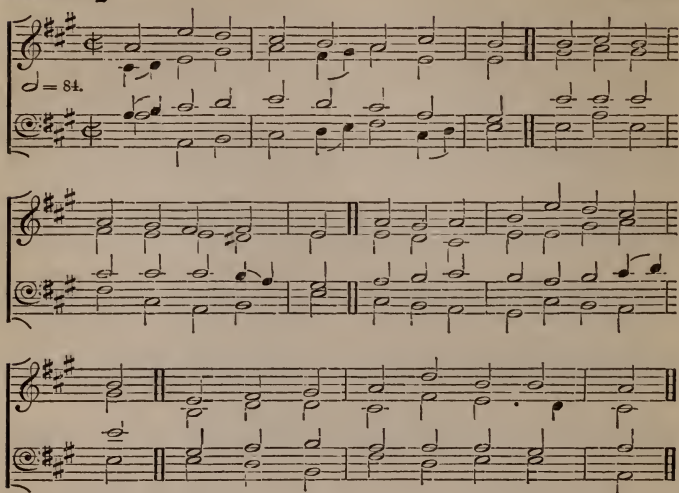
mf That when the daylight disappears,
And night again her shade uprears,
We, saved from every worldly stain,
To God may lift the thankful strain.

f To GOD the FATHER give the praise,
To GOD the SON the same upraise;
With BOTH the COMFORTER adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

O GOD OF MORNING, AT WHOSE VOICE.

Morning.

No. 8.



f O God of morning, at Whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies;

From fairest chambers of the East
The circuit of his race begins;
Without or weariness or rest,
Around the earth he flies and shines:

mf Oh! like the sun may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day:
With ready mind, and active will,
March on, and keep my heav'nly way!

p But I shall rove, and lose the race,
If God, my Sun, shall disappear,
And leave me in this world's wild maze,
To follow every wandering star.

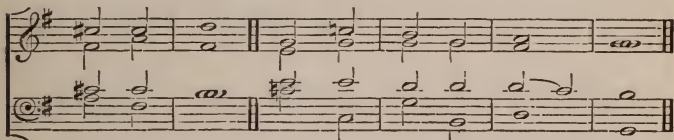
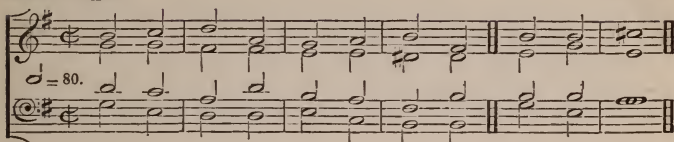
mf LORD, Thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes;
Thy threat'nings just. Thy promise sure;
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise.

Thy counsel give me for my guide,
And then receive me to Thy bliss:
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compared with this.

RISE, MY SOUL, ADORE THY MAKER.

Morning.

No. 9.



f RISE, my soul, adore thy Maker!
Angels praise
Join thy lays;
With them be partaker.

p FATHER, Lord of every spirit,
In Thy light,
Lead me right,
Through my SAVIOUR'S merit.

Never cast me from Thy Presence
Till my soul
Shall be full
Of Thy blessed Essence.

O LORD JESUS, God Almighty,
Pray for me
Till I see
Thee in Salem's city.

HOLY GHOST, by JESUS given,
Be my Guide
Lest my pride
Shut me out of heaven.

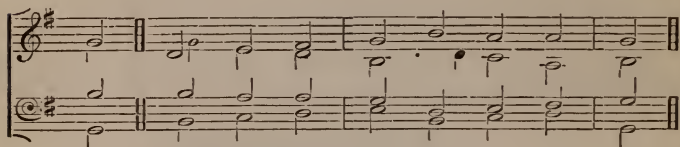
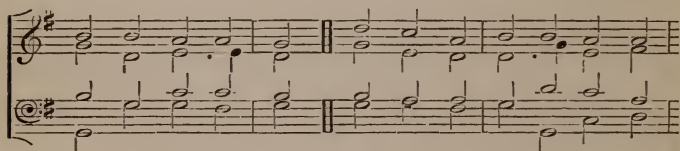
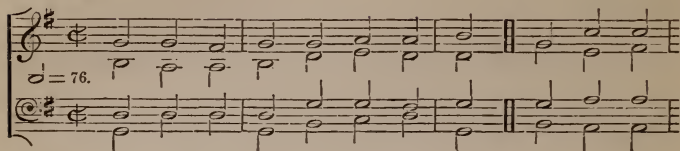
mf Thou the night wast my Protector:
With me stay
All the day,
Ever my Director.

f Holy, holy, holy Giver
Of all good,
Life and food,
ff Reign, adored for ever!

ALL PRAISE TO THEE, MY GOD, THIS NIGHT.

Ebening.

No. 10.



f ALL praise to Thee, my GOD, this night,
For all the blessings of the light,
Keep me, O keep me, KING of Kings,
Beneath Thine Own Almighty wings.

p Forgive me, LORD, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed!
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful Day.

O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make
To serve my God when I awake!

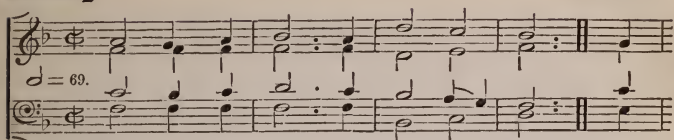
When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply!
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest!

f Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow!
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST!

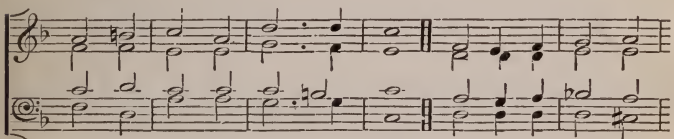
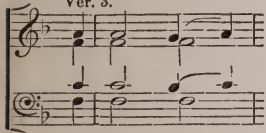
SUN OF MY SOUL, THOU SAVIOUR DEAR.

Evening.

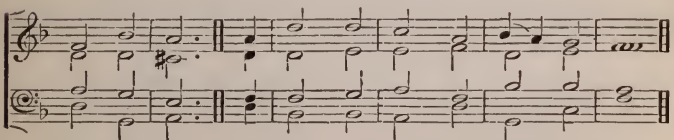
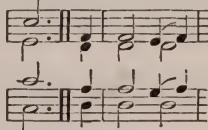
No. 11.



Ver. 3.



Ver. 3.



mf SUN of my soul, Thou SAVIOUR dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

p If some poor wand'ring child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, LORD, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

p When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

mf A | bide with | me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
A | bide with | me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

f Come near and bless us when we wake.
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Ebening.

No. 12.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked "♩ = 84.". The music consists of two staves. The first staff contains the vocal melody, and the second staff contains the piano accompaniment. The melody is simple and catchy, with a repeating phrase. The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation for the melody.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It consists of two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both in G major (one sharp). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The music is in 4/4 time. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with a mix of eighth and quarter notes. The first staff ends with a double bar line, and the second staff continues the melody. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with a mix of eighth and quarter notes. The first staff ends with a double bar line, and the second staff continues the melody.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The music is in common time (C) and consists of two measures. The first measure contains a whole note chord in the treble and a half note in the bass. The second measure contains a whole note chord in the treble and a half note in the bass. The score is written in a simple, clear style with black ink on a white background.

A handwritten musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written on two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#), while the bottom staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one flat (Bb). The music is in 2/4 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece consists of two measures, each followed by a double bar line. The first measure of the melody is a half note G4, followed by a half note A4. The second measure is a half note B4, followed by a half note C5. The accompaniment in the first measure consists of a half note G3 and a half note F3. The second measure consists of a half note E3 and a half note D3. The piece ends with a double bar line.

mf Now the shining day is past,
And the beauties of the light
Are with shadows overcast
By the mantle of the night:
f Thanks to Thee, O LORD, I pay
For the blessings of this day;
Asking grace for every sin,
Whereby erred I have therein.

Though the Sun hath left us now,
 And withholdeth his light from me;
 LORD, from hence depart not Thou,
 Nor in darkness let me be;
 But the rays of Grace divine
 Cause Thou round me still to shine,
 And with mercy overspread
 Both my person and my bed.

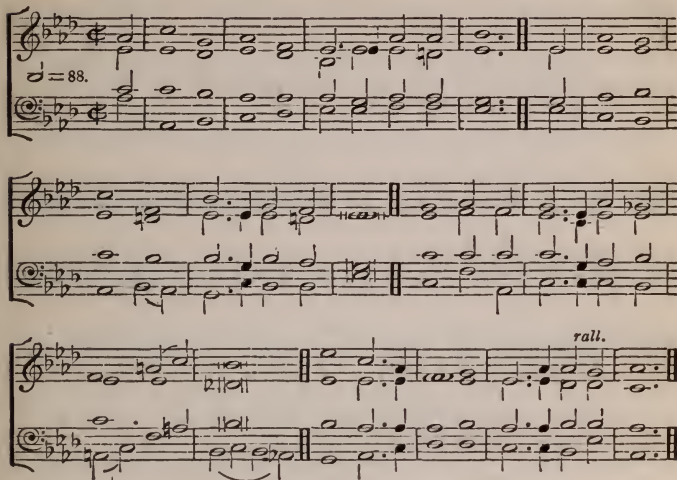
mf Chase all wicked fiends from hence,
That they do me no despite,
By deluding of the sense
Through the darkness of the night;
But, O LORD, from all my foes
Let Thine angels me inclose,
And protect me in my sleep,
When myself I cannot keep.

p And since death and sleep are said
Some resemblances to have,
In my bed ere I am laid
So prepare me for my grave,
cres. That with comfort wake I may,
To enjoy the following day;
Or if death close up mine eyes,
Rest in hope till all shall rise.

ABIDE WITH ME! FAST FALLS THE EVENTIDE.

Ebening.

No. 13.



mf ABIDE with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; LORD, with me abide!
cres. When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
f Help of the helpless, (*p*) O abide with me.

p Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see,
f O Thou, Who changest not, (*p*) abide with me.

p I need Thy Presence every passing hour;
What but Thy Grace can foil the Tempter's power?
cres. Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
f Through cloud and sunshine (*p*) O abide with me.

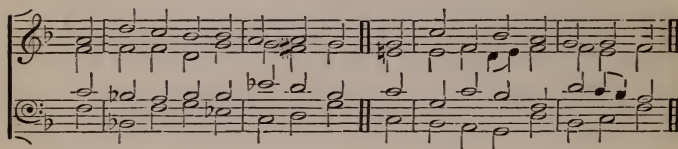
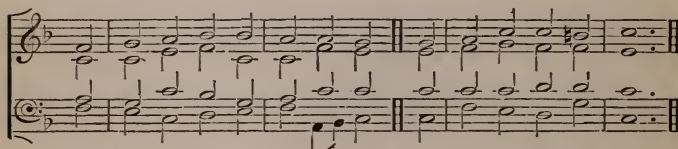
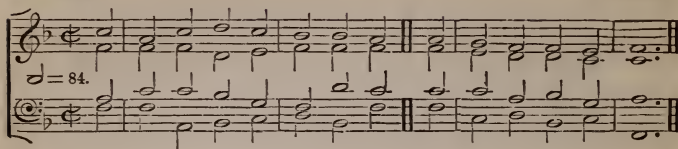
f I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, (*p*) if Thou abide with me.

pp Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes!
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies!
cres. Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
f In life and death, (*p*) O LORD, abide with me!

THE CHRISTIAN'S PATH SHINES MORE AND MORE.

Evening.

No. 14.



mf THE Christian's path shines more and more,
 From morn to perfect day;
 Yet dark'ning storms will rise the while,
 And hide the cheering ray;
 Though clouds may dim Faith's heavenward flight,
f At evening time it shall be light.

p When comforts fail, and friends are few,
 And griefs his path surround;
 Though all is dark without, within,
cres. A heav'nly light is found;
 No change of scene his peace can blight,
f At evening time it shall be light.

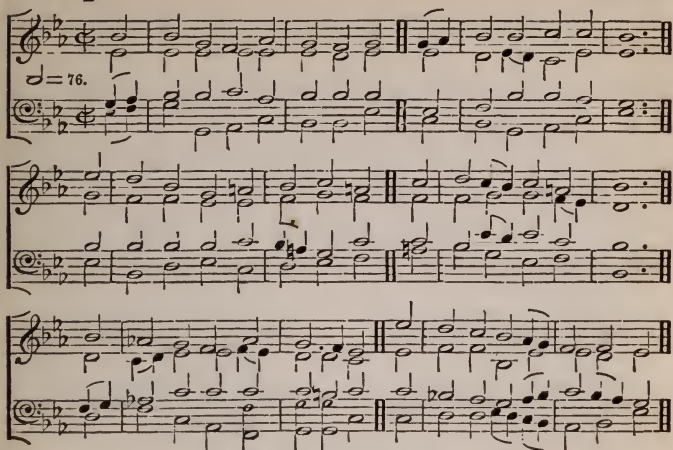
mf 'Tis good at times that pilgrim saints
 For but a moment's space,
 Should feel that God, in wrath at sin,
 Can hide His smiling face:
 Behind that veil the sun shines bright,
f At evening time it shall be light.

f At evening time it shall be light;
p So runs the promise dear,
 To cheer the pilgrim's fainting heart,
 When death's dark hour draws near;
cres. E'en midst the gloom of Nature's night,
ff At evening time it shall be light.

LORD, EVER SHEW THY BLESSÈD FACE.

Evening.

No. 15.



mf LORD, ever shew Thy blessèd face,
 Though downward sinks the sun;
 Stand still in heav'n, with looks of grace,
 Though he his course hath run:
cres. Above the height,
 In glory bright,
f Still shines in Thee unfading light.

mf As speeds the moon her silent way,
 Outpouring softest beams;
 So shed on us a gentle ray,
 To silver o'er our dreams;
 With thoughts snow-white,
 To hallow night,
 Illumined by Thy purest light.

p When calmly laid in quiet rest,
 Sweet slumber on our eyes,
 Let angels hover round each breast,
 Our guard till morning rise:
cres. Sin takes to flight,
 And drops the fight;
 For Thou art peace as well as light.

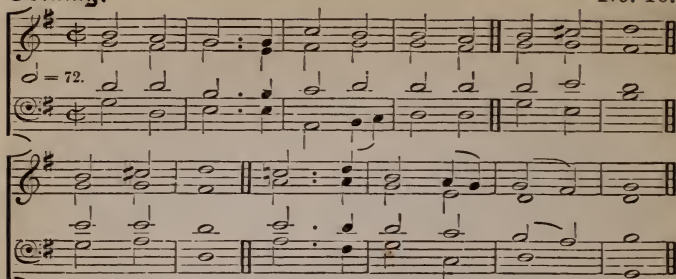
f Thus screened from danger, safe from harm,
 We live Thine Own by day;
 Still Thine, enfolded in Thine Arm,
 While darkness beareth sway:
cres. Thyself, blest Sight,
 By day and night,
 Reveal to us in radiant light.

pp As sighs our last departing breath,
 And friends in sorrow weep,
 Oh! grant us, LORD, a tranquil death,
 Like this, a restful sleep;
cres. Then, through Thy might,
 Raise us all bright,
ff To view Thee robed in quenchless light!

ERE I SLEEP, FOR EVERY FAVOUR.

Evening.

No. 16.



p ERE I sleep, for every favour,
This day shewed
By my God.

f I will bless my SAVIOUR.

mf O my LORD, what shall I render
To Thy Name,
Still the same,
Gracious, good, and tender?
Thou hast ordered all my goings
In Thy way:
Hear me pray,
Sanctify my doings.

p Leave me not, but ever love me;
Let Thy peace
Be my bliss,
Till Thou hence remove me.

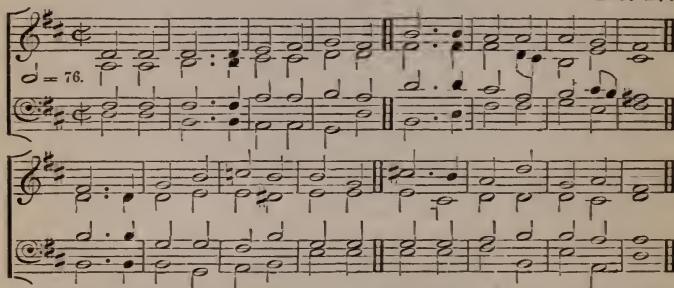
Visit me with Thy salvation;
Let Thy care
Now be near,
Round my habitation.

f Thou, my Rock, my Guard, my Tower,
Safely keep
While I sleep,
Me with all Thy power

p So, whene'er in death I slumber,
cres. Let me rise
With the wise,
f Counted in their number.

SAVIOUR, BREATHE AN EVENING BLESSING.

No. 17.



pp SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing:
Thou canst save, and Thou canst
heal.

p Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
cres. Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
f We are safe if Thou art nigh.

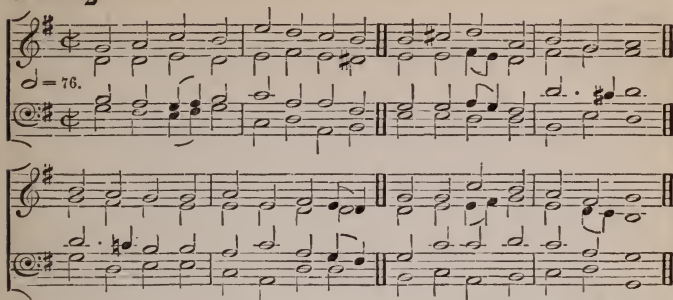
mf Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He, Who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

p Should swift death this night o'er-
take us,
And our couch become our tomb,
cres. May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom!

HEAR MY PRAYER, O HEAVENLY FATHER.

Ebening.

No. 18.



p HEAR my prayer, O Heavenly FATHER,
Ere I lay me down to sleep;
Bid Thy Angels, pure and holy,
Round my bed their vigil keep.
cres. Heavy though my sins, Thy mercy
Far outweighs them every one;
Down before Thy Cross I cast them,
Trusting in Thy help alone.

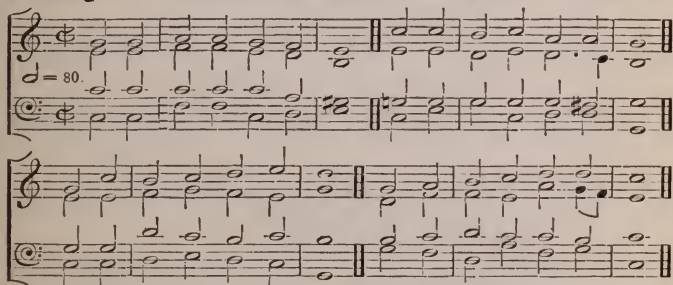
p Pardon all my past transgressions;
Give me strength for days to come;
Guide and guard me with Thy blessing,
pp Till Thine angels bid me home.

p Keep me, through this night of peril,
Underneath its boundless shade;
Take me to Thy rest, I pray Thee,
When my pilgrimage is made.
mf None shall measure out Thy patience
By the space of human thought;
None shall bound the tender mercies,
Which Thy Holy Son hath bought.

Sunday.

TO THY TEMPLE I REPAIR.

No. 19.



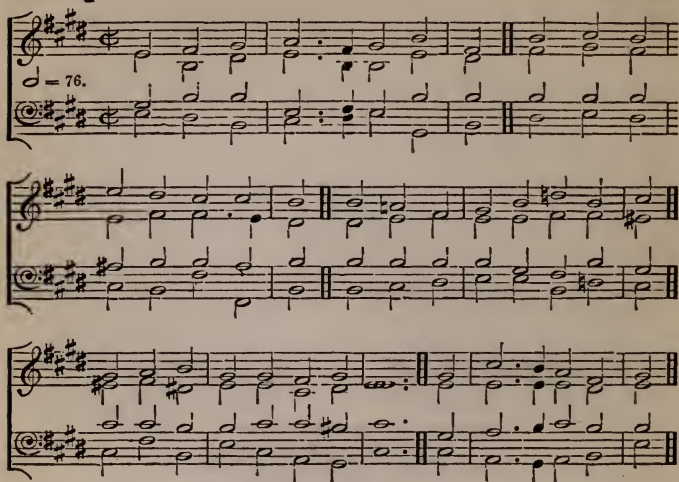
mf To Thy temple I repair;
LORD, I love to worship there;
When, within the veil, I meet
CHRIST before the mercy-seat.
Thou, through Him, art reconciled;
I, through Him, become Thy child;
p Abba, FATHER, give me grace
In Thy courts to seek Thy face!
f While Thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the LORD our Righteousness!

p While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of Love, to mine attend!
cres. Hear me, for Thy SPIRIT pleads;
Hear, for JESUS intercedes.
p While I hearken to Thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe
cres. Till Thy Gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.
f From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn,
And at evening let me say:
I have walked with God to-day

ON EACH RETURN OF HOLY REST.

Sunday.

No. 20.



mf ON each return of holy rest,
The day my heavenly FATHER blest,
O let my happy portion be
To find supreme delight in Thee ;
f In Thee, my GOD, in Thee !

mf Those precious hours I would improve
In fervent prayer, in sacred love ;
From earth's polluting pleasures free,
To find my every joy in Thee ;
f In Thee, my GOD, in Thee !

p When, humbly kneeling at Thy Throne,
With deep distress my guilt I own,
Then let my contrite spirit see
Enough of pardoning grace in Thee ;
cres. In Thee, my GOD, in Thee !

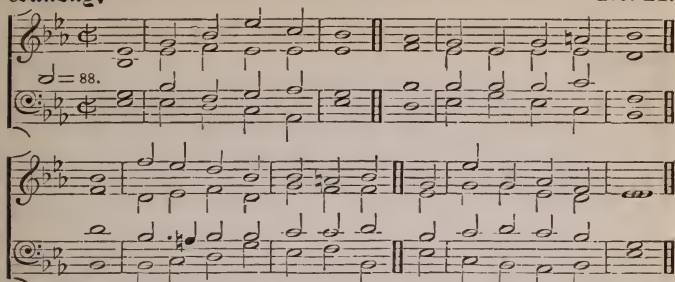
mf When in Thy temple I adore,
And Truth's unfathomed mines explore ;
Or trembling praise the One in Three,
Fresh glories let me view in Thee ;
f In Thee, my GOD, in Thee !

f Thus, on each day of holy rest,
May I with heavenly joy be blest,
And, in a bright eternity,
cres. Have my undying bliss in Thee ;
ff In Thee, my GOD, in Thee !

WELCOME, SWEET DAY OF REST.

Sunday.

No. 21.



f WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the LORD arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

The KING Himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day;
We here may sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

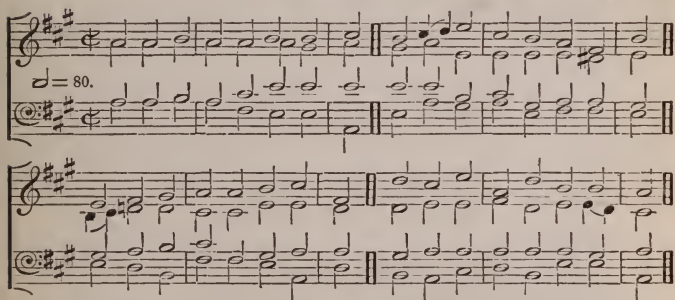
p One day amidst the place,
Where our dear LORD hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.

f My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit, and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

THIS PRIMAL DAY, THE SPRING OF TIME.

Die parente temporum.

No. 22.



f THIS primal day, the spring of Time,
When, putting forth His pow'r sublime,
The SIRE ALMIGHTY, Source of all,
Framed by His word this earthly ball;
When, death defeating, from the grave
Uprose the SON, a world to save;
When God's good Spirit came t'inspire
The souls of men with gifts of fire;
May Charity, with ardent glow,
On every heart profusely flow,
While we with voice triumphant sing
High praise to our life-giving KING.

p O FATHER, Who hast fixed on me
The stamp of Thy Divinity,

Teach all my thoughts on Thee to rest;
No love but Thine to fill my breast.
O SON, throughout this mortal strife,
Grant me to share Thy death, Thy life;
To live devote to Thee above,
A sacrifice of burning love.

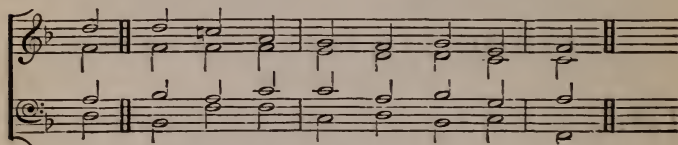
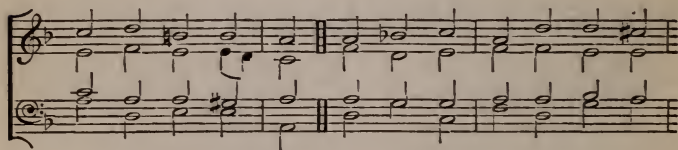
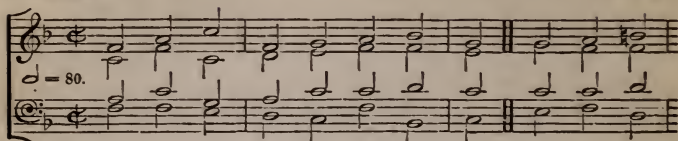
O Fount of gifts from heav'n's fair shrine,
Thyself a gift still more divine,
Be Thou a torch of quenchless light!
Inflame my breast to seek Thy sight!

f O SOVEREIGN of my heart, to Thee,
Thrice holy, do I bend my knee;
Thine ever through each passing hour,
I love Thee with my utmost power.

O LORD OF HOLY REST, WE PRAY.

Sunday.

No. 23.



mf O LORD of holy Rest, we pray
In this Thy house. on this Thy day!
Own Thou, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from our lips arise.

f Thine earthly Sabbaths, LORD, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above:
To that our lab'ring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

mf No more fatigue, no more distress;
Nor sin, nor hell shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

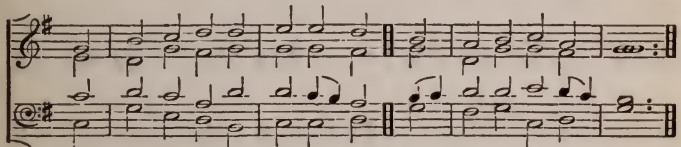
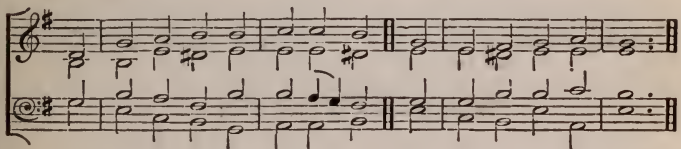
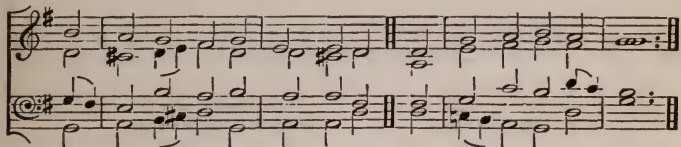
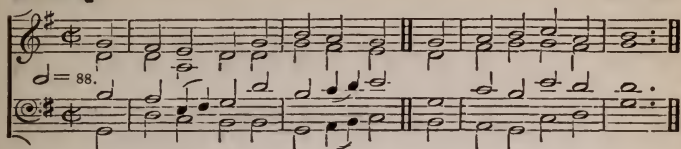
cres. No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

f O long-expected day, begin!
Rise o'er these realms of woe and sin!
dim. We fain would leave this weary road,
p And sleep in death, to rest with God.

BLEST DAY OF GOD, MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT.

Sunday.

No. 24.



mf BLEST day of God, most calm, most bright,
 The first and best of days :
 The toiler's rest, the saint's delight,
 A day of joy and praise :
f My SAVIOUR's face did make thee shine,
 His rising thee did raise ;
 This made thee heavenly and divine
 Beyond all other days.

mf The first-fruits do a blessing prove
 To all the sheaves behind ;
 And they, that do a Sabbath love,
 A happy week shall find :
f My LORD on thee His Name did fix,
 Which makes thee rich and gay ;
 Amidst His golden candlesticks
 My SAVIOUR walks this day.

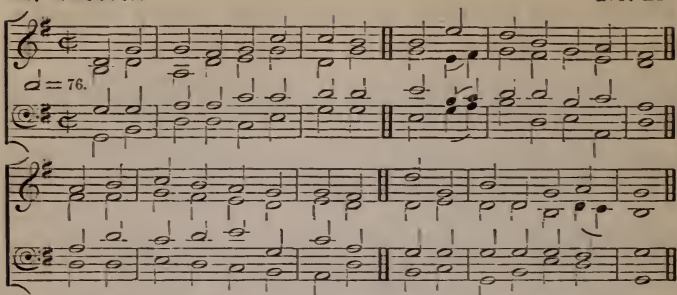
mf Thou, LORD, Who daily feed'st Thy sheep,
 Mak'st them a weekly feast ;
 Thy flocks assemble in Thy folds
 On this Thy day of rest.
f Right dear and welcome to my soul
 Are these sweet feasts of love ;
 But what a Sabbath shall I keep,
 When I shall rest above !

f This day must I for GOD appear ;
 For, LORD, this day is Thine :
 Oh, let me spend it in Thy fear !
 The day shall then be mine.
 It is my preparation-day ;
 And when my soul is drest,
 These Sabbaths shall deliver me
 To mine eternal rest.

JESUS CALLS US 'MID THE TUMULT.

St. Andrew.

No. 25



p Jesus calls us 'mid the tumult,
Reigning o'er life's troubled sea;
Ever sweet His voice resoundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow Me."
As of old St. Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

mf Jesus calls us from the worship,
Paid to lucre's golden store;
Luring us from every idol,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."
p 'Midst our joys, and pains, and sorrows,
Days of toil, and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love Me more than these."

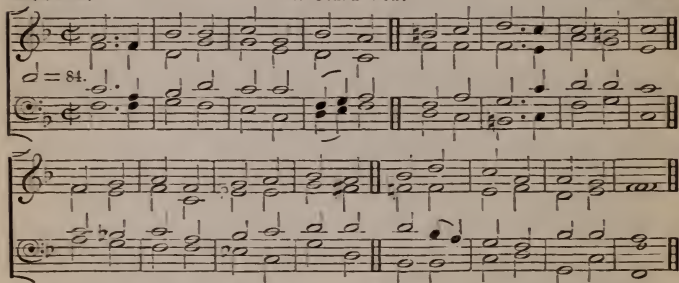
cres. JESUS calls us: by Thy mercies,
SAVIOUR, may we hear Thy call;
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
f Serve and love Thee best of all!

HARK! A TRUMPET VOICE OF WARNING.

Advent.

En Clara Vox.

No. 26.



f HARK! a trumpet voice of warning
Pealeth through the realms of Night:
"Chase afar the dreams of darkness;
CHRIST descends in flames of light."
Let the soul shake off her torpor,
Bound no more to mortal clay;
Bursts the Morning-Star in brightness,
Quenching every baneful ray.

mf Lo! the LAMB, with free remission,
Guilt to cancel, quits His seat:
Sinners! haste with tearful sorrow;
His forgiving Grace entreat.

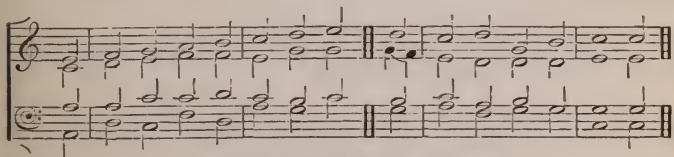
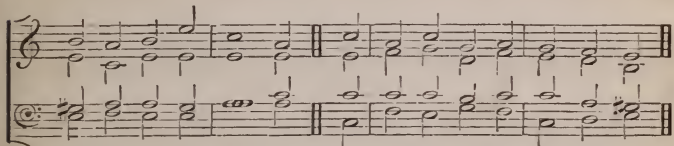
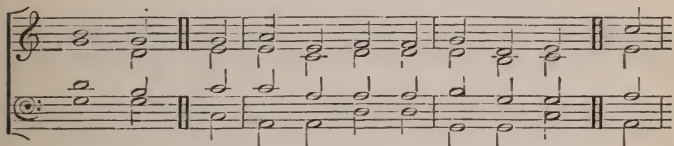
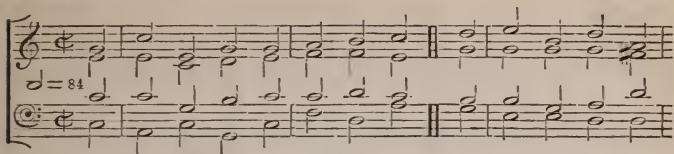
p Then, when next He beams in splendor,
Girding round the world with dread,
He above His ransomed people
Shall a shield of mercy spread.

f Might and honor, praise and glory,
Give the FATHER and the SON;
Join the SPIRIT in the homage,
Long as endless ages run.

THE LORD OF MIGHT, FROM SINAI'S BROW.

Advent.

No. 27.



f THE LORD of might, from Sinai's brow,
 Gave forth His voice of thunder;
 And Israel lay on earth below,
 Outstretched in fear and wonder:
 Beneath His feet was pitchy night,
 And at His left hand, and His right,
 The rocks were rent in sunder.

p The LORD of Love, on Calvary,
 A meek and suffering stranger,
 Upraised to heaven His languid eye,
 In Nature's hour of danger:
 For us He bore the weight of woe,
 For us He gave His Blood to flow,
 And met His FATHER'S anger.

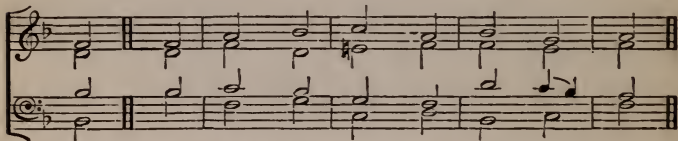
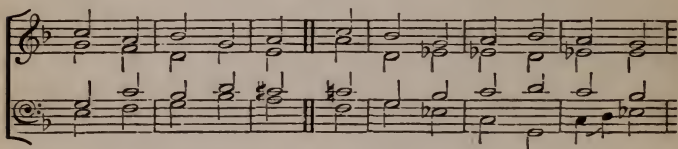
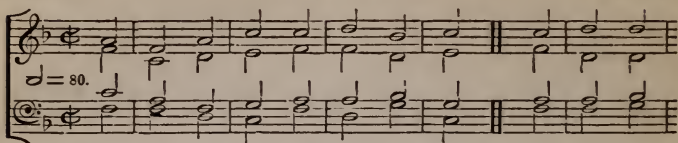
p The LORD of Love, the LORD of Might,
 The KING of all created,
cres. Shall back return to claim His right,
 On clouds of glory seated;
f With trumpet-sound, and angel-song
 And hallelujahs loud and long,
 O'er death and hell defeated.

BLEST FRAMER OF THE STARRY HEIGHT.

Adbent.

Creator alme siderum.

No. 28.



mf BLEST Framer of the starry height,
Believers' everlasting Light,
Good JESU, SAVIOUR of us all,
O listen as we humbly call.

Lest Earth, betrayed by wiles of Hell,
Should perish, Thou hast broke the spell;
And, fired by love, unfailing, sure,
For sin-sick man art found the cure.

To blot away that common sin,
Which stained the world without, within,
Thou, Cross-ward, from the Virgin's shrine,
Art hasting, spotless LAMB, divine.

f When once Thy Name, in glorious power,
Comes ringing on the midnight hour.
The stooping hosts of Heaven and Hell
With trembling knee their terror tell.

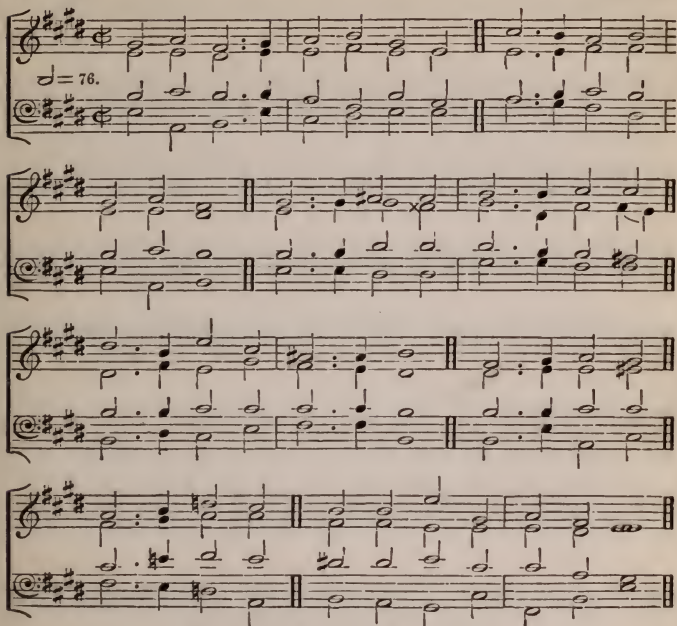
p Avert Thy anger, Thee we pray,
Great Judge of that last, awful Day,
With weapons of Thy heavenly Grace,
O screen us from the foeman's face.

f Might, honour, majesty, and praise,
To GOD the FATHER high we raise;
With GOD the SPIRIT laud the Son,
Till rolling ages cease to run.

LO! HE COMES WITH CLOUDS DESCENDING.

Advent.

No. 29.



mf Lo! He comes with clouds descending,

Once for favoured sinners slain;

Thousand thousand saints attending

Swell the triumph of His train:

f Hallelujah!

JESUS, King of kings shall reign!

p Every eye shall now behold Him,

Robed in dreadful majesty;

Those, who set at naught and sold Him,

Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,

pp Deeply wailing,

Shall the true MESSIAH see.

mf Those dear tokens of His Passion

Still His dazzling Body bears,

Cause of endless exultation

To His ransomed worshippers:

f With what rapture

Gaze we on those glorious scars!

ff Yea, Amen, let all adore Thee!

High on Thine eternal Throne!

SAVIOUR, take the power and glory,

Claim the Kingdom for Thine Own:

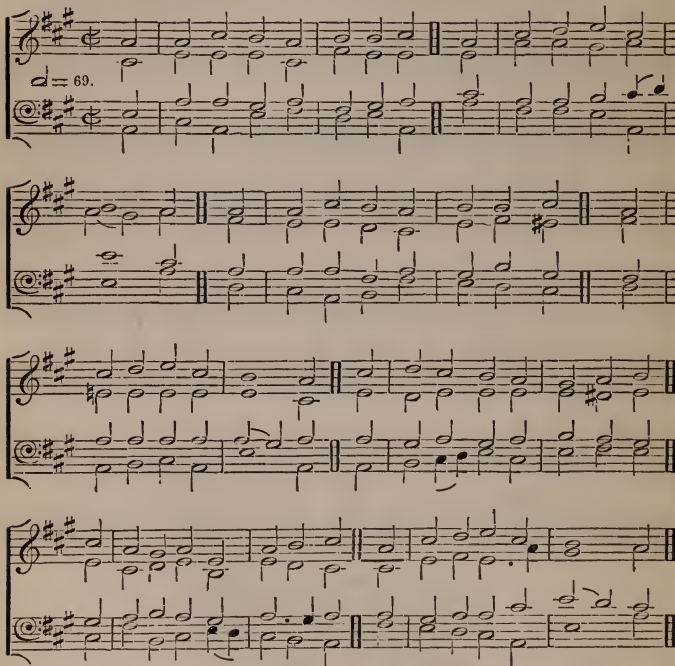
O come quickly!

Everlasting God, come down!

GREAT GOD, WHAT DO I SEE AND HEAR!

Advent.

No. 30.



p GREAT GOD, what do I see and hear!
 The end of things created!
 The Judge of mankind doth appear,
 On clouds of glory seated!
 The trumpet sounds! the graves restore
 The dead, which they contained before:
 Prepare, my soul, to meet him!

p But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
 Behold His wrath prevailing;
 In woe they rise, and find their tears
 And sighs are unavailing:
 The day of Grace is past and gone;
 They trembling stand before the Throne,
 All unprepared to meet Him.

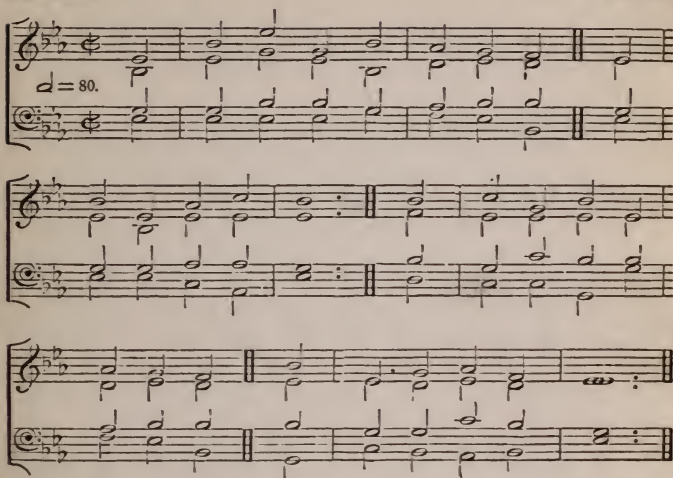
mf The dead in CHRIST are first to rise,
 And greet th' Archangel's warning,
 To meet the SAVIOUR in the skies
 On this tremendous morning:
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
 His presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepared to meet Him.

cres. But let not dread my bosom wring,
 A load of horror bearing;
 A wondrous sight doth comfort bring:
f The Judge my nature wearing!
p Beneath His Cross I view the day,
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 And thus prepare to meet Him.

HARK! HARK THE SOUND! THE SAVIOUR COMES.

Advent.

No. 31.



f HARK! hark the sound! the SAVIOUR comes,
The SAVIOUR, promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song!

f He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

p He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His Grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

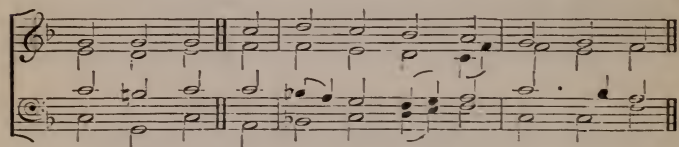
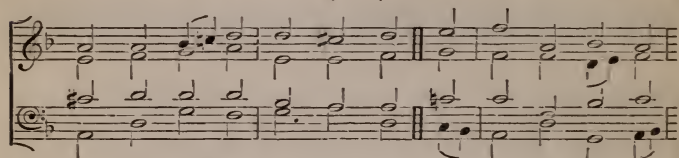
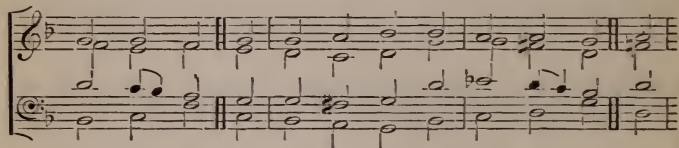
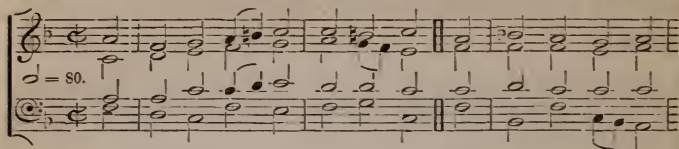
f Our glad Hosannas, PRINCE of PEACE,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And Heav'n's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved Name.

O COME, EMMANUEL, O COME!

Advent.

Veni, veni Emmanuel.

No. 32.



mf O COME, EMMANUEL, O come!
Thy captive ransom from her doom!
p In exile Israel doth mourn,
Of Thee, the Son of GOD, forlorn.
f Rejoice! rejoice! EMMANUEL
Is born for thee, O Israel!

mf Come, Rod of Jesse! Save Thine Own,
Beneath the feet of Satan thrown!
O snatch them from the pit of Hell,
And break the Tempter's darkest spell!
f Rejoice! rejoice! EMMANUEL
Is born for thee, O Israel!

mf Come, come, thou bright and Morning
Star!
O bring us comfort from afar!
Disperse the darkling clouds of night,
The dreadful shades that mock the light
f Rejoice! rejoice! EMMANUEL
Is born for thee, O Israel!

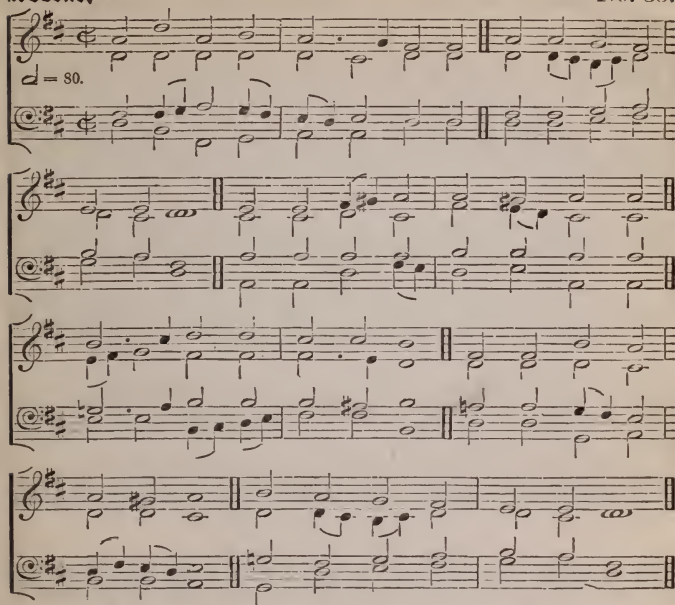
mf Come, Key of David! speed Thy way!
Unlock the realms of heavenly day!
Celestial paths of safety show,
And close each road to Hell below
f Rejoice! rejoice! EMMANUEL
Is born for thee, O Israel!

O come, O come, great LORD of might!
Who once, from Sinai's flaming height,
Didst give the universe Thy law,
'Mid glory, majesty, and awe!
ff Rejoice! rejoice! EMMANUEL
Is born for thee, O Israel!

LO! HE COMES! LET ALL ADORE HIM!

Advent.

No. 33.



mf Lo! He comes! Let all adore Him!

'Tis the God of grace and truth!

Go! prepare the way before Him!

Make the rugged places smooth!

f Lo! He comes, the mighty LORD!

Great His work, and His reward.

mf Let the valleys all be raised;

Go, and make the crooked straight;

Let the mountains be abased;

Let all nature change its state;

Through the desert mark a road;

Make a highway for our God.

Where the thorn and briar flourished,

Trees shall there be seen to grow,

Planted by the LORD, and nourished,

Stately, fair, and fruitful too:

They shall rise on every side;

They shall spread their branches wide.

Down the hills, and lofty mountains,

Rivers shall be seen to flow;

There the LORD will open fountains,

Thence supply the plains below:

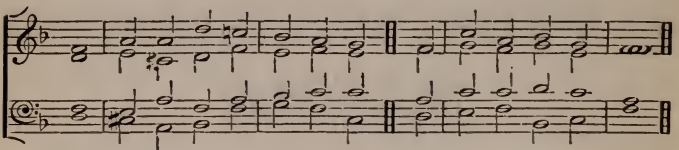
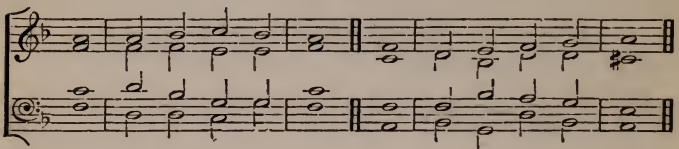
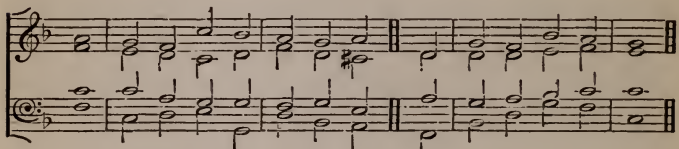
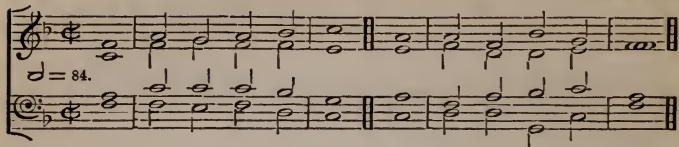
f As He passes, every land

Shall confess His powerful hand.

THOU JUDGE OF QUICK AND DEAD.

Advent.

No. 34.



p THOU JUDGE of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear;
Our souls do Thou prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray;

To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and pow'r,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,
Th' immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all Thy FATHER's dazzling train,
With all Thy glorious grace.

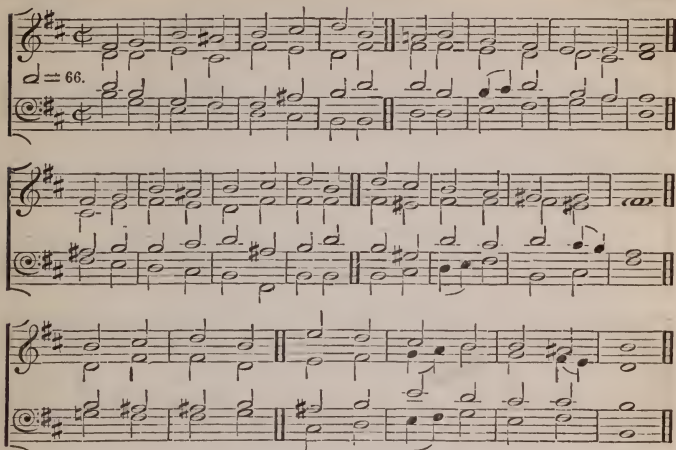
To damp our earthly joys,
T' increase our holy fears,
For ever let th' Archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears
The solemn midnight cry:
f "Ye dead, the JUDGE is come:
Arise, and meet Him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom!"

p Oh! may we all be found
Obedient to Thy word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our LORD!
cres. Oh! may we thus insure
A lot among the blest,
And watch a moment, to secure
An everlasting rest!

DAY OF JUDGMENT! DAY OF WONDERS!

Advent,

No. 35.



p DAY of Judgment! Day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
cres. Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
p How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

mf See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
You, who long for His appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious SAVIOUR,
Own me in that day for Thine!

f At His call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the pow'rs of Nature, shaken
By His looks, prepare to flee:
p Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

But to those, who have confess'd,
Loved and served the LORD below,
cres. He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow:
f You, for ever,
Shall My love and glory know."

mf Under sorrows and reproaches,
May this thought our courage raise!
Swiftly God's Great Day approaches;
Sighs shall then be turned to praise:
f We shall triumph
When the world is in a blaze!

O DAY OF WRATH! THAT AWFUL DAY!

Advent.

Dies iræ! Dies illa!

No. 36.



- p* O DAY of wrath! that awful Day!
 In ashes earth shall melt away!
 A wreck that kindled David's lay.
- pp* How dread the thrill shall shake her floor,
 When He, the Judge, shall near the door,
 With rigour all things to explore!
- f* The trump shall send its wondrous sound
 Throughout the graves, that line the ground,
 To muster to the Throne around
 Their tenants, rising through the vast,
- p* As Death and Nature look aghast,
 To answer to the Judge at last.
- mf* The Book of Record shall be spread,
 Wherein the swollen list is read,
 From which shall earth's arraign be sped.
 Then when He seats Himself in Light,
 Each secret shall be torn from Night;
 Nought unavenged elude His sight.
- p* A wretch, what plea then shall I name,
 What advocate make bold to claim,
 When scarce the just escape the flame?
- cres.* O King majestic, robed in fear,
 Who freely sav'st Thy people dear,
 Bring me, Thou Fount of pity, clear.

pp For me, good JESU, think, I pray,
 Thou once didst tread Thy bitter way:
 O let me not be lost that Day!
 To gain me, Thou didst sink outworn;
 To ransom me the Cross hast borne;
 Such travail lost ne'er may I mourn!

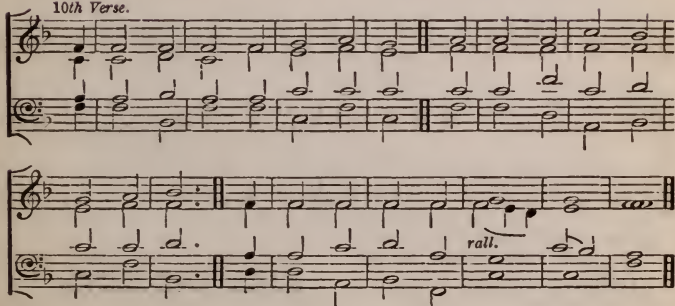
p Just Judge, Who wilt for vengeance rise,
 O grant me pardon's precious prize,
 Before the Day of Great Assize.
cres. I groan as if this hour arraigned;
 My scarlet cheek with guilt is stained:
dim. Thy suitor, LORD, be not disdained!

p Thou freed'st a sinner from her fear;
 Thou lentest to a thief Thine ear;
cres. To me, too, gavest hope to cheer.
 My prayers are worthless, but do Thou
 In grace and mercy ne'er allow
 That I to deathless fire should bow.

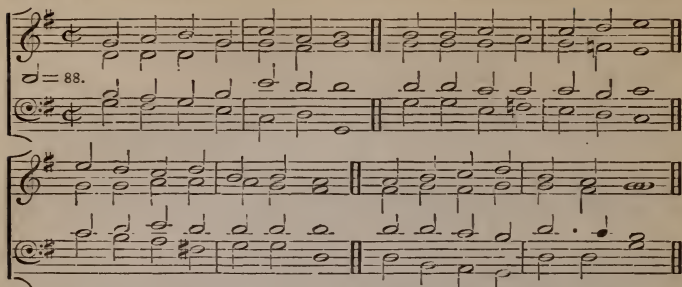
p Grant me among the sheep to stand;
mf Disjoin me from the goats' dark band,
p And set me down at Thy right hand.
f What time the cursed, dumb with shame
 Are sentenced to the piercing flame,
p Then with the blest O call my name!

mf In lowly trustfulness I pray;
dim. 'Fore Thee a broken heart I lay:
p O be at death my Guard and Stay!
cres. That hour is rife with bitter tears,
 Wherein mankind, amid their fears,
 Shall rise again from ashy biers.

10th Verse.



mf When judgment on his sin is pressed,
p God spare the sinner, sore distressed;
pp To all, good JESU, grant Thy rest.



f ZION, at thy shining gates,
Lo! the King of Glory waits;
Haste thy Monarch's pomp to greet,
Strew thy palms before His feet!

CHRIST, for Thee their triple light,
Faith, and Hope, and Love unite;
This the beacon we display.
To proclaim Thine Advent Day.

p Come, and give us peace within;
Loose us from the bands of sin;
Take away the galling weight,
Laid on us by Satan's hate.

Give us grace Thy yoke to wear;
Give us strength Thy Cross to bear;
Make us Thine in deed and word,
Thine in heart and life, O LORD.

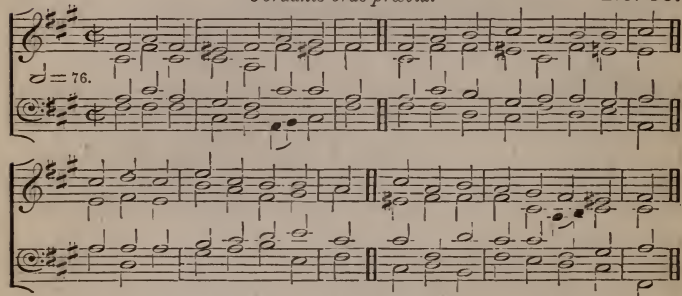
Kill in us the carnal root,
That the SPIRIT may bear fruit;
Plant in us Thy lowly mind;
Keep us faithful, loving, kind.

f So, when Thou shalt come again,
Judge of angels and of men,
We, with all Thy saints, shall sing
Hallelujahs to our King.

BEHOLD! THE BAPTIST'S WARNING SOUNDS.

Jordanis oras prævia.

No. 38.



f BEHOLD! the Baptist's warning sounds
Thrill through the Jordan's winding
bounds:

As rings his herald voice on high,
Let listless slumber quickly fly!
The heaven, the ocean, and the earth,
Their great Creator's coming birth
See rising on their longing sight,
And greet it with supreme delight:

mf Then cleanse your hearts, to sin a prey;
For GOD approaching smooth the way;
Prepare for Him a place of rest,
Meet home for such a worthy Guest.

p Thou, JESU, Thou our safety art,
The strength and balm of every heart:
As grass that fades, our mortal race
Lies pining for Thy absent Face.

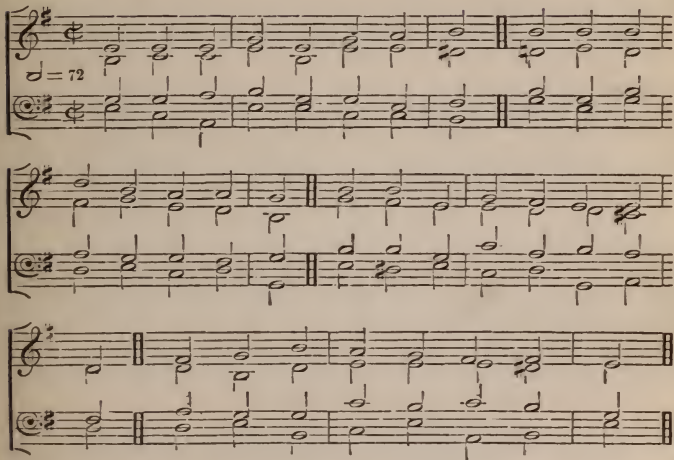
mf Stretch forth Thy Hand the sick to
heal;
Lift up the fall'n; Thy face reveal:
Its own fair beauty now, once more,
Let bloom upon this earthly floor.

f To Him, Who comes the world to free,
To SON, and FATHER, honour be;
Thee, gracious SPIRIT, we adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

THE LORD WILL COME! THE EARTH SHALL QUAKE.

Advent.

No. 39.



p THE LORD will come! the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixèd seat forsake;
And, withering, from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

cres. The LORD will come! but not the same
As once in lowly form He came,
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

f The LORD will come! a dreadful Form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind!

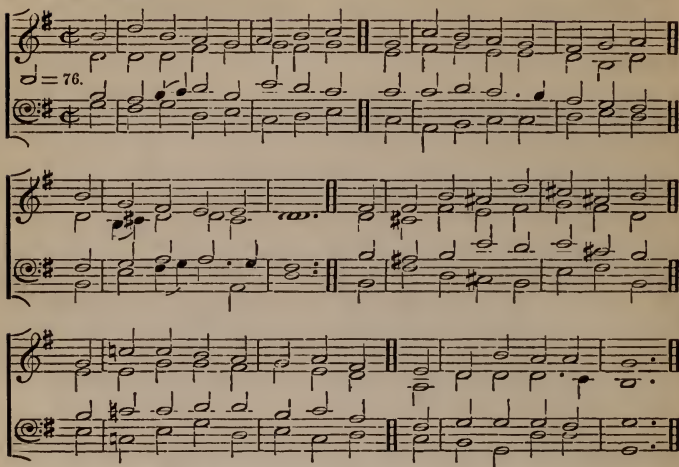
p Can this be He, Who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway;
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride?
Oh God! is this the Crucified?

f Go, tyrants! to the rocks complain!
Go, seek the mountains cleft in vain!
But Faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy: "The LORD is come!"

LORD, GIVE US OF THAT FERVENT LOVE.

St. Thomas.

No. 40.



mf LORD, give us of that fervent love,
That warm effusion from above,
Which filled Thy servant's breast,
When hearing Thou must quit his view,
He mourned that he no pathway knew,
To trace Thee to Thy Rest.

p When Thou wert nailed, and pierced, and dead,
Upon the cursed tree that spread
Its arms to paling light,
Still loving Thee, he sadly wept
Those bleeding scars the steel had left,
Deep graven on his sight.

Then, sorely haunted by the view,
When sound the tidings, glad and true,
That Thou art raised again:
"Save I can see and feel," he cries,
"Those wounds, fast printed on mine eyes,
The tidings sound in vain."

cres. Thou callest him, as mute he stands,
To feel and see Thy Side, Thine Hands:
f "My LORD! my GOD!" breaks out:
"Thee, Thomas, sight to Faith doth draw;
More blest are they who never saw,
Yet never knew a doubt."

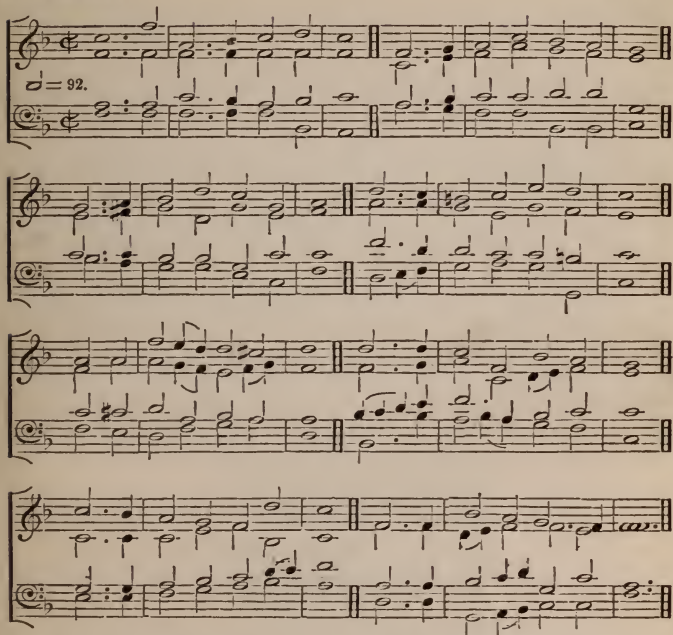
p Good LORD, Who didst descry the spot,
Where he was marred by carnal blot,
Though loving to the last;

cres. O grant, by Faith we may be stayed,
His soft rebuke our saving aid,
f On Truth our anchor cast.

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING.

Christmas.

No. 41.



f HARK! the herald angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King!
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled!
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph in the skies!
 Universal nature say,
 CHRIST the LORD is born to-day.

f Hail! the heavenly PRINCE of PEACE!
 Hail! the SUN of RIGHTEOUSNESS!
 Light and life to all He brings,
 Ris'n with healing in His wings.
 Mild He lays His Glory by,
 Born that man no more may die,
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.

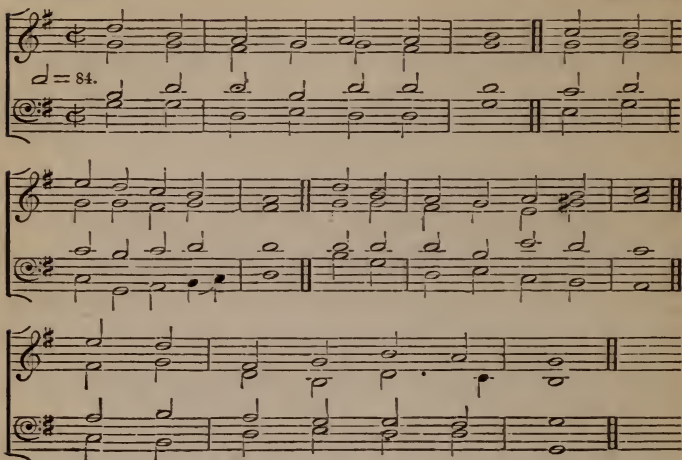
CHRIST, by highest Heaven adored;
 CHRIST, the everlasting LORD;
 Late in time behold Him come,
 Offspring of a Virgin's womb!
p Veiled in flesh the Godhead see!
 Hail, th' incarnate Deity!
 Pleased as Man with men t'appear,
 JESUS, our IMMANUEL here!

mf Come, DESIRE of NATIONS, come,
 Fix in us Thy humble home!
 Rise, the Woman's conquering Seed,
 Bruise in us the Serpent's head!
f Now display Thy saving Power,
 Ruined nature now restore;
 Now in mystic union join
 Thine to ours, and ours to Thine!

MERCY TRIUMPHS, CHRIST IS BORN.

Christmas.

No. 42.



f MERCY triumphs, CHRIST is born !
 Seraphs hail this happy morn !
 Echo loud their solemn cry :
f " Glory be to God on high ! "

f Praise to God, and peace on earth ;
 Such the tidings of His birth :
 Him we worship, Him we bless,
 PRINCE OF PEACE and Righteousness.

Promised Branch of JESSE's stem,
 CHRIST is born in Bethlehem !
 We have pardon, we have peace ;
 Darkness, guilt, and terror cease.

Light and mercy cheer the tomb !
 Hallelujah ! CHRIST is come !
 Let all earth's redeemed cry :
f " Glory be to God on high ! "

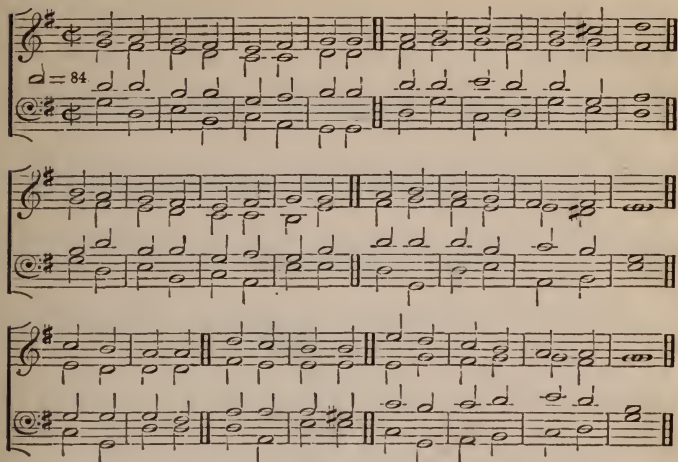
p SON of MAN, He murmured not,
 Bore with us, and shared our lot ;
f SON of GOD, we know Him well,
 By each sign the prophets tell.

p His the love to feel our woe ;
f His the might to quell our foe :
 Unto Him, in earth and heaven,
f Be all praise and honour given !

ANGELS FROM THE REALMS OF GLORY.

Christmas.

No. 43.

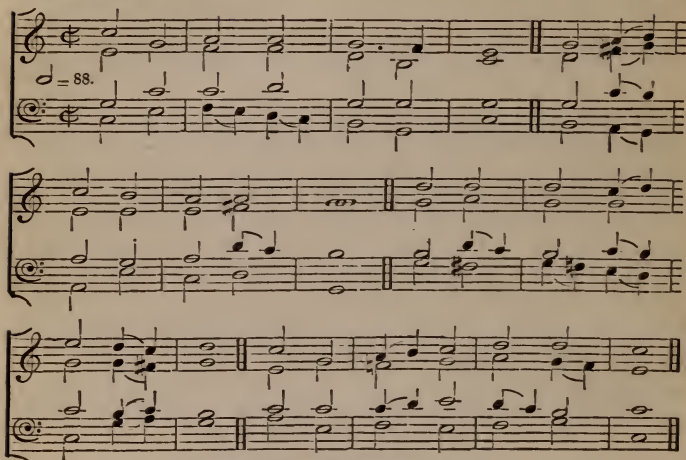


- f* ANGELS from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth!
Ye, who sang Creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
f Come and worship,
Worship CHRIST, the new-born King!
- mf* Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light:
f Come and worship,
Worship CHRIST, the new-born King!
- mf* Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star:
f Come and worship,
Worship CHRIST, the new-born King!
- mf* Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the LORD, descending,
In His Temple shall appear;
f Come and worship,
Worship CHRIST, the new-born King!
- p* Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you: break your chains;
f Come and worship,
Worship CHRIST, the new-born King!

BRIGHT AND JOYFUL IS THE MORN.

Christmas.

No. 44.



f BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,
For to us a Child is born;
From the highest realms of Heaven,
Unto us a Son is given.

On His shoulder He shall bear
Power and Majesty, and wear
On His vesture, and His thigh,
Names most awful, names most high.

Wonderful in counsel He,
The incarnate DEITY;
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
KING of KINGS, and PRINCE of PEACE.

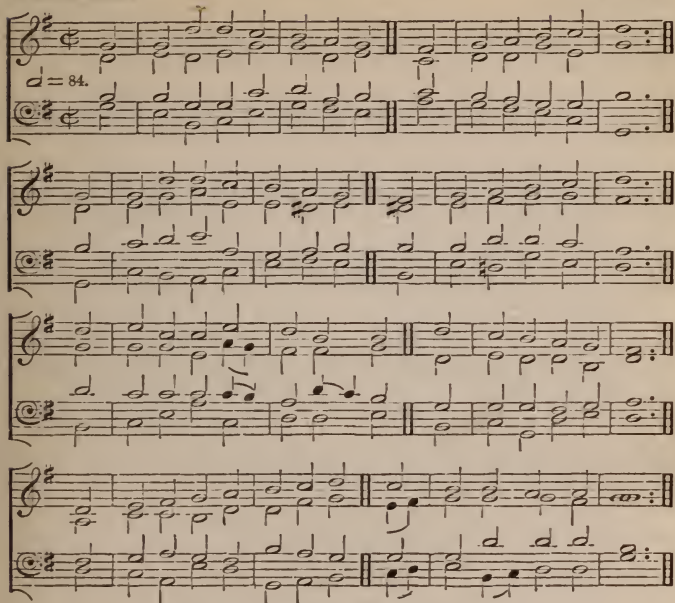
p Come and worship at His feet,
Yield to CHRIST the homage meet:
From His manger to His throne,
Homage due to GOD alone.

f Glory be to GOD on high!
Earth, uplift the joyful cry!
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS.

Christmas.

No. 45.



mf WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
 All seated on the ground,
 The angel of the LORD came down,
 And glory shone around.
f "Fear not," said he; (for mighty dread
 Had seized their troubled mind;)
 "Glad tidings of great joy I bring
 To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town, this day
 Is born of David's line,
 The SAVIOUR, Who is CHRIST the LORD;
 And this shall be the sign:
 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find
 To human view displayed,
 All meanly wrapt in swaddling bands,
 And in a manger laid."

p Thus spake the Seraph; and forthwith
 Appeared a shining throng
 Of angels, praising God, and thus
 Addressed their joyful song:
f "All glory be to God on high,
 And to the earth be peace:
 Good will henceforth from Heaven to men
 Begin, and never cease!"

HARK! WHAT MEAN THOSE HOLY VOICES.

Christmas.

No. 46.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked '♩ = 84'. The score consists of three systems. The first system has two measures. The second system has two measures. The third system has two measures, with the second measure containing the lyrics 'Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah.' The dynamics are marked as *f* (forte) and *ff* (fortissimo).

p HARK! What mean those holy voices,
Sweetly warbling in the skies?

cres. Sure th' angelic host rejoices;
Loudest hallelujahs rise.

f Hallelujah!

mf Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:

f Glory in the highest, glory;
Glory be to God most high.

Hallelujah!

p Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;

cres. Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound

Hallelujah!

f CHRIST is born, the great Anointed!
Heaven and earth His glory sing!

Glad receive Whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

Hallelujah!

mf Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His Name, and taste His joy

Till in heaven you sing before Him,
f Glory be to God most High.

Hallelujah!

mf Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great REDEEMER's birth;

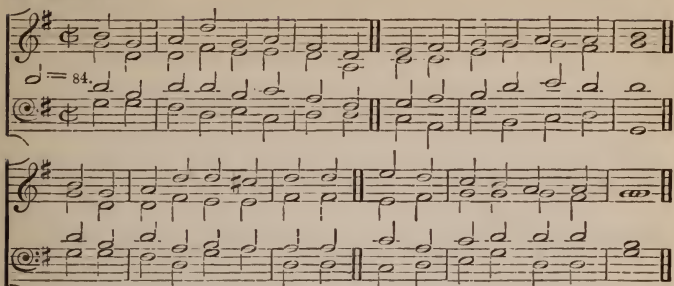
cres. Spread the brightness of His glory
Till it cover all the earth.

Hallelujah!

COME! THOU LONG-EXPECTED JESUS!

Christmas.

No. 47.



mf COME! Thou long-expected JESUS!
Born to set Thy people free!
From our cares and sins release us;
Let us find our rest in Thee.

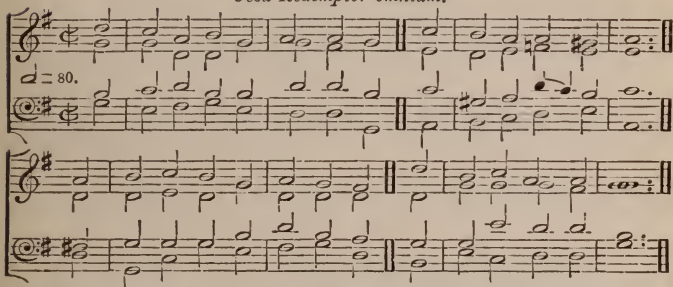
f Israel's strength and consolation!
Hope of all the earth Thou art!
Blest desire of every nation!
Joy of every longing heart!

Born, Thy people to deliver!
Born a Child, and yet a King!
Born, to reign in us for ever!
Now Thy gracious Kingdom bring.

p By Thine Own Eternal SPIRIT,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
cres. By Thine all-sufficient merit,
f Raise us to Thy glorious Throne!

O JESU, LIFE OF RUINED MAN. No. 48.

Jesu Redemptor omnium.



p O JESU, life of ruined man,
With GOD the FATHER One,
His equal ere the world began,
Now born His only SON:
The Peace, the only Hope art Thou
Of sinners sore distress;
Hear every earnest prayer and vow,
From every burdened breast.
In mortal form, for mortals' sake,
Thou didst Thyself enshrine:
O grant that we, too, may partake
Thy Nature, pure, divine.
Thus raised to such an honoured state,
O guard us, LORD most high!
Lest we, beneath temptation's weight,
Relapse to sin, and die.

mf This grace we crave, on this high day,
Which speaks Thy glorious birth,
When Thou, true Sun, didst shed Thy ray,
To light the gloomy earth.

cres. The land, the sky, the mighty sea,
In rivalry shall raise
To Him, Whose love hath giv'n us Thee,
Glad songs of holy praise;

f And we, for whom Thou hast been born,
Of endless life the Spring,
Will magnify this blessed Morn,
And hymns of triumph sing.

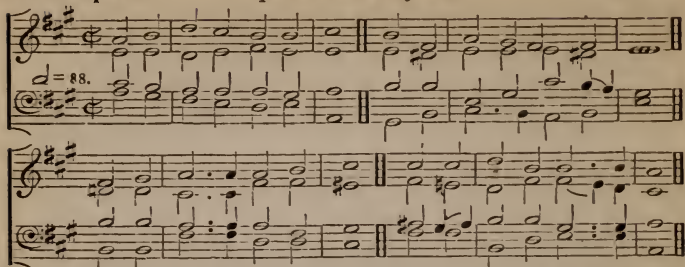
ff O JESU, Virgin-born, with Thee
The FATHER we adore:
To GOD the SPIRIT, Sacred Three,
Be glory evermore!

CHIEF OF MARTYRS! THOU, WHOSE NAME.

St. Stephen.

O qui tuo dux Martyrum.

No. 49.



mf Chief of Martyrs! thou, whose name
Doth a mystic Crown proclaim,
Not of flowers that see decay,
Weave we this thy Crown to-day.

Red the stones thy blood engrains,
Shining fairer for the stains;
Studded round thy saintly head,
Stars could ne'er such lustre shed.

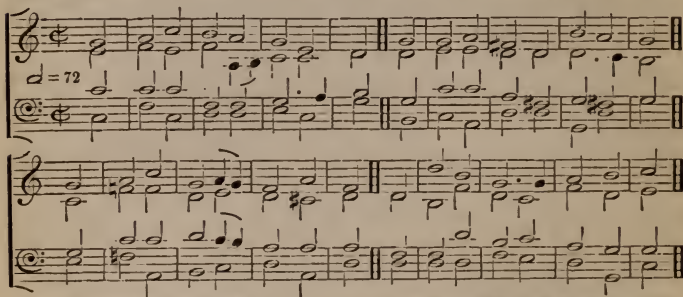
Where the wounds thy forehead gash;
Darts of light divinely flash;
Bursting from thy brow, each ray
Doth an angel-face betray.

p First of victims, thou with life
CHRIST dost honour in the strife;
First Confessor, whose last breath
Flies to own Him God in death.

First to tread the crimson sea,
O'er the pathway marked for thee!
Thou the foremost to the view!
Lo! the Martyr-host pursue!

f Virgin-born, to Thee we raise,
With the Father, ceaseless praise;
God the Spirit we adore,
Age on age, for evermore.

St. John. THY DEAR DISCIPLE ON THE SEA. No. 50.



p THY dear disciple on the sea,
A son of labour rude and sore,
cres. Leaves ship and sire, O Lord, for
Thee,

p And loving stands upon the shore.

mf Thus, toil and love in sweet embrace,
He lives to cheer Thy weary breast,
A meet companion in Thy race:
Thy bosom, pillow of his rest.

Though there he lay in wistful love,
He courts no languor, dull and
weak,

cres. But soars an eagle, sinks a dove;
All fervid, soft, sublime and meek.

p That tender heart, that ardent mind,
Such honour reaped as none have
known:

Thy dying lips to him consigned
Thy Blessed Mother for his own.

Full long the toil of life his lot:

"Peace! let him tarry till I come!"

"Come, Lord! Draw near this lonely spot,
And take Thy waiting martyr home."

p Thus calm, may we abide the hour,
Thy Face revealing from above;

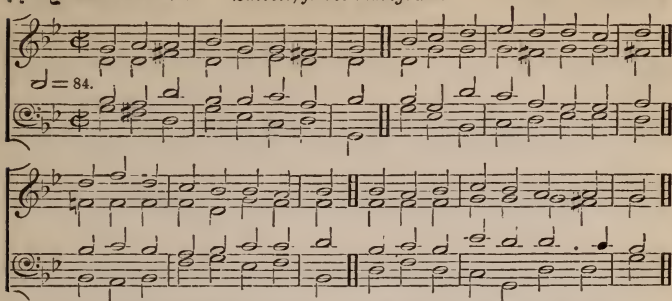
cres. Still zealous, though with waning power;
f While strength declines, still firm in
love.

ALL HAIL! YE MARTYR-BLOOMS SO BRIGHT.

Holy Innocents.

Salvete, flores martyrum.

No. 51.



mf ALL hail! ye martyr-blooms so bright,
Which, opening to the rising light,
The sword mowed down with cruel
blade,
As rosebuds 'neath the tempest laid.
The first for CHRIST to shed your blood,
A tender flock, its crimson flood;
Ye artless by the altar stray;
With palm and chaplet blithely play.

p The fell assassin, sword in hand,
In fury slays the infant band;
Each frame, so lately born to light,
Is ransacked for the quickening sprite.

mf What gain in guilt of such a dye?
What bootèd Herod crime so high?
'Mid deaths so many, One alone,
The CHRIST, is rescued for His throne.
Amid the purple rills that run
From hearts of babes, the Virgin's
Son,
Alone unharmed, defies the blow,
That sinks bereavèd mothers low.

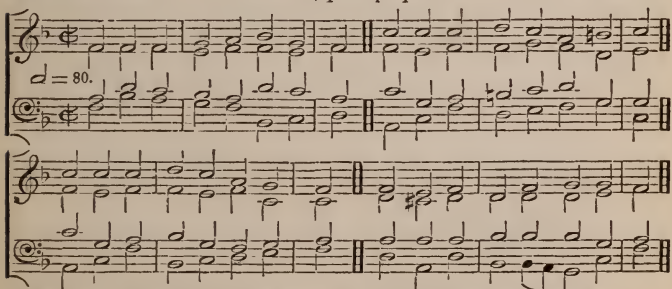
f Then, Virgin-born, to Thee we raise,
With Thee, O FATHER, endless praise;
Thee, HOLY SPIRIT, we adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

BLEST DAY, ON WHICH THE SAVIOUR SHED.

Circumcision.

Felix dies, quam proprio.

No. 52.



f BLEST day, on which the SAVIOUR shed
High sanctity, as first He bled!
Blest day, whereon He first began
The task to ransom fallen man!

p Scarce born to light, behold! His blood
The Babe outpours, a tender flood;
The foretaste of a deadly strife;
The opening of a loving life.

Earth now His home, with fervid will
His FATHER'S mandates to fulfil,
He quick forestalls His day decreed,
And learus, a Victim, how to bleed.

In love the sinner's lot He shares;
His punishment, unguilty, bears;
Law-Framer, now to law the Slave,
That He from law might sinners save.

Before that wound, which it had made,
The cancelled law is seen to fade;
A purer law begins to reign,
The love, which deathless shall remain.

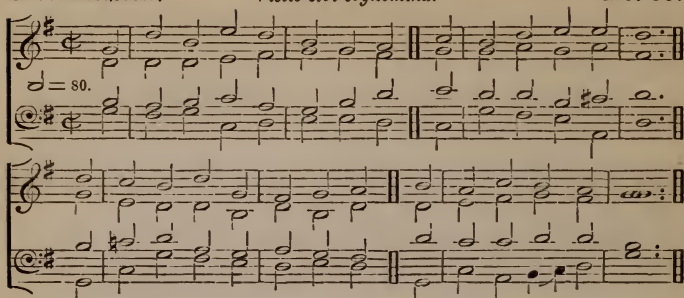
f Thou, CHRIST, within our hearts, this day
What is not Thine cut clean away;
O write Thy Name, that law of Thine,
Within our bosoms' inmost shrine.

LET TYRANTS TAKE THEIR HAUGHTY NAMES.

Circumcision,

Victis sibi cognomina.

No. 53.



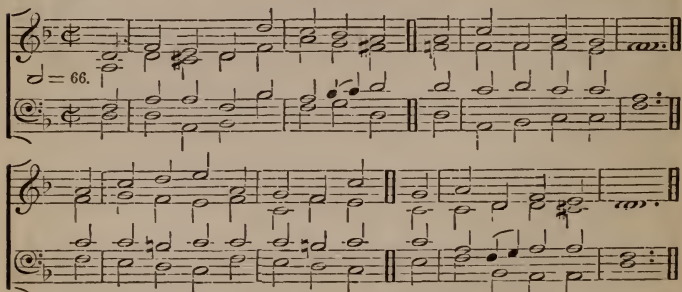
- f* LET tyrants take their haughty names
 From nations forced to bleed;
 A nobler title CHRIST assumes
 From those that He hath freed.
 None other name than this is giv'n
 For mortals to adore;
 A Name through which the dead revive,
 And live for evermore.
- p* The purchase, made at such a cost,
 When all His blood was spilt,
 Are we again, in mad affront,
 To cancel by our guilt?
- cres.* To suffer for that sacred Name,
 We count the highest prize;
 For death is bitter now no more,
 But sweet in loving eyes.
- p* Thou, Who dost love to be invoked,
 Blest SAVIOUR of us all!
 In Thy great Name we make our boast:
 O hear us when we call!
- f* Great JESU, from the Virgin born,
 We glory give to Thee;
 The FATHER and the SPIRIT praise,
 Till ages cease to be.

LORD, LET ME KNOW MY TERM OF DAYS.

New Year,

Psalm 39.

No. 54.

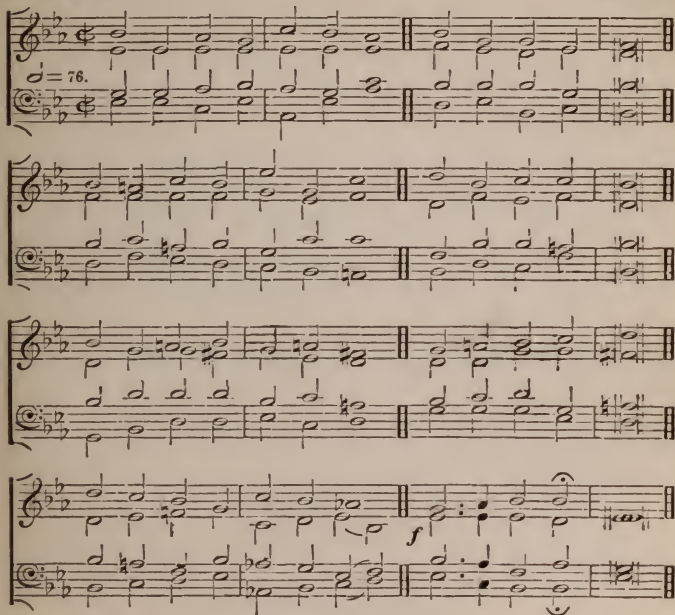


- p* LORD, let me know my term of days,
 How soon my life will end;
 The num'rous train of ills disclose,
 Which this frail state attend.
 My life Thou know'st is but a span,
 A cypher sums my years;
 And every man, in best estate,
 But vanity appears.
- cres.* Why then should I on worthless toys
 With anxious care attend?
- f* On Thee alone my steadfast hope,
 Shall ever, LORD, depend.
- p* The dreadful burden of Thy wrath
 In mercy soon remove;
 Lest my frail flesh too weak to bear
 The heavy load should prove.
- mf* LORD, hear my cry, accept my tears,
 And listen to my prayer;
 Who sojourn like a stranger here,
 As all my fathers were.
- p* O spare me yet a little time;
 My wasted strength restore;
 Before I vanish quite from hence,
 And shall be seen no more.

FATHER, LET ME DEDICATE.

New Year.

No. 55.



mf FATHER, let me dedicate
 All this year to Thee,
 In whatever worldly state
 Thou wilt have me be.
p Not from sorrow, pain, or care,
 Freedom dare I claim;
cres. This alone shall be my prayer:
f "Glorify Thy Name!"

mf Can a child presume to choose
 Where or how to live?
 Can a Father's love refuse
 All the best to give?
 More Thou givest every day
 Than the best can claim;
 Nor withholdest ought that may
f "Glorify Thy Name!"

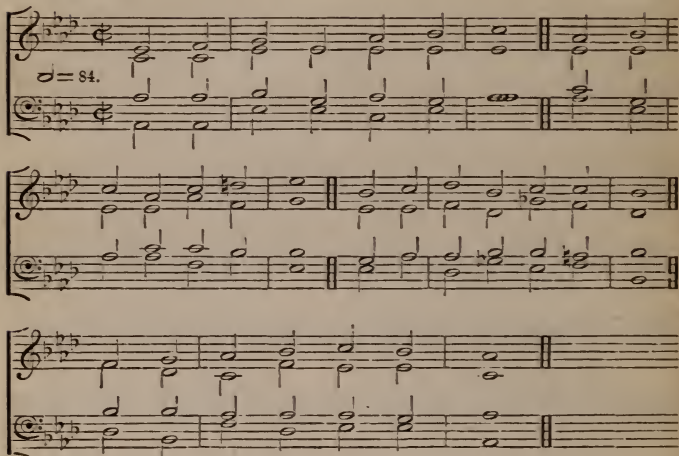
mf If in mercy Thou wilt spare
 Joys that yet are mine;
 If on life, serene and fair,
 Brighter rays may shine;
 Let my heart, while glad it sings,
 Thee in all proclaim;
 And, whate'er the future brings,
f "Glorify Thy Name!"

p If Thou callest to the Cross,
 And its shadow come,
 Turning all my gain to loss,
 Shrouding heart and home,
cres. Let me think how Thy dear Son
 To His glory came,
 And, in deepest woe, pray on,
f "Glorify Thy Name!"

FOR THY MERCY AND THY GRACE.

New Year.

No. 56.



mf For Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Faithful through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness,
FATHER, and REDEEMER, hear!

In our weakness and distress,
Rock of Strength, be Thou our Stay!
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way!

p Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread?
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.

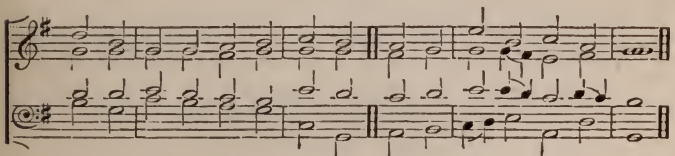
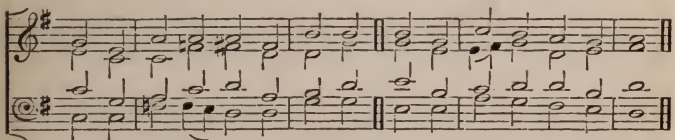
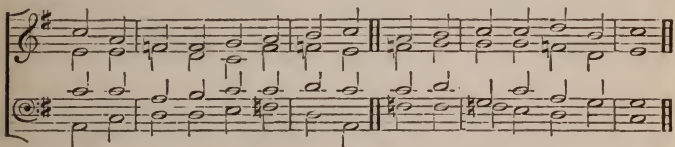
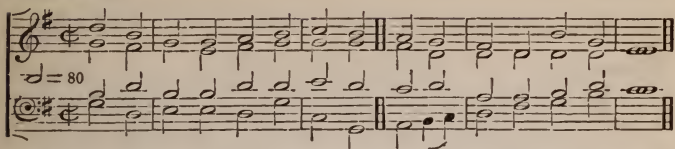
mf Keep us faithful, keep us pure.
Keep us evermore Thine Own!
Help, O help us to endure!
Fit us for the promised crown!

f So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
LORD of lords, and KING of kings!

HARP, AWAKE! TELL OUT THE STORY.

New Year.

No. 57.



f HARP, awake! tell out the story
Of our love, and joy, and praise;
Lute, awake! awake our glory!
Join a thankful song to raise!
Join we, brethren faithful-hearted,
Lift the solemn voice again
O'er another year departed
Of our threescore years and ten.

mf Gracious SAVIOUR, Thou hast lengthened,
And hast blest our mortal span,
And in our weak hearts hast strengthened
What Thy grace alone began!
Still, when danger shall betide us,
Be Thy warning whisper heard;
Keep us at Thy feet, and guide us
By Thy SPIRIT, and Thy Word!

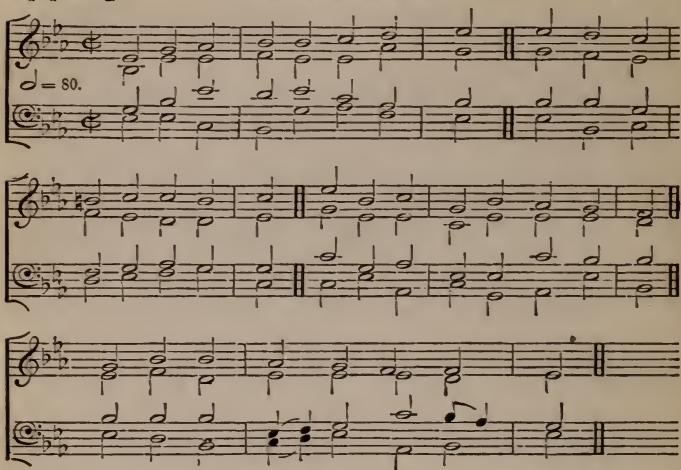
f Let Thy favour and Thy blessing
Crown the year we now begin;
Let us all, Thy strength possessing,
Grow in grace, and vanquish sin!
Storms are round us, hearts are quailing,
Signs in heaven, and earth and sea;
But when heaven and earth are failing,
SAVIOUR! we will trust in Thee.

OF NOBLE CITIES THOU ART QUEEN.

Epiphany.

O sola magnarum urbium.

No. 60.



f Of noble cities thou art Queen ;
Thou, Bethlehem, alone hast seen
Salvation's Captain, from the sky,
Incarnate in a cradle lie.

The star, before whose lustre bright,
The sun, out-matched, now dims his light,
Proclaims that God has come to earth,
A fleshly Form of human birth.

mf Him soon as e'er the Magi saw,
Their Eastern offerings forth they draw,
And, prostrate, with their prayers unfold
Myrrh, frankincense, and royal gold.

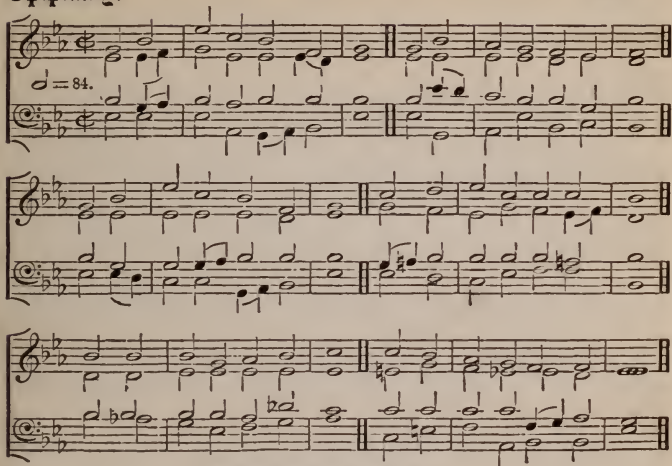
The treasure, and the scented smell
Of Saba's incense, loudly tell
His Kingship, Godhead ; while the myrrh
Speaks sadly of His sepulchre.

f All glory be to JESU's Name,
A bright Epiphany Who came ;
To FATHER, SPIRIT, high we raise,
From age to age, unceasing praise.

AS WITH GLADNESS MEN OF OLD.

Epiphany.

No. 61.



f As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious GOD, may we
Evermore be led by Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him, Whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we, with willing feet,
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger, rude and bare;
So may we, with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
CHRIST, to Thee, our heavenly King.

p Holy JESUS! every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

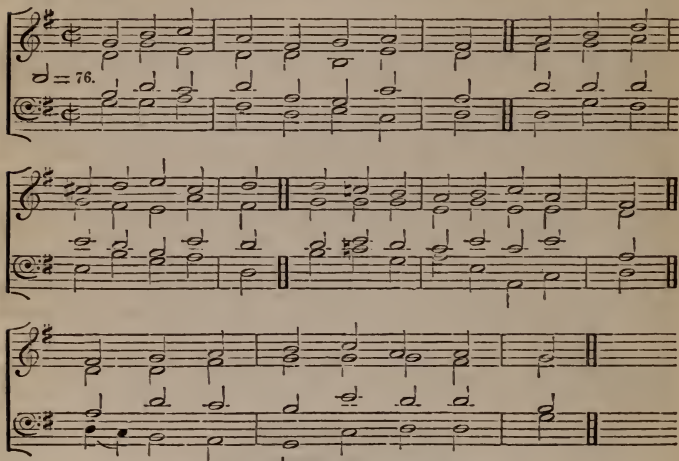
cres. In the heavenly country bright,
Need they no created light;
f Thou its Life, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun, which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King!

WHAT STAR IS THIS THAT BEAMS SO BRIGHT.

Epiphany.

Quæ stella, sole pulchrior.

No. 62.



mp WHAT star is this that beams so bright,
The sun eclipsing in his might?

f It doth the new-born KING display;
To find His cradle points the way.

mf On ancient prophets Faith depends;
See! Jacob's Star on high ascends!
Arrested at the heavenly blaze,
Starts forth the East in deep amaze.

Without, the Star informs their sight,
Within, there shines a brighter light,
Which leads them, by its gentle force,
To trace the marvel to its source.

f Love never knows of dull delays;
Toil, dangers, nought, alarm can raise;
Their home, their kin, their native land,
They promptly quit at God's command.

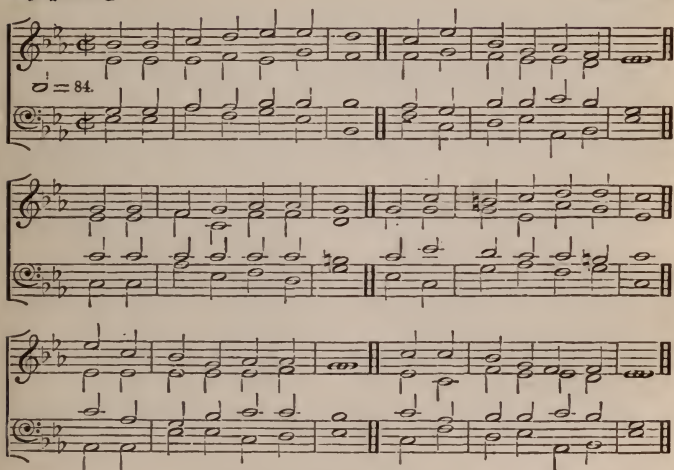
p While beams the Star of Mercy pure,
And Thou our hearts dost still allure,
Grant, LORD, in sloth they ne'er may pine,
Nor quench the light that burns divine.

f To Thee, O FATHER, Radiance bright,
To Thee, O SON, the nations' Light,
Be praise eternal, and to Thee,
O SPIRIT, equal glory be.

GOD OF MERCY, GOD OF GRACE.

Epiphany.

No. 63.



p God of mercy, God of grace,
Shew the brightness of Thy face;
Shine upon us, SAVIOUR, shine;
Fill Thy Church with light divine;
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

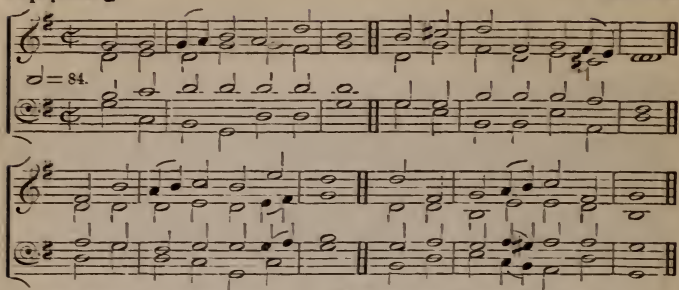
f Let the people praise Thee, LORD!
Be by all that live adored!
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their SAVIOUR KING!
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey!

f Let the people praise Thee, LORD!
Earth shall then her fruits afford;
God to man His blessing give;
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.

SONS OF MEN, BEHOLD FROM FAR!

Epiphany.

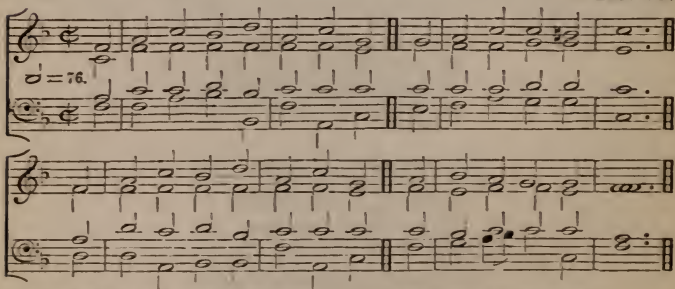
No. 64.



- f* Sons of men, behold from far!
Hail the long-expected star!
Jacob's star, that gilds the night,
Guides bewildered Nature right.
- p* Fear not hence that ill should flow,
Wars or pestilence below;
Wars it bids and tumults cease,
Ush'ring in the Prince of Peace.
- p* Mild He shines on all beneath,
cres. Piercing through the shades of death;
Scatt'ring error's wide-spread night,
- f* Kindling darkness into light.
- mf* Nations all, far off and near,
Haste to see your God appear!
Haste! for Him your hearts prepare;
Meet Him manifested there!
- cres.* Here behold the Day-spring rise,
Pouring eyesight on your eyes!
God in His Own light survey,
Shining to the perfect day!
- f* Sing, ye morning stars again,
God descends on earth to reign;
Deigns for man His life t'employ:
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy!

THE RACE, THAT LONG IN DARKNESS PINED.

No. 65.



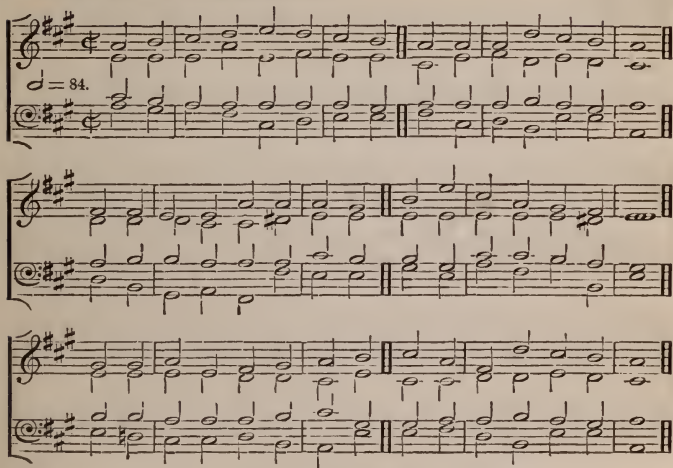
- f* THE race, that long in darkness pined,
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night,
To hail Thy rise, Thou better Sun,
The gath'ring nations come,
With joy, as when the reapers bear
The harvest-treasures home.
- mf* For Thou our burden hast removed,
And quelled th' oppressor's sway,
As quick as slaughtered squadrons fell
In Midian's evil day.
- f* To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given:
The tribes of earth shall Him obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.
His Name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty LORD!
His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know:
His throne shall justice guard above,
And peace abound below.

ALLELUIA! SONG OF SWEETNESS.

Alleluia, dulce carmen.

Sunday before Septuagesima.

No. 66.



f ALLELUIA! song of sweetness,
 Strain of ever living joy!
 Alleluia, hymn melodious,
 Heavenly voices' blest employ!
 They, who rest with GOD, resound it;
 Nought can e'er its charm destroy.

f Alleluia! Salem, Mother,
 Glad thou dost the chorus sing,
 Alleluia! 'tis the homage,
 Which thy sons in triumph bring!
dim. Babylon, from us, sad exiles,
 By her waters, tears doth wring.

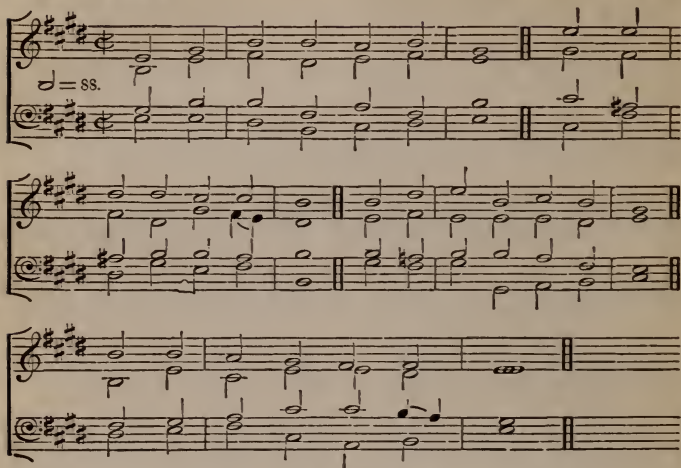
p Alleluia we, unworthy,
 May not always lift on high;
 Alleluia, our transgressions
 Check the ut't'rance, as we cry:
 Comes the hour for deeply mourning
 Sins, that heavy on us lie.

f Thee, in this our adoration,
 Blessed Trinity, we pray:
 Grant us in the blissful mansions
 Visions of Thine Easter-day;
 There to sing to Thee with rapture
 Alleluia's sweetest lay.

SONGS OF PRAISE THE ANGELS SANG.

Septuagesima.

No. 67.



f Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When JEHOVAH's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the PRINCE of PEACE was born;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away:
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth:
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

p And can man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?

f No; the Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns, and songs of praise.

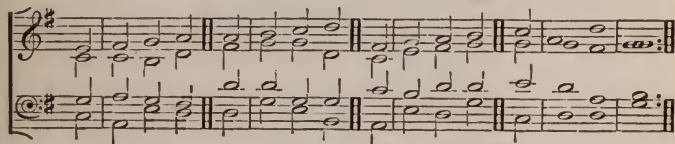
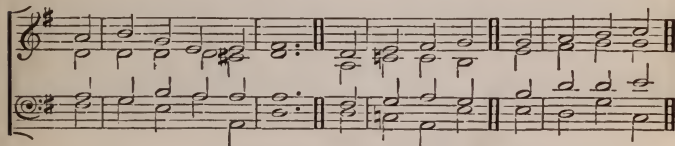
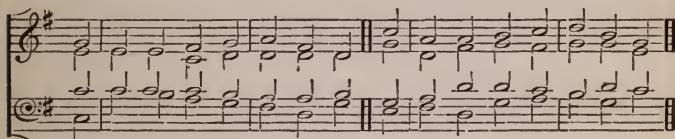
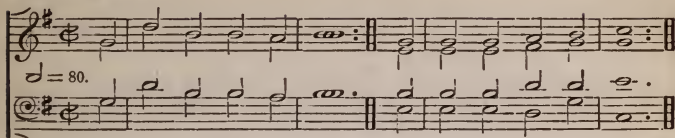
mf Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

f Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

THE LORD, HE GAVE THE WORD!

Septuagesima.

No. 68.



f THE LORD, He gave the Word!
mf The Void quick heard the sound,
 And Matter straight from nothing rose,
 Fast riveted in dead repose,
 Till rings a voice around:
f Light beams afar!
 Sun, moon, and star!
 Lo! in the rear
 See Man appear,
 Thrice noble form! God's image dear!

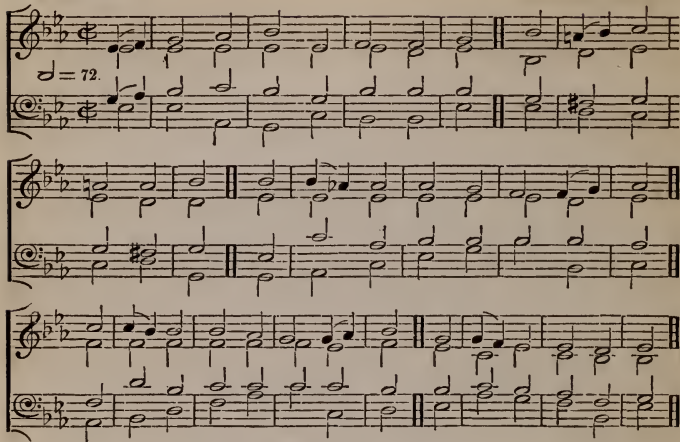
f The LORD, He gave the Word!
mf Loud rose the preachers' cry!
 The heathen tremble at the tone,
 And Satan shudders on his throne;
 The powers of darkness fly!
f Each idol stoops;
 All evil droops;
 No foes remain;
 The LORD doth reign;
 The world is His from mount to plain.

f The LORD, He gave the Word!
 The sound is heard within:
p Soft steals the SAVIOUR to the heart,
 To calm and cure the bleeding smart,
 And blot away its sin:
f Then rend the skies
 With pealing cries!
 High songs of praise
 Triumphant raise!
 The LORD extol to endless days!

GOOD LORD! WHO HAST THE WEIGHTY WOES.

Sepagesima.

No. 69.



p GOOD LORD, Who hast the weighty woes
Of galling trial borne,
cres. Regard Thy servants' bitter throes,
While wrestling with their cruel foes,
p Dejected, wasted, worn.

Remember that once happy spot,
Within whose tainted pale
The serpent, jealous at their lot,
Contrived to fix a lasting blot
On man and woman frail.

Thus lost, O woman's Holy Seed,
When comes the Tempter nigh,
Confound his counsel, thwart his deed,
Lest we, his fallen victims, bleed,
And 'neath his rancour die.

Vouchsafe us patience, loving LORD,
To ease this mortal strife;
Oh! utter forth Thy sovereign word,
That Cherubim may sheathe the sword,
Which guards the Tree of Life.

mf Grant us to eat its golden fruits,
And drink the living stream,
That washes by its holy roots,
As high it lifts its healing shoots,
To greet the heavenly beam.

f May we, our race of trial run,
Safe landed on the shore,
Thy glorious triumph now begun,
An Eden lost, an Eden won,

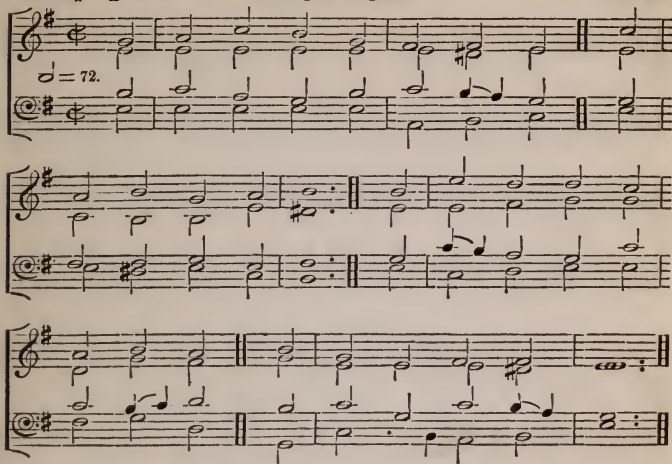
p Find rest for evermore!

LO! STEALS APACE THE WELCOME TIDE.

Quinquagesima.

En tempus acceptabile.

No. 70.



mp Lo! steals apace the welcome tide,
Sweet safety's dawning hour,
When Mercy's gate will open wide
To catch the mourner's shower.

Then use with ever softened zest
Thy words, thy food, thy sleep;
Check mirth, and with a keener breast
Thy daily vigil keep.

p Let grief, unbosomed from the heart,
On tears, that gushing fall,
Feed sadly; yet, despite the smart,
Approach the JUDGE of all.

mf With zeal pursue the path that leads
To dwellings cold and rude,
Where droop the poor, where sorrow bleeds,
And CHRIST is faint for food.

Here, stretching forth a lavish hand,
Let love her wealth outpour;
Consign it to a heavenly land,
Lest death should seize the store.

p LORD, consecrate us all to Thee,
With newly kindled love,
That purer thoughts, where'er we be,
May flame to heav'n above.

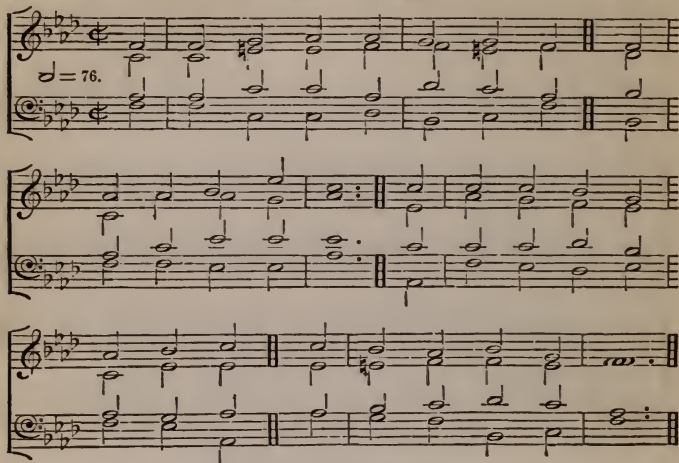
f THREE-ONE, to Thee high praise we give;
Thee widely we proclaim;
Grant we through taintless fast may live,
True warriors for Thy Name.

THE SOLEMN TIME OF HOLY FAST.

Rent.

Solemne nos jejunii.

No. 71.



mp THE solemn time of holy fast
To mourning sadly calls;
Lo! weeps the priest! and tearful cries
Ring round the temple walls.

In vain ascend the tones of grief,
Heav'n's angered ear to seek,
Unless the utterance of the soul
An inward sorrow speak.

In vain the sprinkled ashes fall,
The robe is rent in vain,
Unless the heavy-laden heart
Is torn with living pain.

p Then let us kneel, in truest woe,
To stay the wrath of God,
Who, knowing all our sore misdeeds,
Suspends His threat'ning rod.

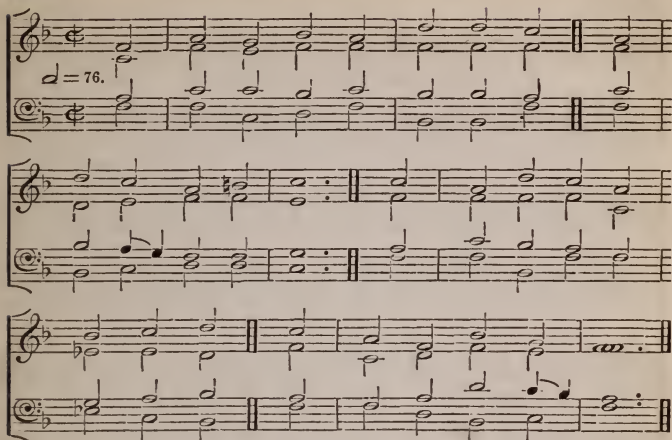
O righteous JUDGE! Our FATHER! FRIEND!
To punishment be slow;
Grant penitential hours and hearts;
Avert the menaced blow.

mf Blest TRINITY! Great THREE in ONE!
O grant Thy suff'ring race,
To reap from these, our lowly fasts,
The blooming fruits of grace.

MY GOD, MY GOD, MY LIGHT, MY LOVE.

And.

No. 72.



mf My God, my God, my Light, my Love,
 Mine all in all to me,
 Wilt Thou a gracious FATHER prove
 To souls that hang on Thee?

My God, my God, my Light, my Love,
 For Thee I thirst alone;
 The sweetest waters on the earth
 My soul accounts as none.

p My God, my God, my Light, my Love,
 Mine only, only Friend,
 I seek, I long, I look for Thee:
 Why wilt Thou not attend?

My God, my God, my Light, my Love,
 Oh! whither art Thou gone?
 Either be near unto me here,
 Or lift me to Thy Throne.

My God, my God, my Light, my Love,
 Canst Thou that soul forsake,
 That follows Thee with restless cries,
 And longs to overtake.

mf My God, my God, my Light, my Love,
 Come, come, with me abide;
 Rejoice me with Thy presence, LORD;
 I know no joy beside.

p My God, my God, my Light, my Love,
 Hear Thou my mournful cry:
cres. The God of Love hears from above;
 He will not see me die.

COME, LET US TO THE LORD OUR GOD.

And.

No. 73.

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It is in the key of D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked 'And.' (Andante). The score consists of three systems of staves. The first system includes a tempo marking '♩ = 76.' The music features a mix of half notes, quarter notes, and eighth notes, with some rests. The piano accompaniment is simple, using chords and single notes to support the vocal lines.

mp COME, let us to the LORD our God
With contrite hearts return ;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave ;
And though His arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.

mf The night of sorrow long hath reigned ;
The dawn shall bring us light ;
For God appears, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.

Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know Him and rejoice ;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs His voice.

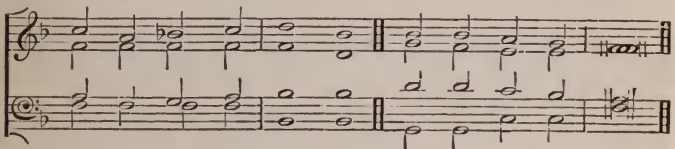
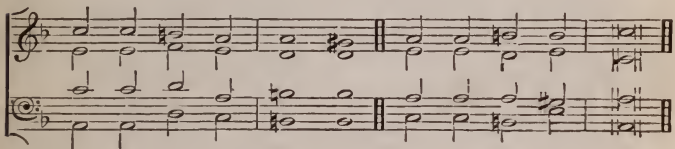
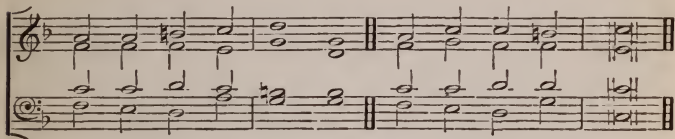
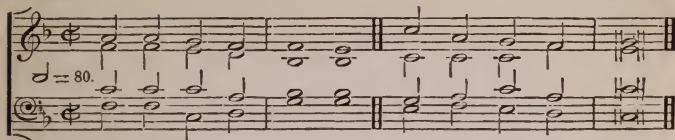
p As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round ;
As show'rs that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground :

f So shall His presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light ;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL.

Rent.

No. 74.



p In the hour of trial,
 Jesus, pray for me:
cres. Lest by base denial
 I depart from Thee;
p When Thou seest me waver,
 With a look recall,
cres. Nor for fear or favor
 Suffer me to fall.

mf With forbidden pleasures
 Would this vain world charm;
 Or its sordid treasures
 Spread to work me harm;
p Bring to my remembrance
 Sad Gethsemane,
 Or, in darker semblance,
 Cross-crowned Calvary.

mf Should Thy mercy send me
 Sorrow, toil, and woe;
 Or should pain attend me
 On my path below;
 Grant that I may never
 Fail Thy hand to see;
 Grant that I may ever
 Cast my care on Thee.

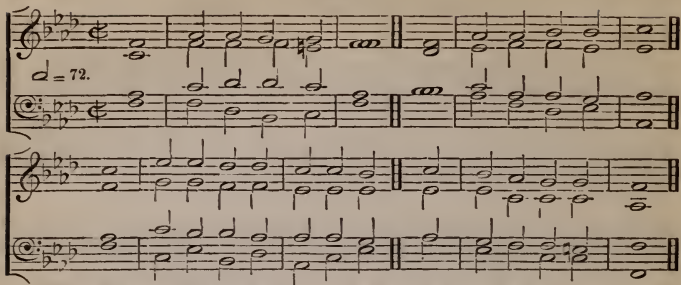
p When my last hour cometh,
 Fraught with strife and pain;
 When my dust returneth
 To the dust again;
cres. On Thy truth relying,
 Through that mortal strife,
pp Jesus, take me dying
 To eternal life.

FROM LOWEST DEPTHS OF WOE.

And.

Psaln 130.

No. 75.

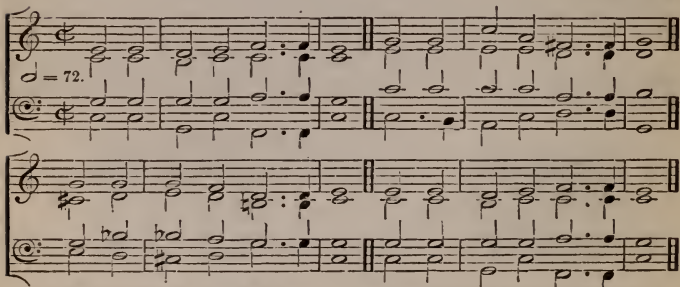


p FROM lowest depths of woe
To God I sent my cry:
cres. LORD, hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply.
Should'st Thou severely judge,
Who can the trial bear?
But Thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
And quite renounce Thy fear.
My soul with patience waits
For Thee, the living LORD;
My hopes are on Thy promise built,
And never-failing word.

My longing eyes look out
For Thy enliv'ning ray,
More duly than the morning watch
To spy the dawning day.
f Let Israel trust in God,
No bounds His mercy knows:
The plenteous source and spring, from whence
Eternal succour flows;
Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey:
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse,
And wash our guilt away.

WHEN OUR HEADS ARE BOWED WITH WOE.

No. 76.



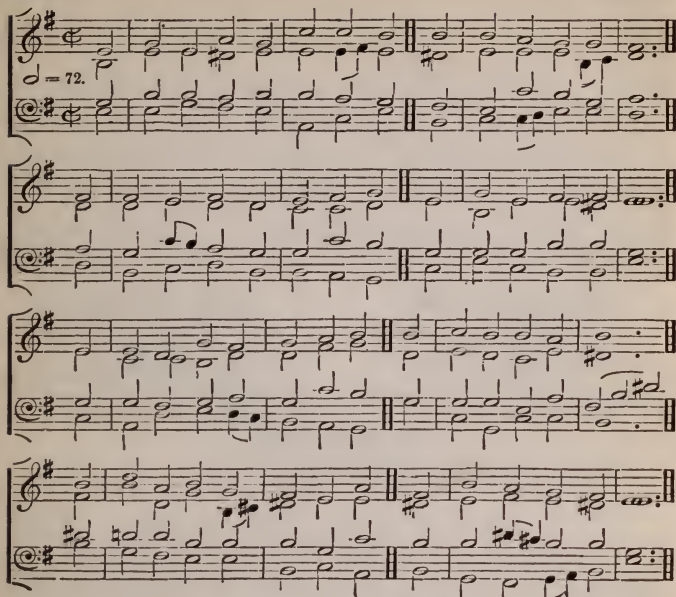
p WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
cres. Gracious SON of Mary, hear!
p Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn;
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne;
Thou hast shed the human tear;
cres. Gracious SON of Mary, hear!
p When the sullen death-bell tolls
For our own departed souls!
When our final doom is near.
cres. Gracious SON of Mary, hear!

pp Thou hast bowed the dying head;
Thou the blood of life hast shed;
Thou hast filled a mortal bier!
cres. Gracious SON of Mary, hear!
p When the heart is sad within,
With the thought of all its sin;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
cres. Gracious SON of Mary, hear!
p Thou the shame, the grief hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine Own:
Thou hast deigned their load to bear:
cres. Gracious SON of Mary, hear!

O LORD, TURN NOT THY FACE FROM ME.

Allegro.

No. 77.



p O LORD, turn not Thy face from me,
 Who lie in woeful state,
 Lamenting all my sinful life
 Before Thy mercy-gate;
 A gate which opens wide to those
 That do lament their sin;
cres. Shut not that gate against me, LORD,
 But let me enter in.

p And call me not to strict account,
 How I have sojourned here;
 For then my guilty conscience knows
 How vile I shall appear.
 So come I to Thy mercy-gate
 Where mercy doth abound,
 Imploring pardon for my sin,
 To heal my deadly wound.

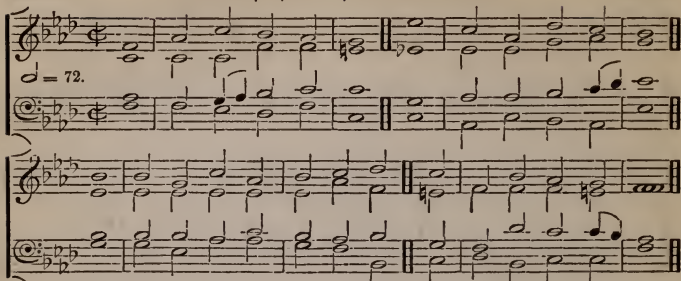
mf Good LORD, I mercy, mercy ask,
 This is the total sum;
 For mercy, LORD, is all my suit:
 LORD, let Thy mercy come!
f To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 The GOD, Whom we adore,
 Be glory, as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

O WILT THOU PARDON, LORD.

Ant.

Τῶν ἁμαρτιῶν μου τὴν πληθύν.

No. 78.



p O WILT Thou pardon, LORD,
A sinner such as I,
Although Thy book his crimes record
Of such a crimson dye?

p So deep are they engraved!
So terrible their fear!
The righteous scarcely shall be saved,
And where shall I appear?

f I know not how to praise
Thy mercy and Thy love.
But deign Thy servant to upraise,
And I shall learn above.

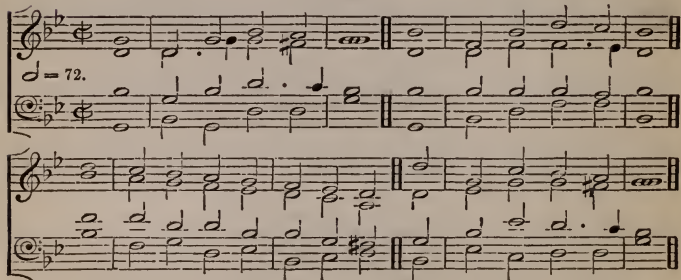
mf My soul, make all things known
To Him, Who all things sees:
That so the LAMB may yet atone
For thine iniquities.

p O Thou Physician blest,
Make clean my guilty soul,
And me, by many a sin oppressed,
Restore, and keep me whole.

HAVE MERCY, LORD, ON ME.

No. 79.

Psalms 51.



p HAVE mercy, LORD, on me,
As Thou wert ever kind;
Let me, oppressed with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.

mf Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.

p A broken spirit is
By GOD most highly prized;
By Him a broken, contrite heart
Shall never be despised.

Withdraw not Thou Thy help,
Nor cast me from Thy sight,
Nor let Thy HOLY SPIRIT take
Its everlasting flight.

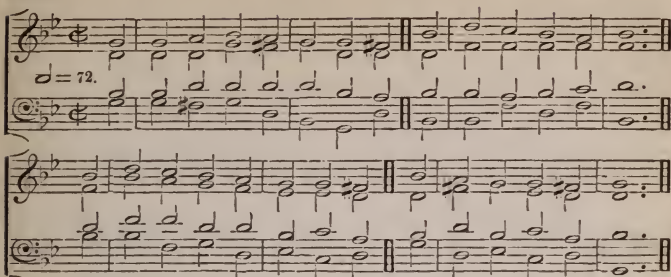
mf The joy Thy favour gives
Let me again obtain;
And Thy free SPIRIT's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

f To GOD, the FATHER, SON,
And SPIRIT, glory be;
As was, and is, and shall be so,
To all eternity.

LORD, WHEN WE BEND BEFORE THY THRONE.

Rent.

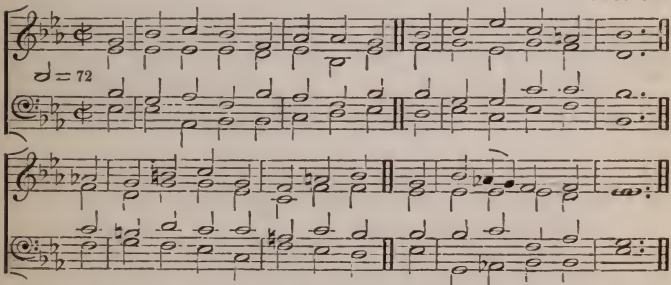
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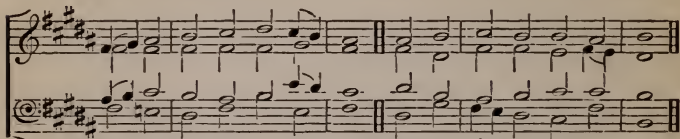
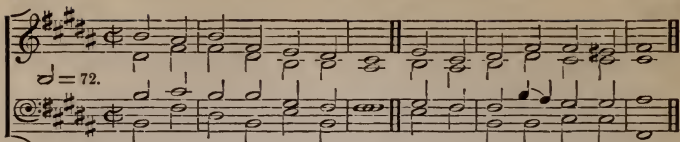
mp LORD, when we bend before Thy throne, *cres.* When we disclose our wants in prayer,
 And our confessions pour, May we our wills resign;
 Teach us to feel the sins we own, And not a thought our bosom share,
 And hate what we deplore. Which is not wholly Thine.
p Our broken spirits, pitying, see, Let faith each meek petition fill,
 And penitence impart; And waft it to the skies;
 Then let a kindling glance from Thee And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still,
 Beam hope upon the heart. That grants it or denies.
f When our responsive tongues essay
 Their grateful hymns to raise,
 Grant that our souls may join the lay,
 And mount to Thee in praise.

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN, FILLED WITH BLOOD.

No. 81.



mf THERE is a Fountain, filled with blood,
 Drawn from EMMANUEL's veins;
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.
 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That Fountain in his day;
 And there may I, as well as he,
 Wash all my sins away.
f Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing Thy power to save,
dim. When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
p Lies silent in the grave.
p O LAMB OF GOD! Thy precious Blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed Church of God
 Be saved, to sin no more.
mf E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.



p JESUS, cast a look on me;
Give me sweet simplicity:
Make me poor, and keep me low,
Seeking only Thee to know;

cres. Weanèd from my lordly self;
Weanèd from the miser's pelf;
Weanèd from the scorner's ways;
Weanèd from the lust of praise.

All that feeds my busy pride,
Cast it evermore aside;

dim. Bid my will to Thine submit;
Lay me humbly at Thy feet.

p Make me like a little child,
Of my strength and wisdom spoiled,
Seeing only in Thy light,
Walking only in Thy might;

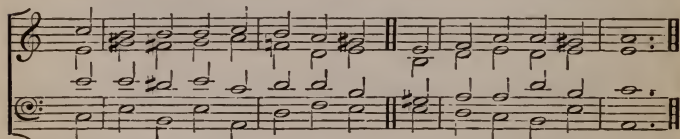
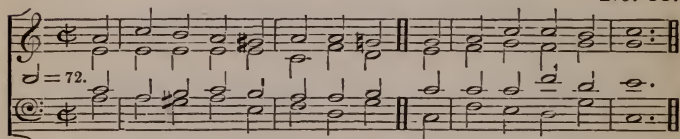
pp Leaning on Thy loving breast,
Where a weary soul may rest;
Feeling well the peace of God,
Flowing from Thy precious blood.

mf In this posture let me live,
And hosannas daily give:

In this temper let me die,
f And hosannas ever cry!

WHEN RISING FROM THE BED OF DEATH.

No. 83.



mf WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
p O how shall I appear!

mf If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought.

When Thou, O LORD, shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,

p O how shall I appear!

mf But Thou hast told the troubled soul,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent.

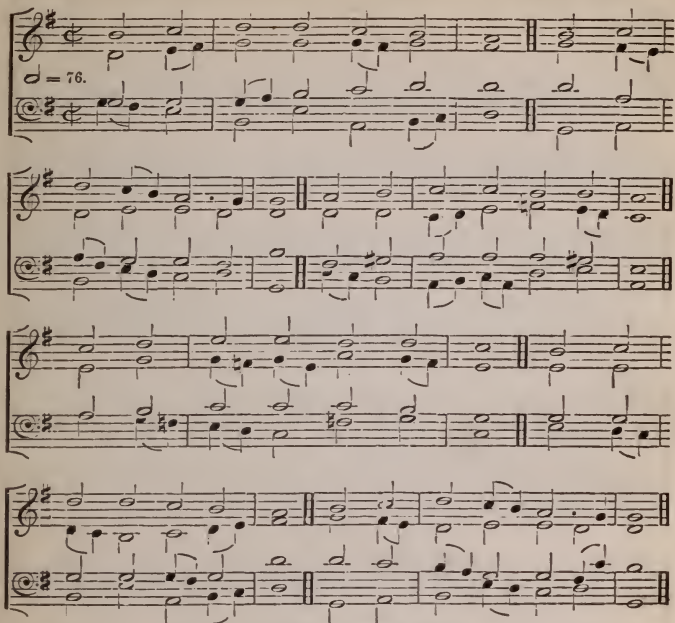
p Then see the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late,
And add my SAVIOUR'S dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.

f For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows Thy only Son has died
To make that pardon sure.

GOD, MY FATHER, HEAR ME PRAY.

Lent.

No. 84.



mf GOD, my FATHER, hear me pray,
Wash my crimson guilt away;
Wretched, helpless, lost, undone,
Hear me for Thy blessèd Son.

p LORD, unnumbered sins are mine,
cres. But eternal love is Thine.

p GOD, my SAVIOUR, look on me;
All my guilt I cast on Thee!
Give my troubled spirit peace;
Bid my fears and sorrows cease.

p LORD, unnumbered sins are mine,
cres. But eternal love is Thine.

mf GOD my Comforter, my Light,
Strengthen me with holy might,
Make Thy dwelling in my heart;
Faith, and joy, and hope impart.

p LORD, unnumbered sins are mine,
cres. But eternal love is Thine.

f Blessèd, glorious Trinity!
Holy, everla-ti g THREE!

p Hear, O hear my earn-st prayer,
And my soul for heaven prepare.
LORD, unnumbered sins are mine,
cres. But eternal love is Thine.

SAVIOUR, WHEN IN DUST TO THEE.

Lent.

No. 85.

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It consists of four systems of staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Lent.' and the number '66.' is written below the first system. The music features a mix of whole, half, and quarter notes, with some passages in the piano part marked 'pp' (pianissimo).

p SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
 Low we bend th' adoring knee;
 When repentant to the skies
 Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
p cres. Oh! by all Thy pains and woe,
 Suffered once for man below,
 Bending from Thy Throne on high,
pp Hear our solemn Litany!

p By Thy helpless infant years,
 By Thy life of want and tears,
 By Thy days of sore distress
 In the savage wilderness;
 By the dread mysterious hour,
 Of th' insulting Tempter's power;
 Turn, oh! turn a favouring eye;
pp Hear our solemn Litany!

p By the threatenings of despair;
 By Thine agony of prayer;
 By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
 Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
 By the gloom that filled the skies,
 O'er the dreadful Sacrifice;
 Listen to our humble cry;
pp Hear our solemn Litany!

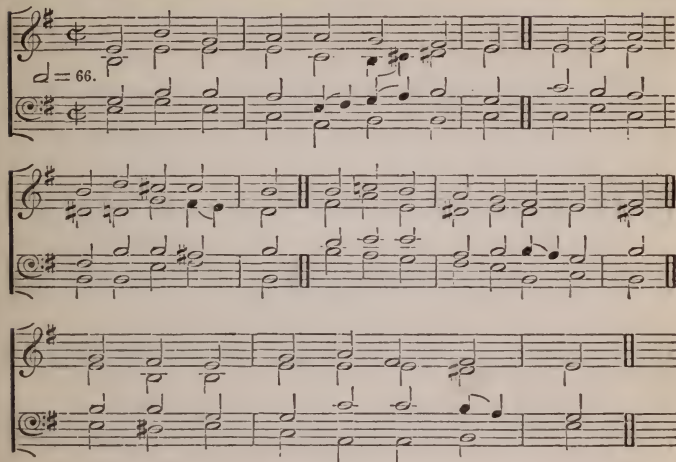
p By Thy deep expiring groan;
 By the sad sepulchral stone;
 By the vault, whose dark abode
 Held in vain the rising God;
cres. Oh! from earth to heaven restored,
 Mighty re-ascended Lord,
 Listen, listen to the cry
pp Of our solemn Litany!

THE KINGLY BANNERS ONWARD STREAM.

Passion Sunday.

Vexilla Regis prodeunt.

No. 86.



mf THE kingly banners onward stream,
And shines the Cross with mystic beam,
Where man's Creator, flesh to free,
In flesh lies hanging on the Tree.

p Lo! wounded doth He there appear,
Deep stricken by the pointed spear,
To wash the sinner in the flood,
Outpouring water, mixed with blood.

mf The Tree, how beauteous and how bright!
With royal purple richly dight!
Culled from a stock of noble race,
Those limbs so sacred to embrace.

Blest Tree! the balance where thero hung
The costly price, from justice wrung,
The ransom for a world to pay,
And tear from Hell its rifled prey.

p O Blessèd LORD, our only stay
In this Thy Passion's rueful day,
In holy hearts Thy grace implant,
And pardon to the sinner grant.

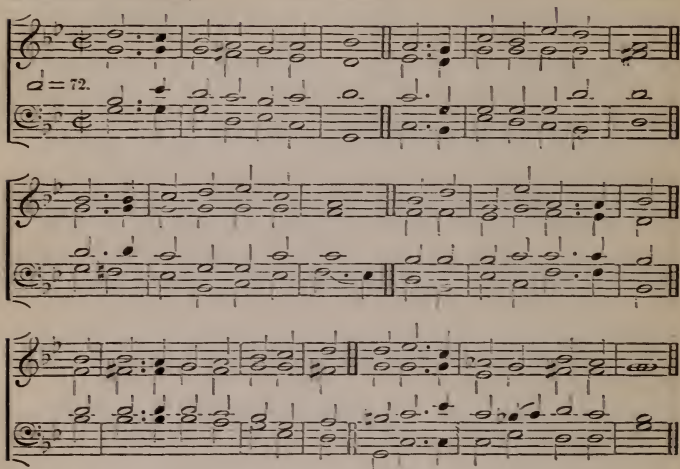
f O Trinity, Great God most High,
Let every breath Thy praises cry!
And whom the mystic Cross doth free,
Rule Thou to all eternity!

FROM THE DEEPS OF GRIEF AND FEAR.

Passion Sunday.

From Psalm 130.

No. 87.

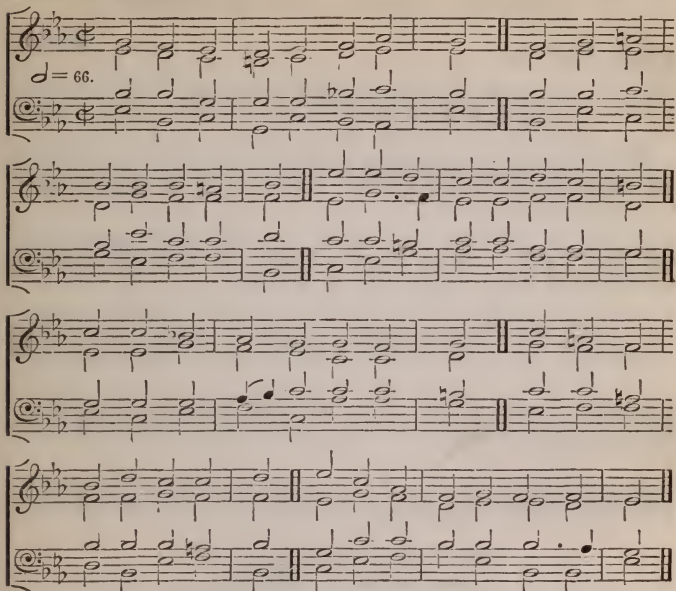


p FROM the deeps of grief and fear,
 LORD, to Thee my soul repairs:
 From Thy heav'n bow down Thine ear;
 Let Thy mercy meet my prayers.
cres. Oh! if Thou mark'st what's done amiss,
 What soul so pure can see Thy bliss?

mf But with Thee sweet mercy stands,
 Sealing pardons, work'ng fear:
 Wait, my soul, wait on His hands;
 Wait, mine eye; oh! wait mine ear:
cres. If He His eye, or tongue affords,
 Watch all His looks, catch all His words.

p As a watchman waits for day,
 Looks for light, and looks again;
 When the night grows old and gray,
 For relief he calls again:
f So look, so wait, so long, mine eyes,
 To see my LORD, my Sun, arise!

p Wait, ye saints, wait on our LORD;
 From His tongue sweet mercy flows;
 Wait upon His Cross, His Word;
 On that tree Redemption grows:
f He will redeem His Israel
 From sin and wrath, and death and hell.



f WAKE, O my soul! awake and raise
 Thine every part to sing His praise,
 Who from His sphere of glory fell,
 To raise thee up from death and hell:
p See how His soul, vexed for thy sin,
 Weeps blood without, feels hell within!

mf Wake, O mine eyes! awake, and view
 These two twin lights, whence heavens drew
 Their glorious beams, whose gracious sight
 Fills you with joy, with life, and light;
p See how, with clouds of sorrow drowned,
 They wash with tears thy sinful wound!

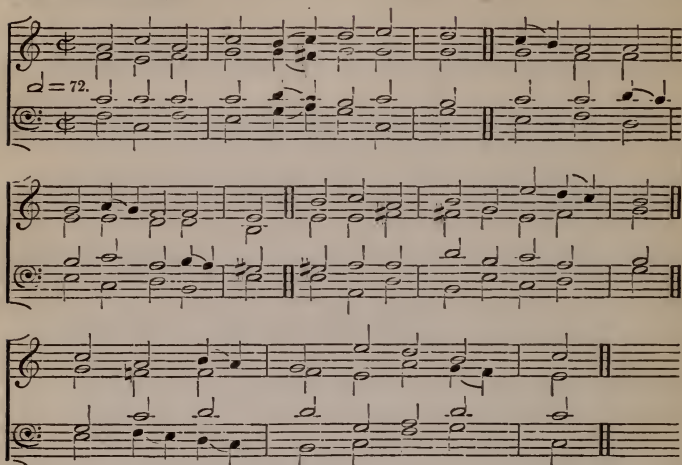
mf Wake, O mine ear! awake, and hear
 That pow'rful voice, which stills thy fear,
 And brings from heaven those joyful news,
 Which heaven commands, which hell subdues;
p Hark! how His ears, heav'n's mercy-seat,
 Foul slanders with reproaches beat!

f Wake, O my heart! tune every string!
 Wake, O my tongue! awake and sing!
 Think not a thought in all thy lays;
 Speak not a word but of His praise;
p Tell how His tongue with gall they drowned,
 Think how for thee His heart they wound!

RIDE ON! RIDE ON IN MAJESTY!

Palm Sunday.

No. 89.



f Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry!
Thine humble beast pursues his road,
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

f Ride on! ride on in majesty!
dim. In lowly pomp ride on to die!
cres. O CHRIST, Thy triumphs now begin
f O'er captive death and conquered sin.

f Ride on! ride on in majesty!
dim. The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes,
To see th' approaching Sacrifice.

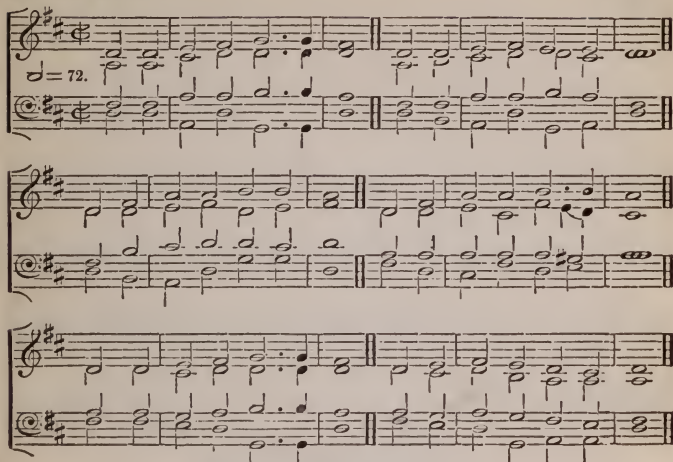
f Ride on! ride on in majesty!
dim. Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh.
cres. The FATHER, on His sapphire throne,
Expects His Own anointed Son.

f Ride on! ride on in majesty!
dim. In lowly pomp ride on to die!
Bow Thy meek Head to mortal pain!
ff Then take, O God, Thy power and reign!

ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME.

Palm Sunday.

No. 90.



p Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

mf Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
cres. Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

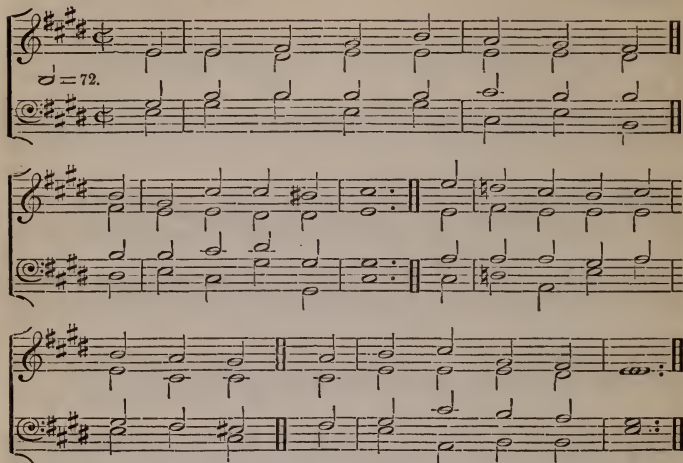
p Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for Grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, SAVIOUR, or I die.

p While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyestrings break in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne;
pp Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

WHO COMES FROM EDMON, WITH HIS ROBES.

Monday before Easter.

No. 91.



mf Who comes from Edom, with His robes
From Bozrah crimson grained?
f It is the LORD, Who quits the fight;
His robes with blood are stained.

mf For us, O CHRIST, that war was waged;
For us that Blood was spilt;
For us Thy vest was purple dyed,
While washing out our guilt.

p May we in Thine affliction mourn,
As Thou hast mourned in ours!
May we attend Thee in the pangs
Of Thy forsaken hours!

For Thou the winepress once didst tread,
Weighed down by bitter throes;
The callous people saw the strife,
And left Thee to Thy woes.

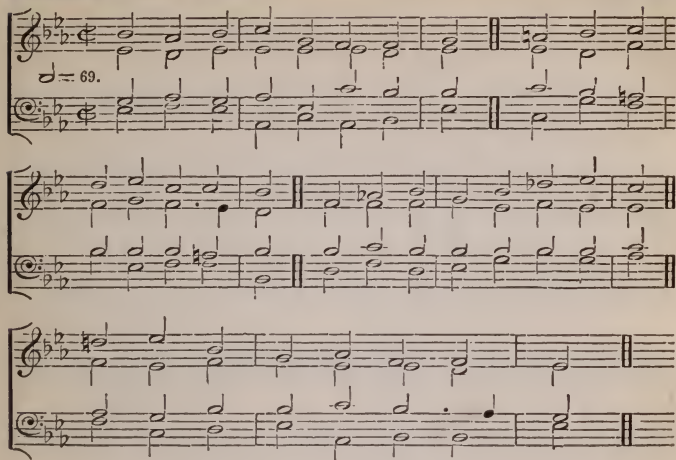
Our stony heart O take away,
A tender spirit shed,
To weep for Thee, Who wept for us,
To bleed, since Thou hast bled.

mf Grant us the bliss of Thy redeemed,
To lean upon Thy breast;
The Angel of Thy Presence send,
p And take us to Thy rest.

OH! IS IT NOUGHT TO YOU THAT TREAD.

Tuesday before Easter.

No. 92.



p Oh! is it nought to you that tread
 Along this path of sighs and woes,
 To see a weary, guiltless Head
 A mark for angry, taunting foes?

The cheeks, where tears have set their trace,
 Await the hands that pluck the hair;
 From shame He hideth not His Face;
 What wrong too vile for scorn to dare!

His back receives the cruel blow;
 The ploughers score their furrows long;
 Scant pity do the smiters know:
 His Flame is weak, their arms are strong.

p Why, bleeding LAMB? why wounded thus?
 Was ever sorrow like to Thine?
 Oh! 'tis Thy FATHER's love to us,
 That pours on Thee His wrath divine.

Though angels weep, they start not up;
 Thou crave'st succour; there is none:
 "My FATHER, take away this cup!
 Yet not My will, but Thine be done!"

p Good LORD! we suffer in Thy woes;
 Our tears are shed to swell Thine Own;
 When Thou art scourged, we feel the blows;
 When anguished, echo back Thy groan.

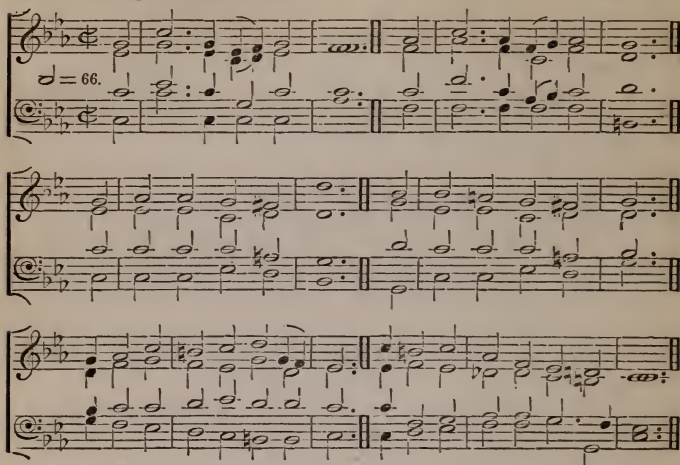
While thus we share Thy bitter pangs,
 In all Thy travail's sore distress,
 In hope on Thee our spirit hangs
 To reach with Thee our Easter rest.

O MOURN, THOU RIGID STONE!

Lugete dura marmora.

Wednesday before Easter.

No. 93.



mf O MOURN, thou rigid stone!

Ye rocks, in sorrow rise!

Ye lights celestial, moan!

Ye winds, break forth in sighs!

dim. Behold your Maker! Life ebbs fast!

p For love of man He breathes His last.

mf Victim to love sublime!

To love, with piercing throe!

p He dies! oh, cruel crime!

Dark spectacle of woe!

cres. What heart could e'er conceive the thought?

For mortals God to death is brought!

p Your tears, mine eyes, begin!

Love bears a crushing weight!

Bewep my grievous sin,

The cause of woe so great:

The mercy of that love and grief

Awakens sorrow, pleads relief.

mf Your heart, O Sion, wring!

See diademed with thorns,

Great Jesse's Son, your King,

Whom late the palm adorns!

p Your Bridegroom wail with flowing eyes,

pp Now dead beneath recoiling skies.

What force of love there glows

In JESUS as He dies!

How deep the stress of woes,

As suff'ring all He lies!

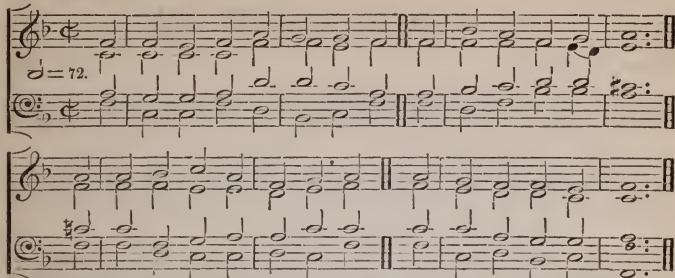
p cres. Then soften, LORD, our rocky heart,

And fervent love for Thee impart.

ACCORDING TO THY GRACIOUS WORD.

Thursday before Easter.

No. 94.



mf ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying LORD,
p I will remember Thee.

mf Thy Body, broken for my sake,
My Bread from Heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
p And thus remember Thee.

p Gethsemane can I forget,
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
pp And not remember Thee?

p When to the Cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember Thee.

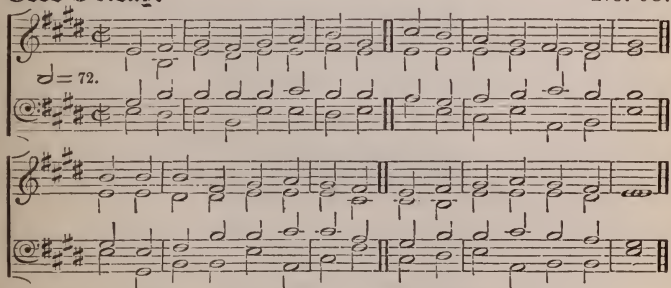
mf Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
f Yes, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

p And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy Kingdom come,
pp JESUS, remember me!

SWEET THE MOMENTS, RICH IN BLESSING.

Good Friday.

No. 95.



mp SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the Cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

mf Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mersey's streams in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

p Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.

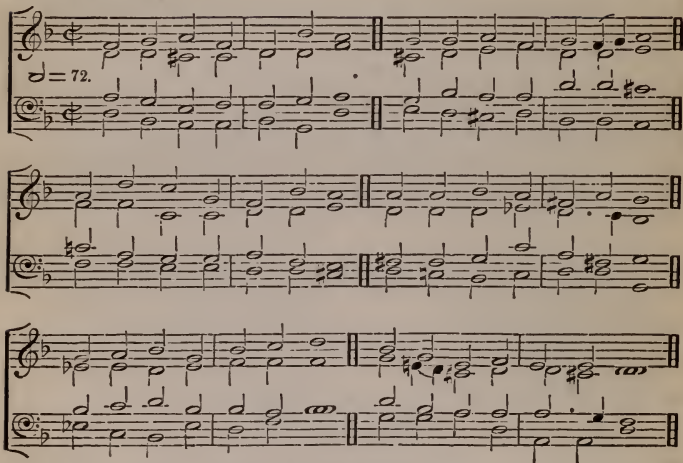
mp Truly blessed is this station;
Low before the Cross to lie;
When I see Divine compassion,
Floating in His languid eye.

cres. Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Loving much for much forgiven,
Ever resting on His grace.

GO TO DARK GETHSEMANE.

Good Friday.

No. 96.



p Go to dark Gethsemane,
 Ye that feel the Tempter's power;
cres. Your REDEEMER's conflict see,
dim. Watch with Him one bitter hour;
cres. Turn not from His griefs away;
p Learn of Him to watch and pray.

p See Him at the Judgment-hall,
 Beat'n, bound, reviled, arraigned!
 Mark Him meekly bearing all!
 Mark the pang His soul sustained!
cres. Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
p Learn of CHRIST to bear the Cross.

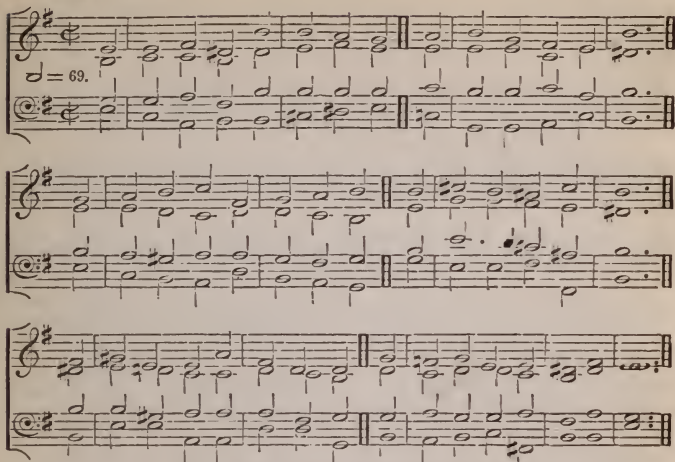
p Calvary's mournful mountain view;
 There the LORD of Glory see,
 Made a sacrifice for you,
 Lying on th' accursed Tree:
cres. "It is finished!" hear Him cry!
p Learn of JESUS CHRIST to die.

p Early to the tomb repair,
 Where they laid His breathless clay;
 Angels keep their vigils there:
 Who hath taken Him away?
f CHRIST is ris'n! He seeks the skies:
p SAVIOUR, teach us so to rise.

THE CROSS, UPPRAISED ON CALVARY'S HEIGHT.

Good Friday.

No. 97.



p THE Cross, upraised on Calvary's height,
The dead REDEEMER'S bier,
From which the sun withdrew his light,
And hid him as in fear,
cres. Ne'er, LORD, on us shall darkly frown,
f For now it shines in mercy down.

p The Marys, round that sacred Wood,
Dissolved in bitter grief,
Dejected, broken-hearted, stood,
Their suffering past relief:
So kneel we, sunk in sorrow there:
Do Thou each kneeling sinner spare.

p cres. We cling to that atoning Tree,
When e we had g ne a-stray,
We rest our earnest hopes on Thee,
O cast us not away!
Thy precious Blood, of nameless price,
Hath flowed our costly sacrifice.

mf LORD, we will love Thee, sin forsake;
We plead Thy Blessèd Death;
Thy wanderers to Thy bosom take,
Breathe o'er them living breath;
cres. For Thou hast won them sweet release;
f Thy Cross is pardon, light, and peace.

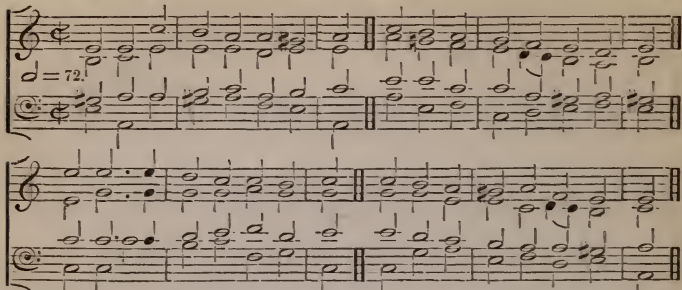
p Then loathe thyself, disown thy deeds,
cres. As if discarded dross;
Uproot the best, like worthless weeds,
Vaunt n thing save the Cross:
f It stood thy staff, thy star on high:
pp Low lay thee by the Cross, and die.

MY GOD, I LOVE THEE, YET MY LOVE.

Good Friday.

O Deus, ego amo Te.

No. 98.



mf Mr God, I love Thee, yet my love
Springs not from hope of bliss above,
Nor since, who love Thee not, in ire,
Are punished with eternal fire.

mf Then why should I not love Thee well?
Thy wondrous love no lip can tell!
It fills the earth, it gilds the skies,
It melts the heart, it never dies.

p O JESU, Thou hast on the Tree
In all my guilt embracèd me,
For me hast borne the nails, the spear,
Unmeasured scorn, the burning tear.

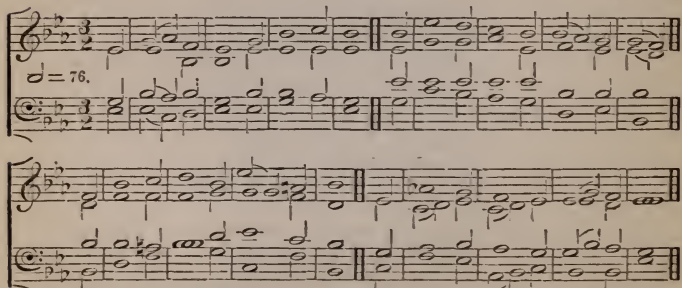
'Tis not for sake of heavenly joy,
Nor fearing Thou shouldst me destroy:
Not drawn by any hoped reward,
That I would love Thee, gracious LORD:

Thou hast endured unnumbered woes,
The sweat of blood, the thorns, the throes,
Yea, death itself, and all for me,
That I, a sinner, might be free.

p But 'tis that Thou first lovedst me,
That I with all my soul love Thee.
cres. And will love Thee, love Thee alone,
f My KING, my God, my very own.

WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS.

No. 99.



p WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross,
On which the PRINCE of GLORY died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

p Behold His head, His hands, His feet!
Flow love and sorrow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Forbid it, LORD, that I should boast.
Save in the death of CHRIST, my God:
All those vain things, that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

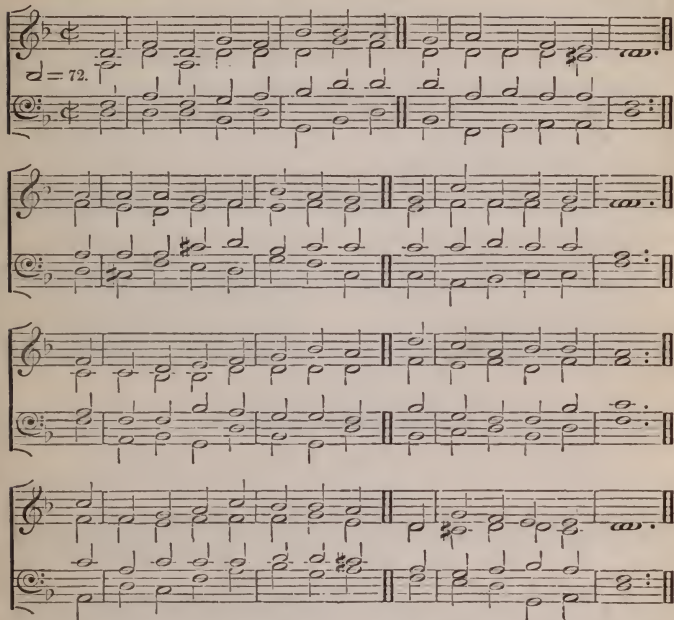
cres. Were all the realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

O'ERWHELMED BENEATH A LOAD OF GRIEF.

Good Friday.

Sævo dolorum turbine.

No. 100.



p O'ERWHELMED beneath a load of grief,
 With cruel scorn assailed,
 Our dear REDEEMER on the Cross,
 In bitter pain is nailed.
 Sore wounded, from His hands and feet
 Outflows a fount of blood!
 His face, His limbs, His breast, are
 steeped
 In that most sacred flood.

He weeps, He prays, He groans, He dies!
 His Mother's stricken heart
 A ruthless sword hath deeply pierced,
 With agonizing smart.
 The graves are opened, rocks are rent;
 The land, the ocean shake;
 The temple's veil is torn in twain:
 All hear the cry, and quake.

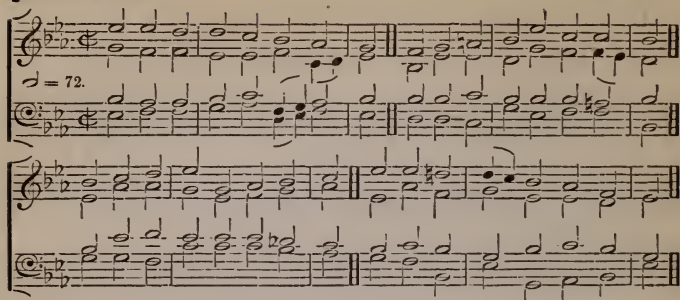
Sun, moon, and stars withdraw their
 light;
 See startled nature pale!
 Then, ransomed sinners, share the woe;
 Your SAVIOUR'S death bewail.
 In mourning stand beneath the Cross;
 Anoint those feet so fair;
 O bathe them with a flood of tears,
 And wipe them with your hair.

mf Thou, Sacrifice of deathless love,
 To wash the sinner white,
 Hast, by Thy life-imparting blood,
 Made us the sons of light.
 Then, JESU, be our peace and joy,
 Our life, our precious prize;
 Our lamp to lead us on the path,
 Our crown above the skies.

WE SING THE PRAISE OF HIM WHO DIED.

Passion-tide.

No. 101.



mf We sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the Cross;
The sinner's hope let men decide;
For this we count the world but loss.

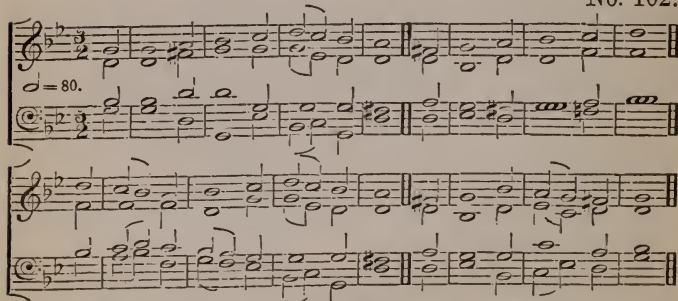
Inscribed upon the Cross, we see
The shining letters, "God is love:"
He bears our sins upon the Tree;
He brings us mercy from above.

f The Cross, it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.
It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

p The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love;
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED?

No. 102.



p ALAS! and did my SAVIOUR bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred Head
For such a worm as I?

Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the Tree?

cres. Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

mf But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:

cres. Here, LORD, I give myself away:
dim 'Tis all that I can do.

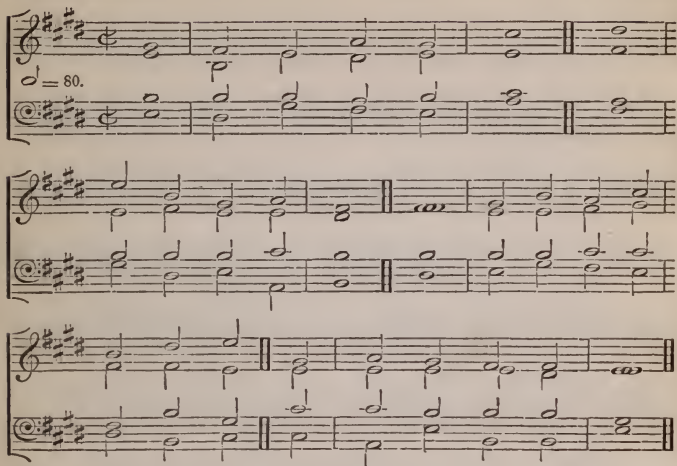
mf The sun might well in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When CHRIST, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin!

p Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear Cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes in tears.

NOT ALL THE BLOOD OF BEASTS.

Passion-tide.

No. 103.



mf Nor all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

f But CHRIST, the heavenly LAMB,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

p My faith would lay her hand
On that dear Head of Thine,
While, humble penitent, I stand,
And there confess my sin.

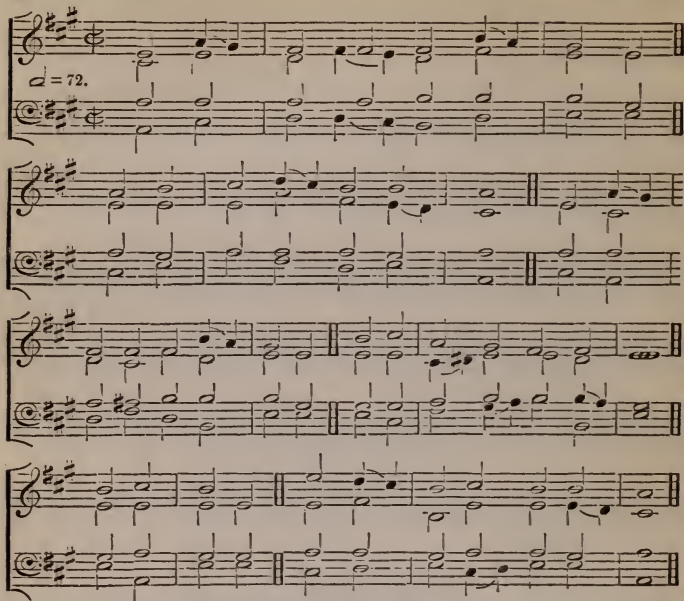
My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed Tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

f Lost sinners, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the LAMB with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

HARK! THE VOICE OF LOVE AND MERCY.

Passion-tide.

No. 104.



p HARK! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary;
 See! it rends the rocks in sunder,
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky;
f "It is finished!"
p Hear the dying SAVIOUR cry.

f "It is finished!" Oh! what joyance
 Do these wondrous words afford;
 Heavenly blessings, without measure,
 Flow to us from CHRIST the LORD:
 "It is finished!"
 Saints, the dying words record.

mf Finished all the types and shadows
 Of the ceremonial law;
 Finished all that God had promised;
 Death and hell no more shall awe:
f "It is finished!"
 Saints, from hence your comfort draw

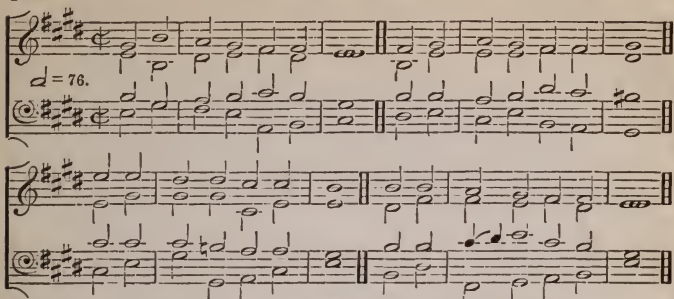
f Tune your harps anew, ye Seraphs!
 Join the triumph to proclaim!
 All on earth, and all in heaven,
 Join to praise the SAVIOUR's name;
ff Hallelujah!
 Glory to the bleeding LAMB!

GLORY! GLORY! LORD, TO THEE.

Passion-tide.

Viva! viva! Gesu.

No. 105.



p GLORY! glory! LORD, to Thee,
Who for us upon the Tree
Didst, amid the sharpest pains,
Pour Thy blood from streaming veins.

JESU'S blood, with merit rife,
Flows the soul's immortal life:
Blessed be His gracious love,
Passing all below, above!

f Evermore the song we raise;
This, His precious blood we praise;
Which redeemed from endless pain
Sinners, held in Death's domain.

mf See the blood of Abel rise,
Claiming vengeance from the skies:

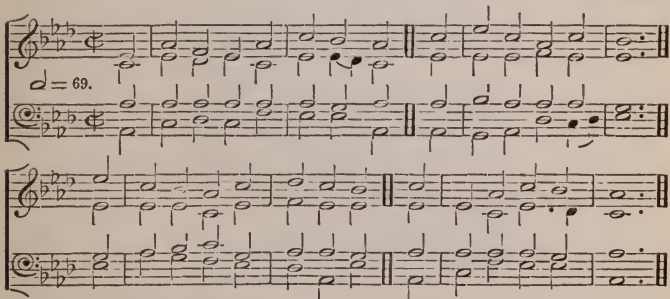
p JESU'S blood, our blest release,
Pleads for mercy, pardon, peace.

f When its praise, exalted high,
Ring through earth, and mounts the sky,
Heaven rejoices, trembles Hell,
Sinking 'neath its broken spell.

ff Let us, then, in concert sing!
Every earnest power bring!
Chanting this thrice-glorious flood!
JESU'S ever sacred blood!

FOR EVER HERE MY REST SHALL BE.

No. 106.



p For ever here my rest shall be,
Close by Thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea:
For me the SAVIOUR died.

pp My dying SAVIOUR, and my GOD,
Thou Fount for guilt and sin,
Me ever sprinkle with Thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

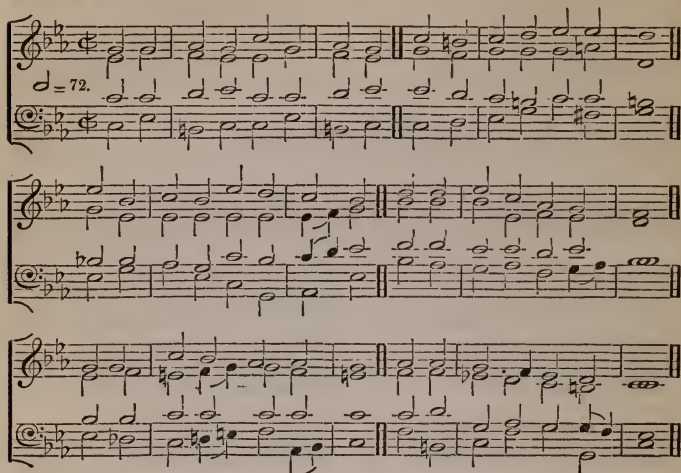
cres. O wash me, make me thus Thine Own;
O wash me! mine Thou art;
O wash me! not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

mf Th' atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
f Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

ALL IS O'ER; THE PAIN, THE SORROW.

Easter Eben,

No. 107.



p ALL is o'er; the pain, the sorrow,
Human taunts, and fiendish spite;
mf Death shall be despoiled to-morrow
Of the prey he grasps to-night;
p Yet once more to seal his doom,
CHRIST must sleep within the tomb.

p Close and still the cell that holds Him,
While in brief repose He lies;
Deep the slumber that enfolds Him,
Veiled awhile from mortal eyes:
Slumber such as needs must be
After hard-won victory.

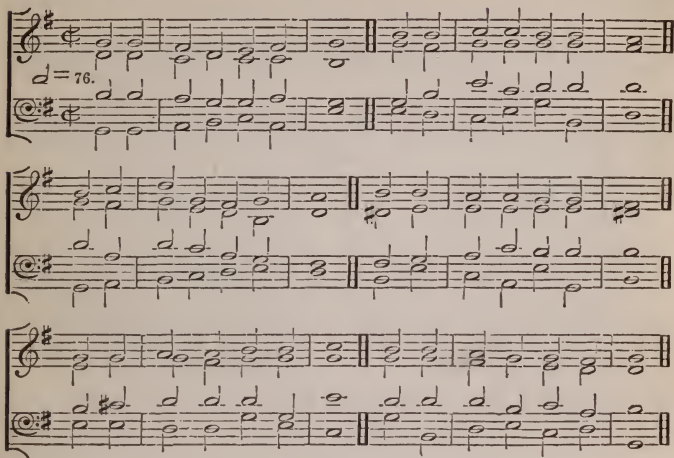
mf Fierce and deadly was the anguish,
Which on yonder Cross He bore;
How did soul and body languish,
Till the toil of death was o'er!
f But that toil, so fierce and dread,
Bruised and crushed the Serpent's head.

pp All night long, with plaintive voicing,
Chant His requiem soft and low;
cres. Loftier strains of loud rejoicing
From to-morrow's harps shall flow;
ff "Death and hell at length are slain,
CHRIST hath triumphed, CHRIST doth reign!"

RESTING FROM HIS WORK TO-DAY.

Easter Eben.

No. 108.

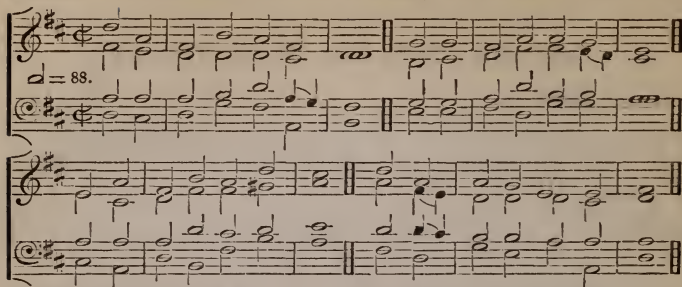


pp RESTING from His work to-day,
In the tomb the SAVIOUR lay;
Sleeps His Form, from head to feet,
Swathèd in the winding-sheet,
Lying in the rock alone,
Hid beneath the sealèd stone.

p Late that mournful eve was seen,
Spent with watch the Magdalene;
Early morn beheld her rise,
Wending on, with tearful eyes,
Towards the holy garden glade,
Where her buried LORD was laid.

mf So with Thee, till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend:
Let me hew Thee, LORD a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where, in pure embalmèd cell
None but Thou may ever dwell.

Myrrh and spices will I bring,
Poor affection's offering:
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around;
dim. And in patient watch remain,
Till my LORD appear again.



f EASTER-DAY is here, and we
To our JESUS bow the knee;
Easter-day with joy is come
To the tenants of the tomb.

JESUS lives, He lives for aye;
Death's dark shadows melt away;
Hell hath tried the LORD to hold;
Hell defeated we behold.

mf Death, and Hell, and shades of night,
Cannot hold the LORD of light;

f Our great CAPTAIN triumphs well,
He hath burst the bars of Hell.

mf Death and Hell are desolate;
Shattered is the brazen gate;
f Broken are the bonds of death,
For our JESUS triumpheth.

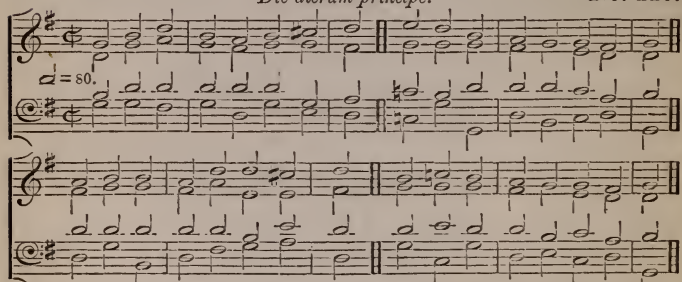
f Come, ye saints, with one accord,
Join the triumph of the LORD;
Bruised is the Serpent's head;
JESUS lives, and Death is dead.

ff Death is dead, for JESUS lives;
Gift of life to all He gives;
JESUS died that death might die;
JESUS wins the victory.

ON THIS HIGH FEAST, THIS DAY OF DAYS.

Die dierum principe.

No. 110.



f On this high feast, this Day of days,
When light was out of darkness torn,
The world's true Light, with blazing
rays,
Forsook the tomb, and blessed the
morn.

Dread Death, and Formless Void could
hear
The voice of Him, who spake the
Word:

p Shall we then turn a deaf ear,
And count it sore to track the LORD?

cres. When Nature, buried in her pall,
Lies numb, let us the sons of light,
Arise, and freed from earthly thrall,
With sacred songs employ the night.

f With holy Law, and Prophets deep,
And Psalms that glow with light
divine,
While other spots are sunk in sleep,
Ring out, each consecrated shrine!

mf The slumber of the listless soul
Let this, the heavenly trump, re-
strain,
While new-born deeds shall clear un-
roll
His new-born life, who lives again.

f Pursue we this with panting breath:
O help, Thou Fount with mercy rife,
Who dost to Law's stern tale of death
Thy Spirit add, bright Source of life.

JESUS CHRIST IS RISEN TO-DAY.

Easter.

No. 111.

The musical score is written for piano and organ. It consists of four systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked '♩ = 72'. The music features a variety of note values including eighth, sixteenth, and thirty-second notes, as well as rests. There are several dynamic markings: 'f' (forte) at the beginning of the first system, 'p' (piano) at the beginning of the second system, and 'ff' (fortissimo) at the beginning of the fourth system. The score includes repeat signs and fermatas.

f JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day, Hallelujah!
Our triumphant holy day, Hallelujah!

p Who did once upon the Cross, Hallelujah!
Suffer to redeem our loss. Hallelujah!

f Hymns of praise then let us sing, Hallelujah!
Unto CHRIST our heavenly King, Hallelujah!
Who endured the Cross and grave, Hallelujah!
Sinners to redeem and save. Hallelujah!

p But the pain which He endured, Hallelujah!
Our salvation has procured: Hallelujah!

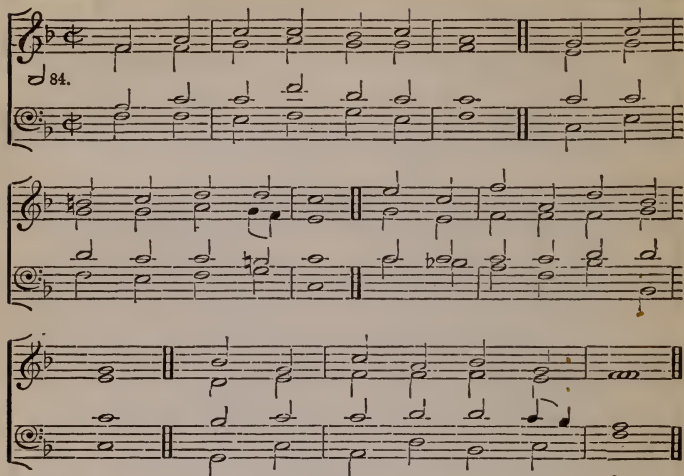
f Now above the sky He's King, Hallelujah!
Where the Angels ever sing Hallelujah!

f Sing we to our God above, Hallelujah!
Praise eternal as His love: Hallelujah!
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host, Hallelujah!
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST! Hallelujah!

CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TO-DAY.

Easter.

No. 112.



f CHRIST the LORD is risen to-day
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

f Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er!
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

f Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
CHRIST hath burst the gates of hell!
Death in vain forbids His rise,
CHRIST hath opened Paradise.

mf Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once He died, our souls to save:
Where, thy victory, O grave?

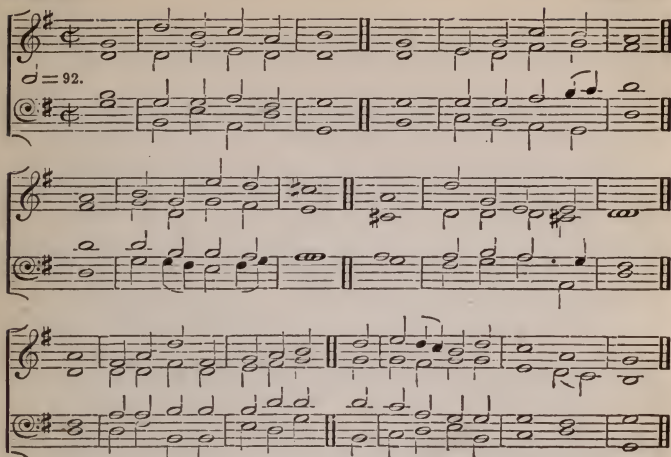
f Hail the LORD of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given!
Thee we greet triumphant now!
Hail, the Resurrection Thou!

f King of Glory! Soul of Bliss!
Everlasting life is this;
Thee to know, Thy pow'r to prove;
Thus to sing, and thus to love!

THE HAPPY MORN IS COME.

Easter.

No. 113.



f THE happy morn is come;
The SAVIOUR leaves the grave;
His glorious work is done;
Almighty now to save:

ff Captivity is captive led,
Since JESUS liveth that was dead.

f What foe on us shall lay
The charge of sin and guilt?
All sin is done away,
Since His rich blood was split:

ff Captivity is captive led,
Since JESUS liveth that was dead.

mf Lo! sinners now can dare
To GOD to venture near;
Now Justice must declare
No cause remains for fear:

f Captivity is captive led,
Since JESUS liveth that was dead.

f Since CHRIST the ransom paid,
The glorious work is done;
On Him our help is laid;
The victory is won:

ff Captivity is captive led,
Since JESUS liveth that was dead.

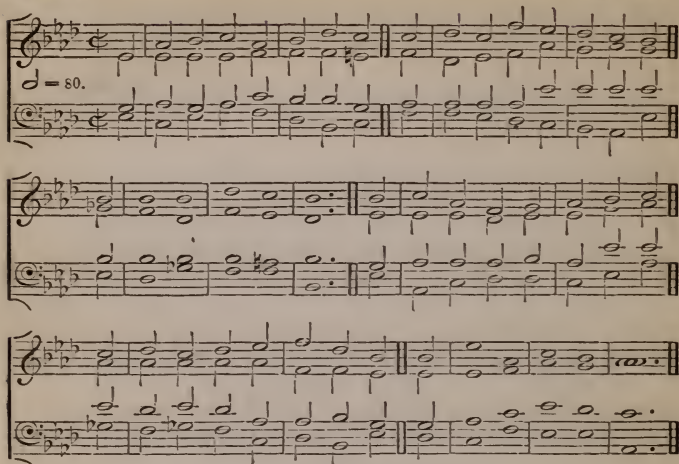
f All hail! triumphant LORD!
The Resurrection Thou!
We bless Thy sacred Word;
Before Thy throne we bow:

ff Captivity is captive led,
Since JESUS liveth that was dead.

THE LORD HATH QUELLED THE REBEL POWERS.

Easter.

No. 114.



mf THE LORD hath quelled the rebel Powers,
That held Him in those mournful hours,
When dead and tombed He lay;

f Their spell is broken, we are freed;
The Crucified is ris'n indeed;
Bright Angels led the way.

p The grave accounts Him now its own;
The watch is posted, sealed the stone;
And all is still around;

f But grave, and guard, and stone, and seal,
The quickened Captive's power feel,
While rocks the trembling ground.

mf As He forsakes the empty tomb,
The knell of Death, and Satan's doom,
In tones of triumph ring;

f The toil is o'er, the strife is done,
The fight is fought, the battle won:
Forth comes our conq'ring King!

p Great LORD! Thou first-fruits of the dead,
Rouse us from this our mortal bed,
Where held in chains we lie!
Oh! tear the bands of sin away,
And raise us, ransomed sons of day,
No more to sink and die!

mf Uplifted on the wings of Grace,
We fly to seek Thy glorious face,
And there to feast our eyes:

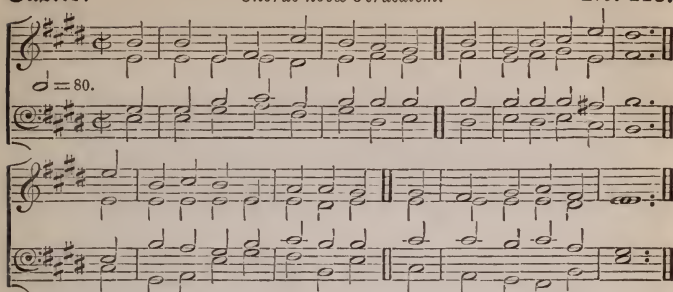
f Now, Grave, what conquest canst thou sing?
Now, Death, where is thy poignant sting?
Your Victor rules the skies!

YE CHOIRS OF NEW JERUSALEM.

Easter.

Chorus novæ Jerusalem.

No. 115.



p YE choirs of new Jerusalem,
Your sweetest praises bring,
With gladsome mind, and sober joy,
This feast of Easter sing.

cres. FOR CHRIST, the victor Lion, stands
Above the Dragon slain;
With ringing voice He wakes from death
The slaves that owned its reign.

mf Accursèd Hell's devouring depths
Resign their wrested prey:
March forth the squadrons, disenthralled;
Their SAVIOUR leads the way.

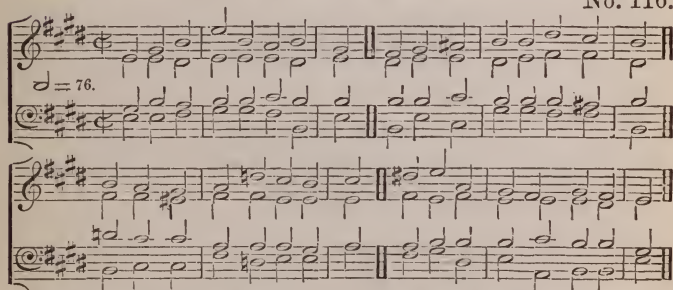
f In splendor does He triumph now:
The glory all His Own;
He makes the mighty universe
One realm, one church, one throne.

p We warriors, while we laud the King,
Bowed humbly in His sight,
Entreat from Him celestial rank
Within His Palace bright.

f TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The God Whom we adore,
Through ages, passing mortal thought,
Be glory evermore.

COME, SEE THE PLACE, WHERE JESUS LAY.

No. 116.



mf COME, see the place, where JESUS lay,
For He hath left His gloomy bed:
What Angel rolled the stone away?
What Spirit brought Him from the
dead?

f By His omnipotence He rose;
By His Own Spirit lives again,
To crush for ever all His foes,
To raise for ever ruined men.

p Those, who His image here partake,
Though worms in dust their flesh
consume,
Shall sleep in JESUS, and awake
To life eternal from the tomb.

Dead, while they live, are Adam's race,
By nature, since their father's fall;

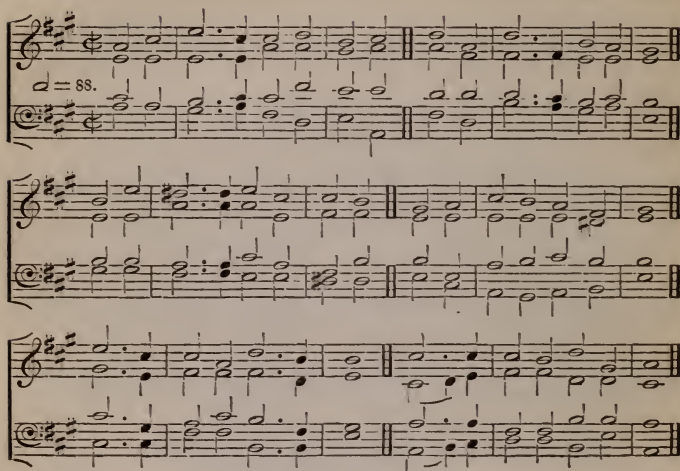
cres. But lo! the messengers of grace
Proclaim the gospel-hope to all.

f Hear it, ye dead of every clime,
Before the second death begins:
Come forth to this new life in time,
This resurrection from your sins!

HE IS RISEN ! HE IS RISEN !

Easter.

No. 117.



f He is risen ! He is risen !
 Tell it with a joyful voice !
 He has burst His three days' prison,
 Let the whole wide earth rejoice :
ff Death is conquered, man is free,
 CHRIST has won the victory.

mf Come, ye sad and fearful-hearted,
 Smiling, glad, with radiant brow ;
 Lent's long shadows have departed,
 All His woes are over now :
f All the passion that He bore,
 Sin and pain, can vex no more.

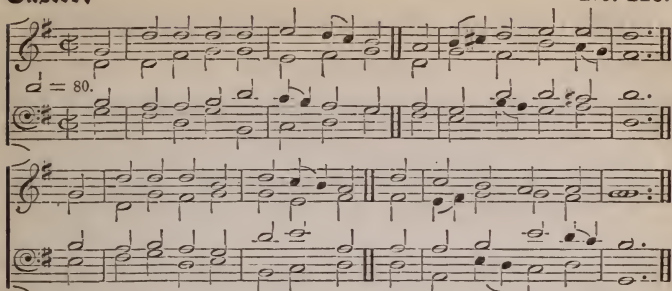
mf Come, with high and holy hymning,
 Chant our LORD's triumphant lay ;
 Not one darksome cloud is dimming
 Yonder glorious morning ray,
f Breaking o'er the purple East ;
 Brighter far our Easter feast.

f He is risen ! He is risen !
 He has opened Heaven's gate ;
 We are free from death's dark prison,
 Risen to a holier state ;
ff While a brighter Easter beam
 On our longing eyes shall stream.

AGAIN THE LORD OF LIFE AND LIGHT.

Easter.

No. 118.



f AGAIN the LORD of Life and Light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

p Oh! what a night was that, which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!

f Oh! what a Sun, which broke this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

Ten thousand diff'ring lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

The pow'rs of darkness leagued in vain
To bind His soul in death;
He shook their kingdom when He fell
With His expiring breath.

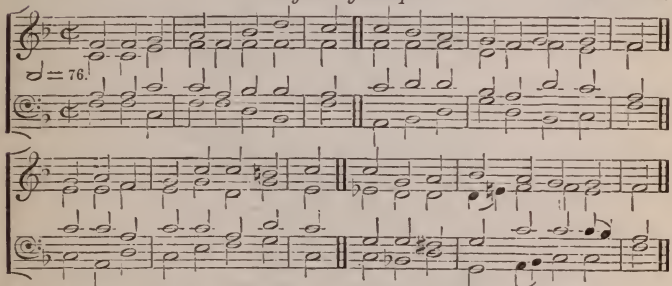
p And still for erring, guilty man
A Brother's pity flows;
And still His bleeding heart is touched
With mem'ry of our woes.

f To Thee, my SAVIOUR, and my King,
Glad homage let me give,
And stand prepared like Thee to die,
With Thee that I may live!

THE BANQUET OF THE LAMB IS LAID.

Ad regias Agni dapes.

No. 119.



mf THE Banquet of the Lamb is laid
For us, in robes of white arrayed;
cres. The Red Sea past, then let us sing
To CHRIST, our great and glorious King!

p His love divine, with mercy rife,
Vouchsafes His blood, the cup of life;
The loving Priest for us hath given
His precious Body, food from Heaven.

cres. Where blood is on the lintels poured,
The Angel drops his deadly sword:
Flies sundered ocean, while the foe
Is swallowed in the depths below.

p The LORD is now our Paschal Feast,
Our Paschal Lamb, from death released,

Sincerity's unleavened Bread
For souls, to Sin and Satan dead.

f True Victim from the starry skies,
Beneath Thy feet Hell vanquished lies!
The chains of death are burst in twain,
The prize of Life is won again.

As Hell is now in ruin laid,
His banners JESU hath displayed,
Unveiling, with extinguished ray,
The Prince of Darkness to the day.

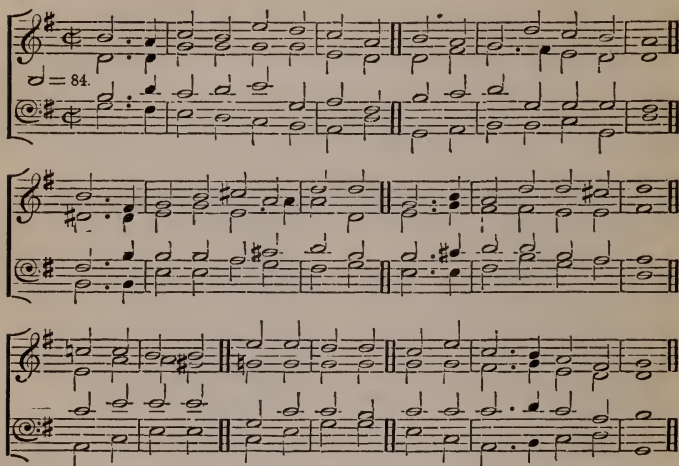
p That Thou may'st be our Easter joy,
To fail us never, ne'er to cloy,
cres. O free us, now to life new-born,
From death of sin, this blessed Morn

COME ONCE MORE, WITH SONGS DESCENDING.

Easter,

Adeste Cœlitum Chori.

No. 120.



f COME once more, with songs descending,
Angels, come our joy to share;

Lo! what pow'r the tomb is rending!

Free among Death's captives there,

p cres. CHRIST is rising!

f Lo! He leaves the Sepulchre!

f Vain the Soldiers watching round Him,
Through the hours of darkness lone;

Vain the jealous care that bound Him

Deep within the sealed stone:

p cres. Vain their madness!

f All their toil is now undone.

f If He will, with seals unbroken
He can leave the silent tomb:

Not more wondrous was the token,

At His birth first seen to come,

p cres. When He issued

f From the spotless Virgin's womb.

p LORD, with Thee in daily dying
May we die, and with Thee rise,

Every earthly love denying,

May we lift to Thee our eyes,

cres. Thee adoring,

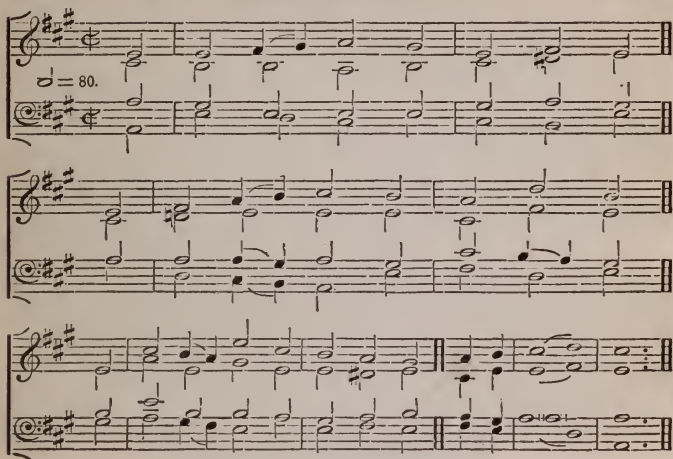
f With our hearts above the skies.

THE STRIFE IS O'ER, THE BATTLE DONE!

Easter.

Finita jam sunt praelia.

No. 121.



mf THE strife is o'er, the battle done !
cres. The victory of life is won ;
 The song of triumph has begun,
f Alleluia !

p The pow'rs of death have done their worst,
cres. But CHRIST their legions hath dispersed ;
 Let shout of holy joy outburst,
f Alleluia !

p The three sad days are quickly sped ;
cres. He rises glorious from the dead :
 All glory to our risen Head !
f Alleluia !

mf He closed the yawning gates of hell ;
 The bars from heaven's high portals fell ;
cres. Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell !
f Alleluia !

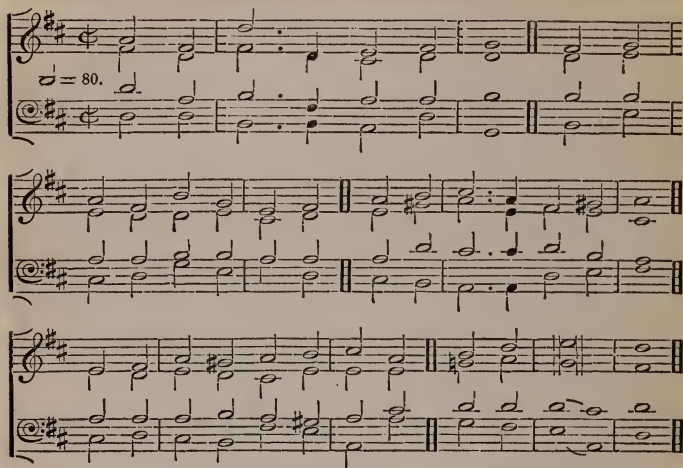
p LORD ! by the stripes which wounded Thee,
 From Death's dread sting Thy servants free,
cres. That we may live, and sing to Thee,
f Alleluia !

JESUS LIVES! NO LONGER NOW.

Easter,

Jesus lebt! mit Ihm auch ich.

No. 122.



f Jesus lives! no longer now
 Can thy terrors, Death, appal us;
 Jesus lives! by this we know
 Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us.
ff Alleluia!

f Jesus lives! henceforth is death
 But the gate of life immortal:
 This shall calm our trembling breath,
 When we pass its gloomy portal.
ff Alleluia!

mf JESUS lives! for us He died;
 Then, alone to JESUS living,
 Pure in heart may we abide,
 Glory to our SAVIOUR giving.
ff Alleluia!

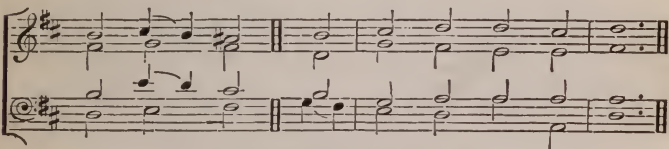
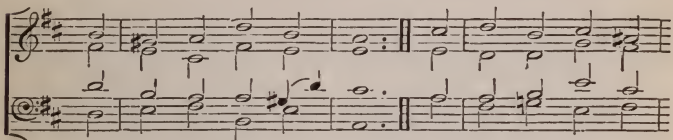
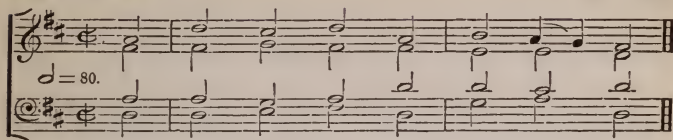
mf Jesus lives! our hearts know well
 Nought from us His love shall sever:
f Life, nor death, nor pow'rs of hell,
 Tear us from His keeping ever.
ff Alleluia!

f Jesus lives! to Him the throne
 Over all the world is given:
 May we go where He is gone,
 Rest and reign with Him in heaven!
ff Alleluia!

LORD, IN THY NAME THY SERVANTS PLEAD.

Rogation Days.

No. 123.



f LORD, in Thy name Thy servants plead,
And Thou hast sworn to hear:
The harvest Thine, and Thine the seed,
The fresh and fading year.

p Our hope, when Autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, LORD, with Thee:
And still, now Spring has on us smiled,
We wait on Thy decree.

cres. The former and the latter rain,
The Summer sun and air,
The green ear, and the golden grain,
All Thine, are our's by prayer.

f Thine too by right, and our's by grace,
The wondrous growth unseen,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,
The love that shines serene.

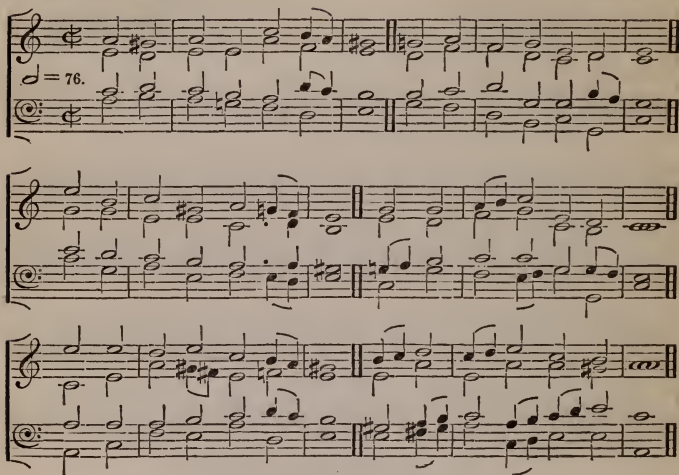
p So grant the precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below,
That Thee in Thy new heaven and earth
We never may forego.

f TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

SON OF MAN, TO THEE WE CRY.

Rogation Days.

No. 124.



mf Son of Man, to Thee we cry:
By the wondrous mystery
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
By Thy pure and holy birth,
cres. LORD, Thy presence let us see!
Thou our Light and SAVIOUR be!

p Lamb of God, to Thee we cry:
By Thy bitter agony,
By Thy pangs to us unknown,
By Thy Spirit's parting groan,
cres. LORD, Thy presence let us see!
Thou our Light and SAVIOUR be!

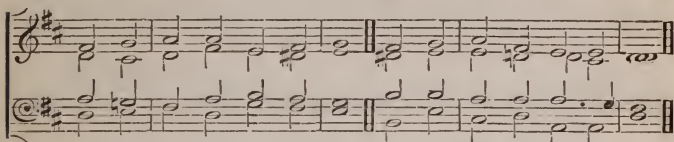
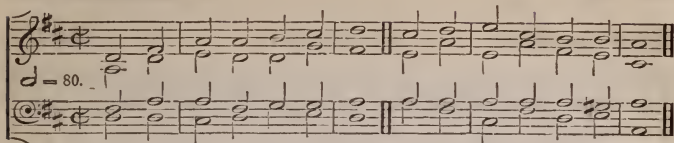
mf Prince of life, to Thee we cry:
By Thy glorious Majesty,
f By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy pow'r to help and save,
LORD, Thy presence let us see!
Thou our Light and SAVIOUR be!

f LORD of glory, GOD most high,
Man exalted to the sky,
With Thy love our bosom fill;
Help us to perform Thy will,
cres. Then shall we Thy glory see,
Heaven our home, and we with Thee.

HAIL THE DAY THAT SEES HIM RISE!

Ascension=tide,

No. 125.



f HAIL the day that sees Him rise!
Ravished from our wishful eyes!
CHRIST, awhile to mortals given,
Re-ascends His native Heaven.

There the glorious triumph waits:
"Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Take the KING of Glory in!"

mf Him though highest Heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His Own.

p Still for them He intercedes;
His prevailing death He pleads;
Near Himself prepares their place,
SAVIOUR of the human race.

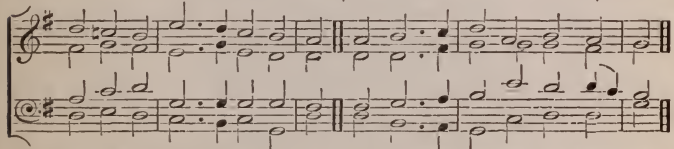
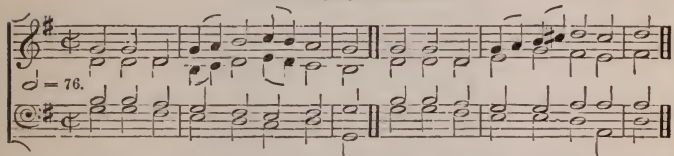
cres. Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our LORD shall come,
Longing, panting after home.

ff There we shall with Thee remain,
Partners of Thy endless reign;
There Thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee.

O CHRIST, WHO, LIFTED TO THE SKY.

Nobis Olympto redditus.

No. 126.



f O CHRIST, Who, lifted to the sky,
Preparest us a seat on high,
Sad exiles from the land above,
Oh! draw us home by cords of love.

Of every good the Fountain, LORD,
Thou soon shalt be our rich reward:
What lengthened joys shall then remain,
To match Thy people's briefest pain!

mp Our eyes unveiled, in blissful state,
Shall view Thee, Oh! how good! how great!

On Thee we ceaseless love shall pour,
And Thee with ceaseless song adore.

p Thou ne'er dost quit a favoured race:
In pledge of Thy redeeming grace,
O send Thy Spirit from Thy Throne,
To take and seal us for Thine Own.

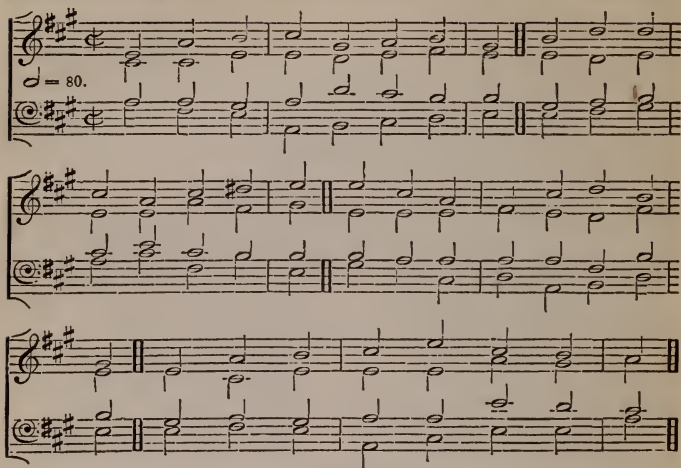
f Thou coming Judge of every tribe,
To Thee all praise do we ascribe,
Whom with the FATHER we adore,
And HOLY SPIRIT evermore.

OUR LORD IS RISEN FROM THE DEAD.

Ascension-tide.

From Psalm 24.

No. 127.



f OUR LORD is risen from the dead,
The SAVIOUR is gone up on high,
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

mf There His triumphant chariot waits,

And angels chant the solemn lay:

f "Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"

"Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' etherial scene;
He claims these mansions as His right;
Receive the King of Glory in!"

mf "Who is the King of Glory? Who?"

ff The LORD, that all His foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And JESUS is the Conqu'ror's name."

mf Lo! His triumphant chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:

f "Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"

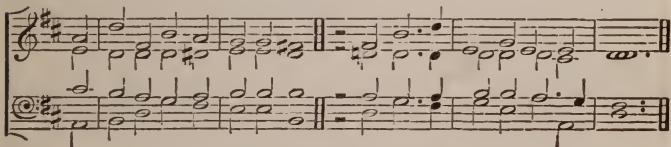
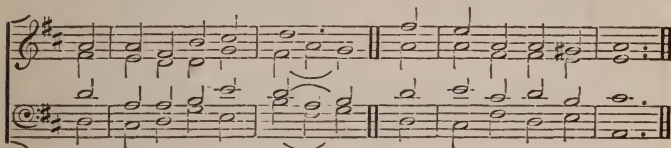
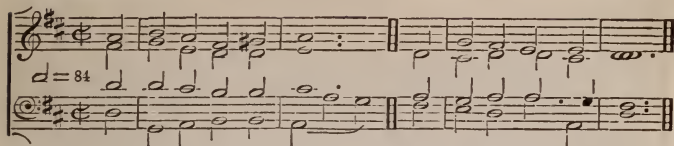
mf "Who is the King of Glory? Who?"

f The LORD of glorious pow'r possessed,
The KING of saints, and angels too,
God over all for ever blest."

REJOICE! THE LORD IS KING.

Ascension-tide.

No. 128.

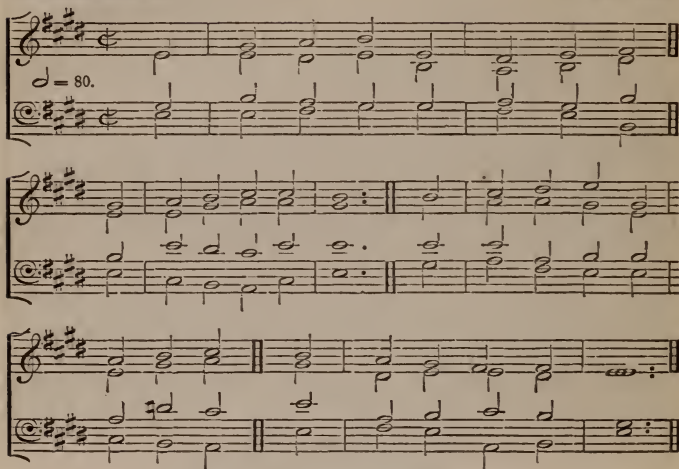


- f* REJOICE! the LORD is King,
Your LORD and KING adore!
Give thanks, ye mortals! sing!
And triumph evermore!
- f* Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!
- f* JESUS the SAVIOUR reigns,
The God of truth and love:
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!
- mf* He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet:
- f* Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!
- mf* He all His foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
- f* Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!
- f* Rejoice in glorious hope;
JESUS the Judge shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home:
- f* Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!

THE HEAD, THAT ONCE WAS CROWNED WITH THORNS.

Ascension=tide.

No. 129.



p THE Head, that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
cres. A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right:
"The King of kings, and Lord of lords,"
And heaven's eternal light.

The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His Name to know.

p To them the Cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
cres. Their name an everlasting name,
f Their joy the joy of heaven.

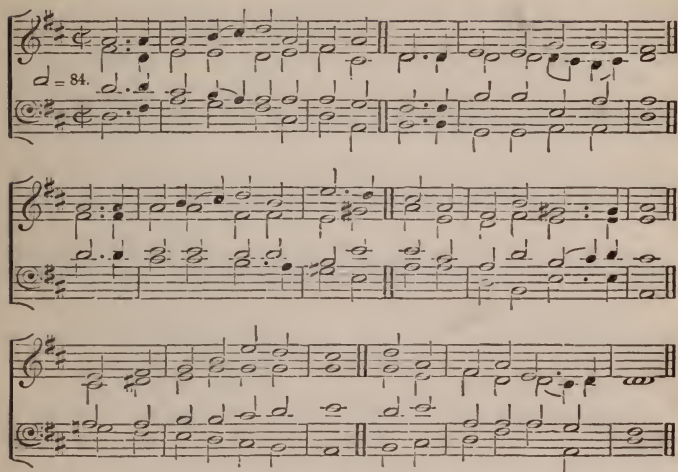
p They suffer with their LORD below,
f They reign with Him above;
Their profit and their joy to know
The myst'ry of His love.

f The Cross He bore is life and health,
p Though shame and death to Him;
f His people's hope, His people's health,
f Their everlasting theme.

HARK! TEN THOUSAND HARPS AND VOICES.

Ascension=tide.

No. 130.



f HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
 Sound the note of praise above;
 JESUS reigns, and heaven rejoices;
 JESUS reigns, the God of love!
 See, He sits on yonder throne;
 JESUS rules the world alone!

mf Come, ye saints, unite your praises
 With the angels round the throne;
 Soon, we hope, our Lord will raise us
 Whither He Himself is gone:
 Meet it is that we should sing,
 Glory! glory to our King!

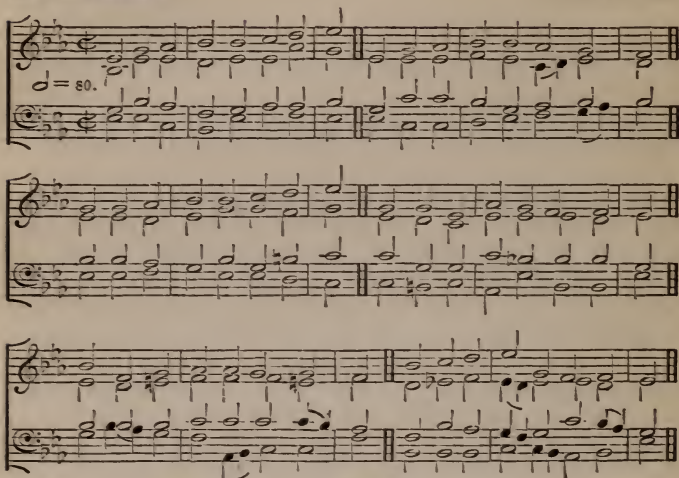
f King of glory, reign for ever!
 Thine an everla-ting crown!
 Nothing from Thy love shall sever
 Those whom Thou hast made Thine Own.
 Happy objects of Thy grace,
 Destined to behold Thy face!

mf SAVIOUR, hasten Thy appearing;
 Bring, oh! bring the glorious day,
 When, the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away!
 Then with golden harps we'll sing,
f Glory! glory to our King!

O lovely land
CREATOR SPIRIT! BY WHOSE AID.

Whitsuntide.

No. 131.



p CREATOR Spirit! by Whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind;
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee!

mf O Source of uncreated light!
The FATHER's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy Fount! Thrice holy Fire!
Our hearts with heaven y love inspire;
O come! Thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

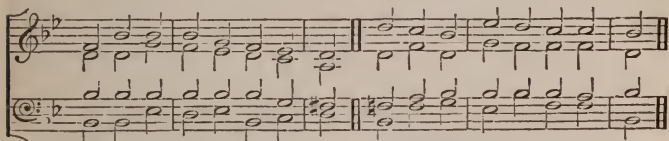
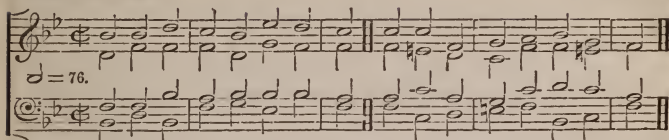
p Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But oh! inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, and vice control;
Submit the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay Thy hand, and hold them down

f Immortal honours, endless fame,
Attend th' Almighty FATHER's Name!
The SAVIOUR-SON be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died:
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee!

BLEST SOURCE OF MERCY, TRUTH, AND LOVE.

Whitsuntide.

No. 132.



mf BLEST Source of mercy, truth, and love,
O shed Thine influence from above;
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred day.

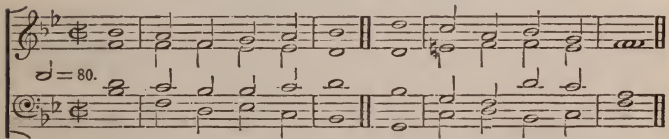
p Unfailing Comfort, heavenly Guide,
Still o'er Thy holy Church preside;
Still let mankind Thy blessings prove,
Blest Source of mercy, truth, and love.

f In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's surpassing glory sung!
Let all the listening earth be taught
The wonders by our SAVIOUR wrought.

f O holy FATHER, holy SON,
And HOLY SPIRIT, Three in One,
Thy grace devoutly we implore;
Thy Name be praised for evermore!

COME! HOLY SPIRIT, COME!

No. 133.



p COME! HOLY SPIRIT, come!
Let Thy bright beams arise;
cres. Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And ope our clouded eyes.

mf Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

Cheer our desponding hearts,
Thou heavenly Paraclete!
dim. Give us to lie with humble hope
At our REDEEMER's feet.

'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

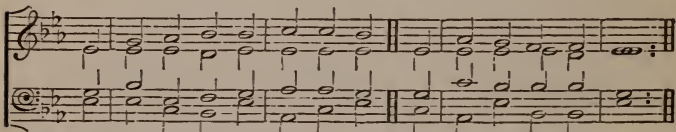
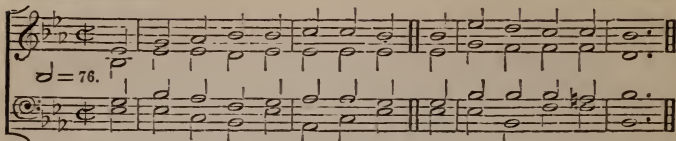
cres. Then dwell within our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;

f Then we shall know, and praise, and love
The FATHER, SON, and Thee!

COME, HOLY SPIRIT, HEAVENLY DOVE.

Whitsuntide.

No. 134.



mf COME, HOLY SPIRIT, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quick'ning powers,
And light a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

Look, how we grovel here below,
Allured to trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly, nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

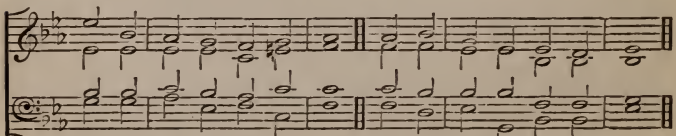
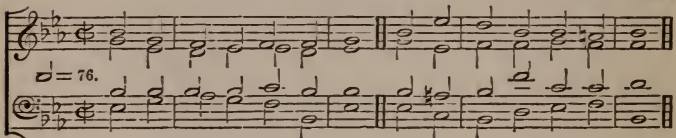
In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise:
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

p Dear LORD, and shall we ever lie
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee.
And Thine to us so great!

f Come, HOLY SPIRIT, heavenly Dove.
With all Thy quick'ning powers!
Come, shed abroad a SAVIOUR'S love,
And that shall quicken ours.

HOLY GHOST, WITH LIGHT DIVINE.

No. 135.



mf HOLY GHOST, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine!
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn the darkness into day!
Let me see my SAVIOUR'S face,
Let me all His beauties trace;
Shew those glorious truths to me,
Which are only known by Thee.

p HOLY GHOST, with pow'r divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
In Thy mercy pity me;
Set me from my bondage free.

cres. HOLY GHOST, with joy divine
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Yield a sacred, settled peace;
Let it grow, and still increase.

HOLY SPIRIT, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine:
f Cast down every idol throne;
Reign supreme, and reign alone!

p See! to Thee I yield my heart;
Shed Thy life through every part:

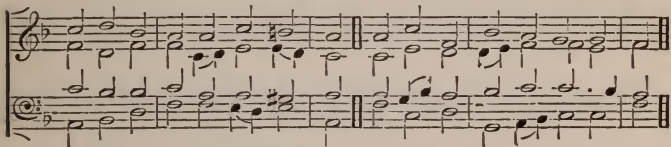
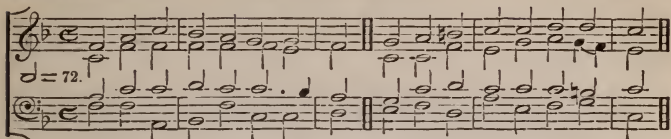
cres. Temple pure I fain would be,
Wholly dedicate to Thee.

COME, HOLY GHOST, OUR SOULS INSPIRE.

Whitsuntide,

Veni, Creator Spiritus.

No. 136.

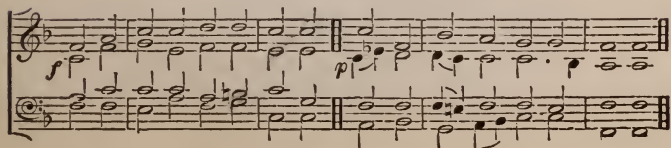
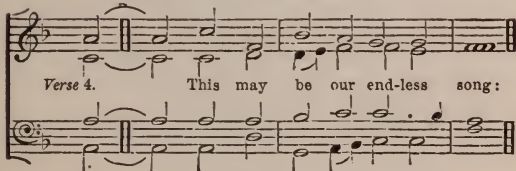


p COME, HOLY GHOST, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire;
cres. Thou the Anointing SPIRIT art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

mf Thy blessèd unction from above,
Is comfort, life, and fire of love:
Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight.

p Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace:
Keep far our foes, give peace at home:
Where Thou art guide no ill can come.

mf Teach us to know the FATHER, SON,
And Thee, of Both, to be but One;
That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song:

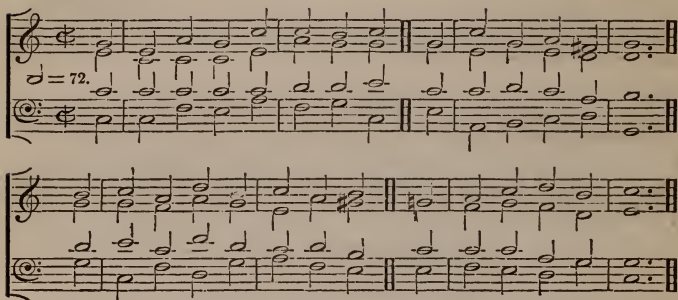


f Praise to Thy eternal merit,
p FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT!

WHEN GOD OF OLD CAME DOWN FROM HEAVEN.

Whitsuntide.

No. 137.



f WHEN GOD of old came down from Heaven,
In power and wrath He came;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.

p But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love;
Softer than gale at morning prime,
Hovered His Holy Dove.

f The fires, that rushed on Sinai down,
In sudden torrents dread,

p Now gently light, a golden crown,
On every sainted head.

f And, as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The Voice, exceeding loud,
The trump, that angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud;

p So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down, His flock to find,
cres. A Voice from Heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing, mighty wind.

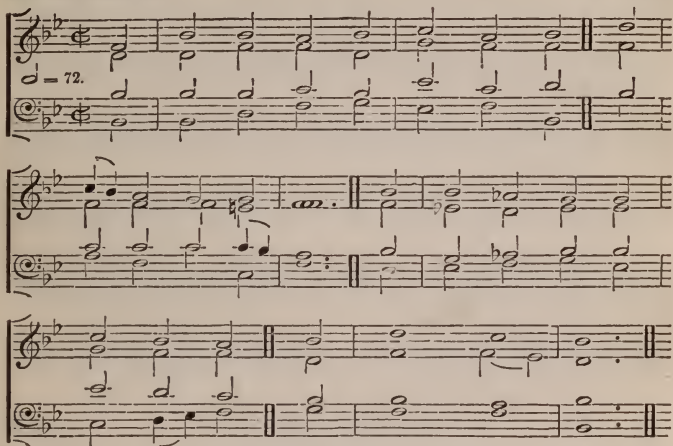
f It fills the Church of God, it fills
The sinful world around;
dim. Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

p Come, LORD! come Wisdom, Love, and Power!
Open our ears to hear!
cres. Let us not miss th' accepted hour;
f Save, LORD, by love or fear.

OUR BLEST REDEEMER, ERE HE BREATHED.

Whitsuntide.

No. 138.



p OUR blest REDEEMER, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

mf He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

p And His that gentle voice we hear,
As soft as breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
And every vict'ry won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

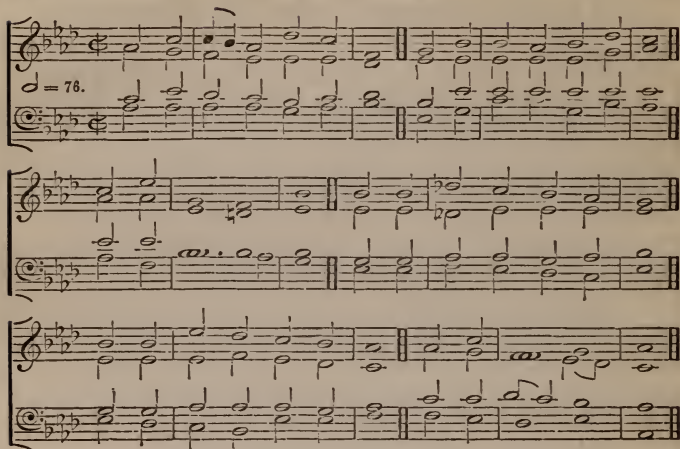
mf Thou Source of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And meet for Thee!

COME, THOU HOLY SPIRIT, NIGH.

Whitsuntide.

Veni, Sancte Spiritus.

No. 139.



p COME, Thou HOLY SPIRIT, nigh;
 Leave Thy blissful Throne on high;
 Rays of light impart:
 Come, Thou FATHER of the poor,
 Giver from a lavish store,
 Light of every heart!

cres. Thou, of Comforters the best,
 Thou the soul's entrancing Guest,
 Sweet Refreshment near;
 Wearied toilers' restful seat,
 Softener of the sultry heat,
 Solace 'mid the tear!

f Ever blessed, ever bright,
 Fill Thy people's hearts with light,
 Every corner fill;
 Where Thy presence ne'er is traced,
 Man is nothing save a waste,
 Nought is free from ill.

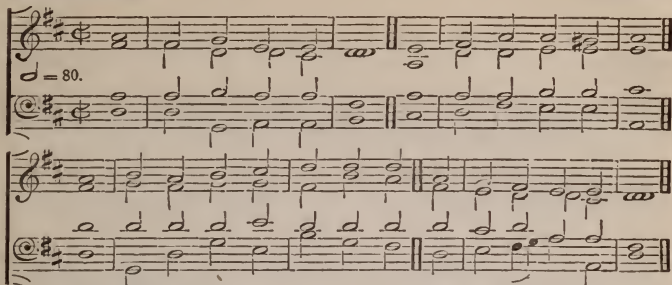
p Wash whate'er is foul away,
 Water o'er the dusty clay,
 Heal the bleeding pain;
 Bend the stubborn 'neath Thy will,
 Warm the bosom dead and chill,
 Truant feet restrain.

f Pour upon Thy faithful race,
 Ever leaning on Thy grace,
 Sevenfold gifts of love;
 Guerdon bright of virtue send;
 Bring Salvation's glorious end,
 Ceaseless joy above!

COME, MILD AND HOLY DOVE.

Whitsuntide.

No. 140.



mf COME, mild and holy Dove,
Descend within our breast;
Do Thou, in us, make us in Thee
For ever dwell and rest.

p O come, spread o'er our heads
Thy softly fost'ring wing,
That, safely sitting 'neath its shade,
Thy praises we may sing.

mf To Thee, Who givest life,
Our better life of grace;
Who givest breath, and strength, and speed,
To run and win the race.

p If by the way we faint,
Thou reachest forth Thine hand;
If our own weakness makes us fall,
Thou mak'st our weakness stand.

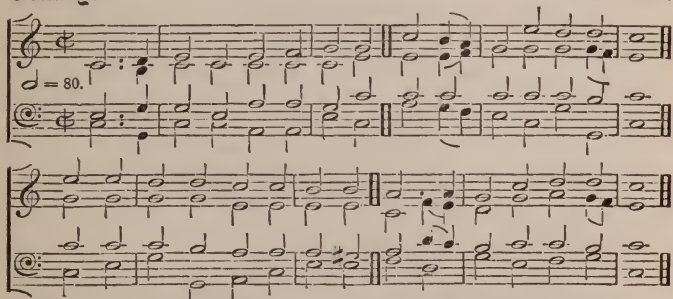
cres. We'll love Thee then, dear LORD!
But Thou must give that love;
We'll humbly beg it of Thy grace;
But Thou our prayers must move.

f Oh! hear Thine Own Self speak;
For Thou in us dost pray:
Thou grantest quicker than we ask;
Thy grace knows no delay.

ROUND THE LORD IN GLORY SEATED.

Trinity.

No. 141.



mf Round the LORD in glory seated,
Cherubim and Seraphim
Filled His temple, and repeated
Each to each th' alternate hymn:

f "LORD, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy LORD!"

Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
"LORD of hosts, the LORD most High!"

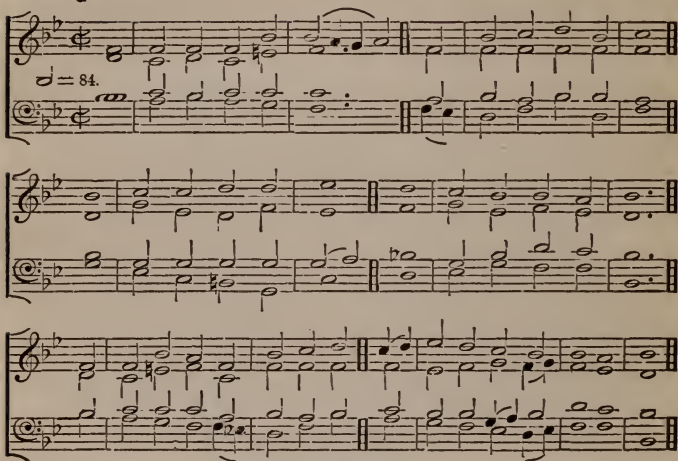
mf With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

f "LORD, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy LORD!"

WE GIVE IMMORTAL PRAISE.

Trinity.

No. 142.

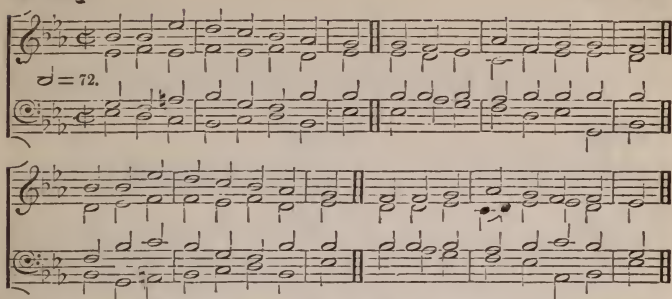


- f* We give immortal praise
To GOD the FATHER's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above;
p He sent His Own eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.
- f* To GOD the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with His blood
From everlasting woe;
And now He lives, and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.
- f* To GOD the Spirit's Name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes dying sinners live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.
- f* Almighty GOD, to Thee
Be endless honours done;
The undivided THREE,
The great mysterious ONE!
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

FATHER OF HEAVEN, WHOSE LOVE PROFOUND.

Trinity.

No. 143.



mf FATHER of heaven, Whose love profound,
A ransom for our souls hath found,
p cres. Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy pard'ning love extend.

mf Almighty SON! Incarnate Word!
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer,
LORD!
p cres. Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy saving grace extend.

mf Eternal SPIRIT! by Whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,

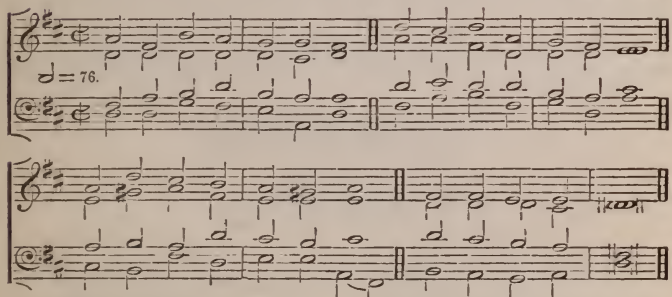
p cres. Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy quick'ning power extend.

f JEHOVAH! FATHER, SPIRIT, SON!
Mysterious Godhead! THREE in ONE!

p cres. Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

THREE IN ONE, AND ONE IN THREE.

No. 144.



f THREE in ONE, and ONE in THREE,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us, while we lift to Thee
Holy chant and psalm.

mf Light of lights! with morning shine;
Lift on us Thy light divine;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.

mf Light of lights! when falls the even,
Let it close on sin forgiven;

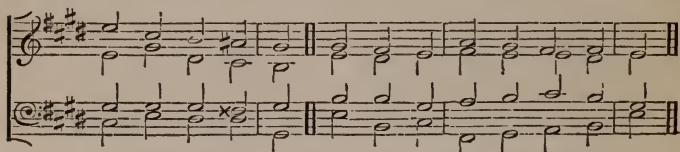
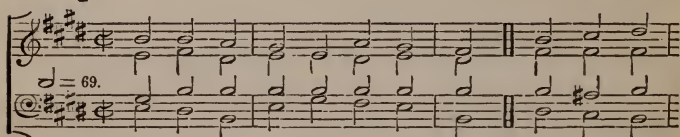
dim. Fold us in the peace of heaven;
pp Shed a holy calm.

f THREE in ONE, and ONE in THREE,
Dinly here we worship Thee:
With the Saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm.

O GOD OF LIFE, WHOSE POWER BENIGN.

Trinity.

No. 145.



p O GOD of life, Whose power benign
cres. Doth o'er the world in mercy shine,
f Accept our praise, for we are Thine.

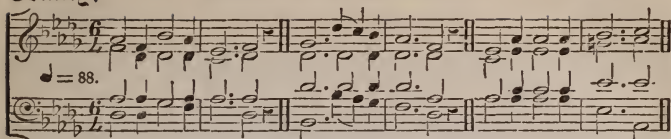
mf O FATHER, uncreated LORD,
Be Thou in every land adored;
On every soul Thy love be poured.

p O SON of GOD, for sinners slain,
We ble:s Thee, LORD, Whose dying pain
For us did endless life regain.

mf O HOLY GHOST, Whose guardian care
Doth us for heavenly joys prepare,
May we in Thy communion share.

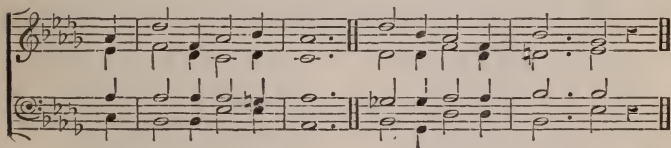
p Protect us, FATHER, here below;
Thy mercy, JESU, may we know;
O HOLY GHOST, Thy power bestow.

f O Holy, Blessèd Trinity!
With faith we sinners bow to Thee;
In us, O God, exalted be!

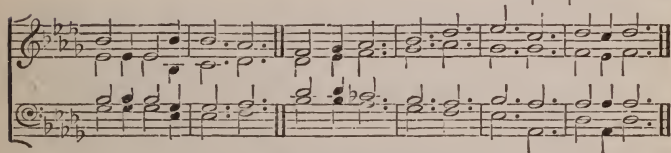


Ver. 2 and 3.

Ver. 2, 3 and 4.



Ver. 2.



Ver. 2 and 3.

p HOLY, Holy, Holy!
 LORD GOD Almighty!
cres. Early in the morning
 Our song shall rise to Thee,
p Holy, Holy, Holy!
 Merciful and mighty
cres. GOD in Three Persons, Blessèd Trinity!

p Holy, Holy, Holy!
 Though the darkness hide Thee,
cres. Though the eye of sinful man
 Thy glory may not see;
p Only Thou art holy;
 There is none beside Thee,
cres. Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

p Holy, Holy, Holy!
 All the Saints adore Thee,
 Casting down their golden crowns
 Around the glassy sea;
cres. Cherubim and Seraphim
 Falling down before Thee,
 Which wast, and art, and evermore
 shalt be.

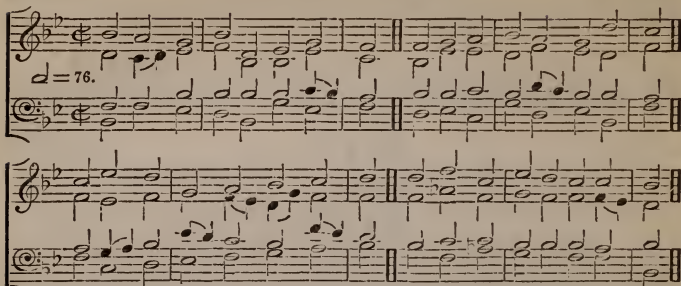
p Holy, Holy, Holy!
 LORD GOD Almighty!
cres. All Thy works shall praise Thy Name
 In earth, and sky, and sea:
p Holy, Holy, Holy!
 Merciful and mighty!
cres. GOD in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

THRICE HOLY GOD, OF SOVEREIGN MIGHT.

Trinity,

Ter sancte, ter potens Deus.

No. 147.

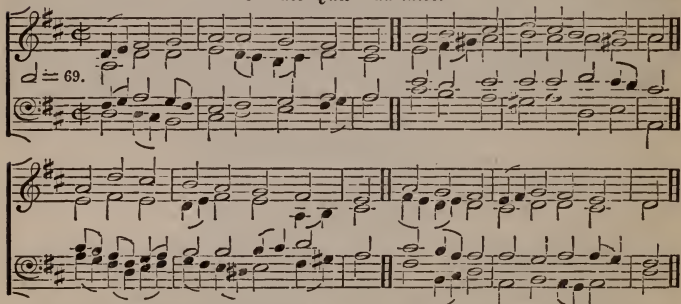


- f* THRICE holy GOD, of sovereign might! *mf* Thy people, new-born from the skies,
Great Three, above created bound! Confess Thee in Thy glorious Name:
O Fount of everlasting light, Love gains a foretaste of the prize,
Thrice blest in joys divine, profound! Sought out by faith with steadfast aim.
- O Unity for ever true! *p* Grant, FATHER, we may do Thy will;
O Truth, Who art for ever One! Thy truth, O SON, to us impart;
O Love, that blemish never knew! Our minds with grace, O SPIRIT, fill,
Of bounteous grace immortal Sun! To follow Thee with all our hearts
- p* Round Thee the clouds their pall suspend, *f* Most holy FATHER, grant our plea,
To hide those unapproach'd rays, And Thou, the FATHER'S only SON,
To which the circling angels bend Thou too, good SPIRIT, Sacred Three,
In terror, while they burn to gaze. For ever reigning, ever One!

GREAT GOD, WHO IN THY LIGHT DOST REST.

O Luce Quæ Tua lutes.

No. 148.

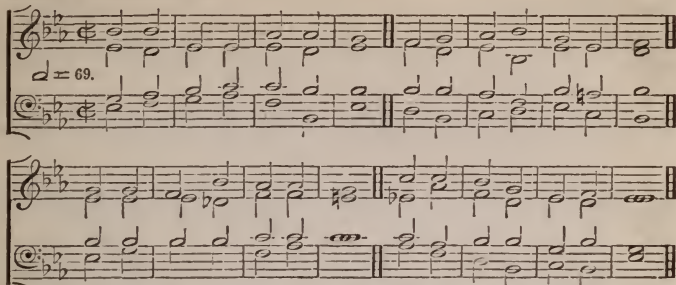


- f* GREAT GOD, Who in Thy light dost rest!
Great TRINITY, for ever blest!
We Thee avow, in Thee believe,
To Thee with perfect heart we cleave.
- mf* Thrice holy FATHER, Thee we bless!
True GOD, O SON, we Thee confess!
Thou, SPIRIT, Chain of heavenly love,
Dost link the sacred Pair above.
- The FATHER wholly in the SON;
The SON and FATHER wholly One;
- With SON and FATHER ever found
The HOLY GHOST with Both is bound.
- The SON and SPIRIT we proclaim
In Substance with the SIRE the same,
The THREE ONE Verity most High;
The THREE ONE Love in closest tie.
- f* Then give the FATHER endless praise!
To SON and SPIRIT glory raise!
The living GOD, Who bears the sway,
While countless ages wear away!

LAMB OF GOD, WHOSE DYING LOVE.

Holy Communion.

No. 149.



p LAMB of GOD, Whose dying love,
Now Thy Saints recall to mind,
Hear us, bless us from above;
Let us all Thy mercy find.

Let Thy Blood, to us applied,
Every sinner's pardon seal;
All in Thee be sanctified;
Every soul Thy comfort feel.

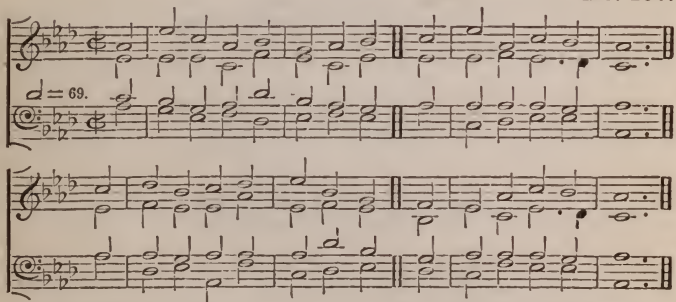
pp By Thine agony of pain,
By Thy precious Blood, we pray,
Cleanse our hearts from every stain,
Take our load of guilt away.

cres. Burst our bonds, and set us free;
Bid our fears and sorrows cease;

dim. LORD, remember Calvary!
SAVIOUR, bid us go in peace.

O GOD, UNSEEN, YET EVER NEAR.

No. 150.



p O GOD, unseen, yet ever near,
Thy Presence may we feel;
And, thus inspired by holy fear,
Before Thine altar kneel!

mf Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love,
The streams that thro' the desert flow,
The manna from above.

p We come, obedient to Thy Word,
To feast on heavenly food,
Our meat, the Body of the LORD,
Our drink, His precious Blood.

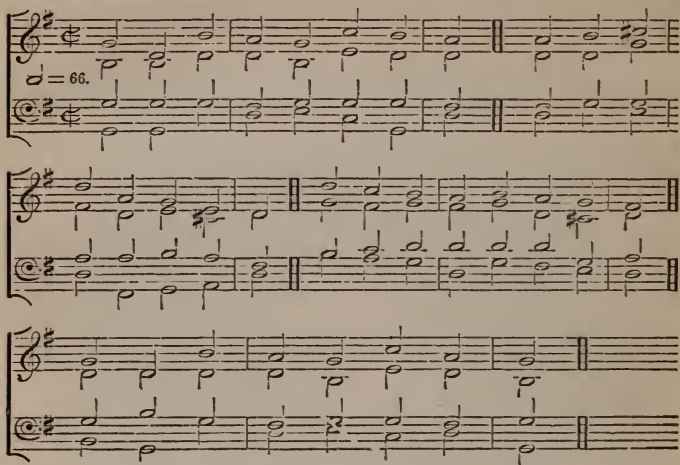
cres. Thus may we all Thy words obey,
For we, O God, are Thine,
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

f TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

O GOD OF MERCY, GOD OF MIGHT.

Holy Communion.

No. 151.



p O God of mercy, God of might,
How should frail sinners bear the sight,
If, as Thy pow'r is surely here,
Thine open glory should appear.

mf For now Thy people are allowed
To scale the mount, and pierce the cloud,
And faith may feed her eager view
With wonders Sinai never knew.

Fresh from th' atoning sacrifice,
The world's Creator bleeding lies,
That man, His foe, by whom He bled,
May take Him for his daily bread.

p O agony of wav'ring thought
When sinners first so near are brought!
cres. It is my Maker; dare I stay?
p My SAVIOUR; dare I turn away?

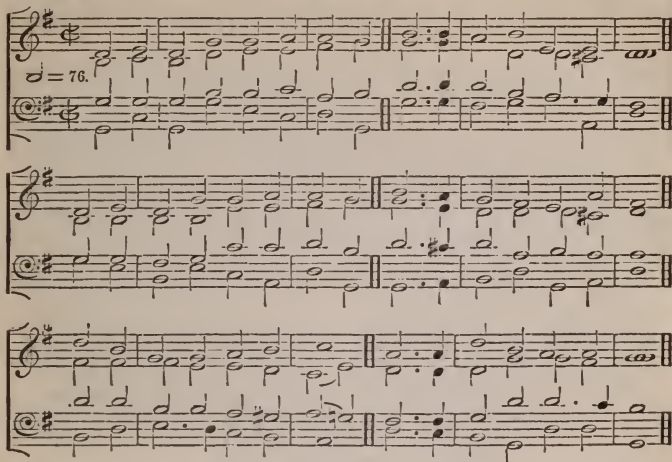
Sweet, awful hour! the only sound,
One gentle footstep gliding round,
Off'ring by turns, on JESU's part,
The Cross to every hand and heart.

mf Refresh us, LORD, to hold it fast;
And when Thy veil is drawn at last,
Let us depart where shadows cease,
With words of blessing and of peace.

WAKE, MY TONGUE, THE MYST'RY TELLING.

Holy Communion. *Pange, lingua, gloriosi.*

No. 152.



f WAKE, my tongue, the myst'ry telling,
JESU's glorious Body sing!
Hymn the Blood, all price excell'g,
Which the Universal King,
Issue of a royal womb,
Shed to save a world from doom.

mf Giv'n for us, His birth proceeding
From a Virgin pure as snow,
He, a life with sinners leading,
Came the seed of Truth to sow;
This, His ling'ring course of woes,
Bringing to a wondrous close

p At the final Supper lying
'Mid the Twelve, that mournful night,
With the Law's behests complying,
Joining in the Paschal Rite.

cres. He, to feed His favoured band,
Gives Himself with His Own hand

Bread the Word Incarnate telleth
By a word His Flesh to veil;
Wine to be His Blood compelleth,
Though to trace it sense should fail:

mf Faith sufficeth to impart
Strength to every guileless heart.

pp Low before the mystic wonder,
Let us reverence the sight;

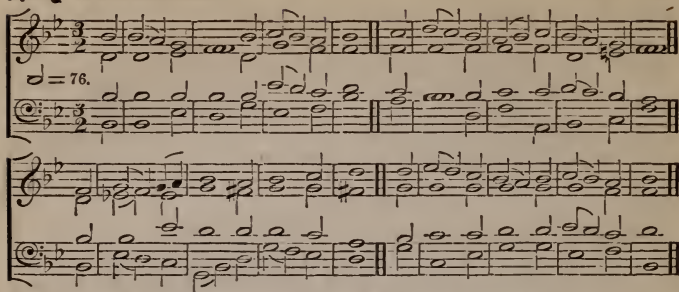
cres. Ancient figures fall asunder,
Yielding to the later Rite:

f Faith! thy needed help we seek!
Aid us where the sense is weak!

MY GOD, AND IS THY TABLE SPREAD?

Holy Communion.

No. 153.



p My God, and is Thy Table spread?

And does Thy cup with love o'erflow?
Be all Thy children thither led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

f Hail! sacred Feast, which JESUS makes!
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food!

mf Why are its dainties all in vain

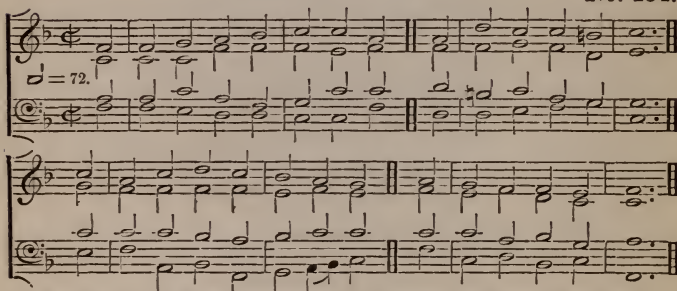
Before unwilling hearts displayed?
Was not for you the Victim slain?
Are you fortid the children's bread?

O let Thy Table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests!
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

f Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, angelic host,
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

LORD JESUS, GOD OF GRACE AND LOVE.

No. 154.



p LORD JESUS, God of grace and love,
Revealed on Calvary,
Thou callest from Thy throne above,
"This day remember Me."

mf I come, LORD JESUS, to fulfil
Thy last divine command:
O! may I ever do Thy will,
And own Thy guiding hand!

p I come, LORD JESUS, at Thy call;
Thy saving help I need;
Convicted, at Thy Cross I fall,
And there my ransom read.

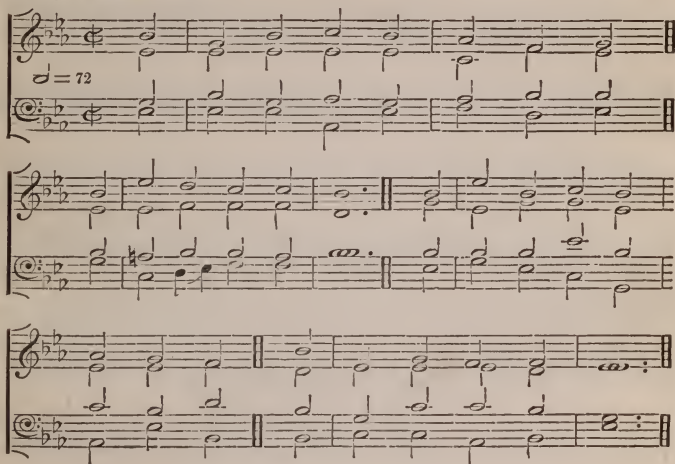
mf I come, LORD JESUS, to Thy feast,
Unworthy though I be;
By Thy redeeming pow'r released,
I rest all hopes on Thee.

p cres. Oh! when I take Thy pledge of love,
Which Thou Thyself hast given,
LORD JESUS, plead my cause above!
p Remember me in heaven!

FOR MERCIES, COUNTLESS AS THE SANDS.

Holy Communion.

No. 155.



mf For mercies, countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From JESUS my REDEEMER's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give?

p Alas! from such a heart as mine,
What can I bring Him forth?
My best is stained and dyed with sin;
My all is nothing worth.

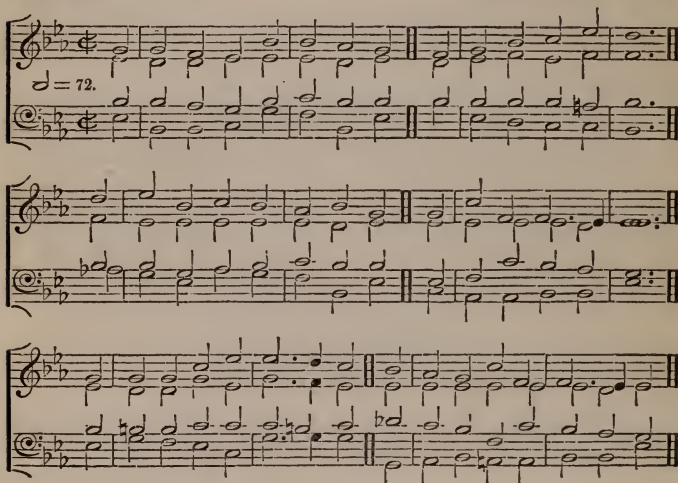
mf Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
For all He has bestowed:
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God

The best return from one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is from His gifts to draw a plea,
And ask Him still for more.

LORD, WHEN BEFORE THY THRONE WE MEET.

Holy Communion.

No. 156.



mf LORD, when before Thy throne we meet,
Thy goodness to adore,
From heaven, th' eternal mercy seat,
On us Thy blessing pour,
cres. And make our inmost souls to be
A habitation meet for Thee.

p Thy Body, for our ransom given,
Thy Blood, in mercy shed :
With this immortal food from heaven,
LORD, let our souls be fed :
cres. And as we round Thine Altar kneel,
Help us Thy quickening grace to feel.

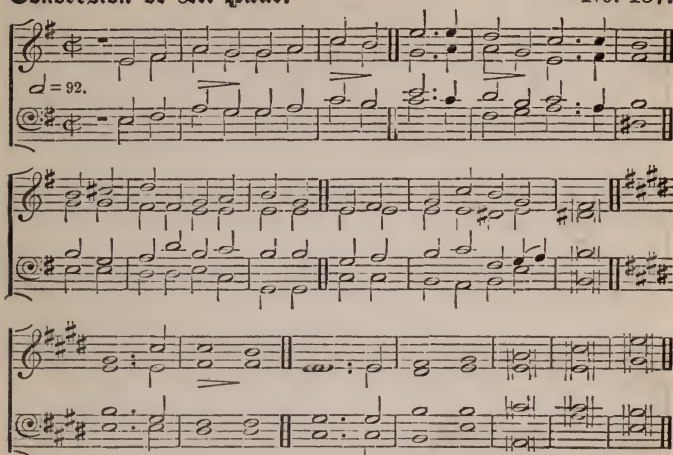
mf Be Thou, O Holy SPIRIT, nigh ;
Accept the humble prayer,
The contrite soul's repentant sigh,
The sinner's heartfelt tear ;
cres. And let our adoration rise
As fragrant incense to the skies.

'GAINST WHAT FOEMEN ART THOU RUSHING?

Quos in hostes, Saule, tendis?

Conversion of St. Paul.

No. 157.



f 'GAINST what foemen art thou rushing?

Saul, what frenzy goads thy mind?

Why to slaughter harmless victims

Hast thou in thy rage designed?

p cres. CHRIST the Suff'rer,

f Soon th' Avenger thou shalt find.

f CHRIST approaches, whelms him, blinds him,

Hurls him helpless to the ground:

p Low before his heavenly Master,

All submissive he is found:

cres. CHRIST's defamer,

f Soon His herald thunders round.

f He, who once with fearful threat'nings

Fetters forged, now filled with dread,

Foe no more to his REDEEMER,

By the hand is gently led:

Wolf of rapine,

p Now a lamb, his fury dead.

mf How, O LORD, are hearts of marble

Softened by Thy potent Grace!

He, who by Thy people's bloodshed,

Would Thy blessed Name efface,

cres. Soon shall blaze it,

By his life, from race to race.

f Praise the FATHER, Who all creatures

Moulded from His heavenly shrine:

Praise the SON, Who hath redeemed us

By His death, on high to shine;

p cres Praise the SPIRIT,

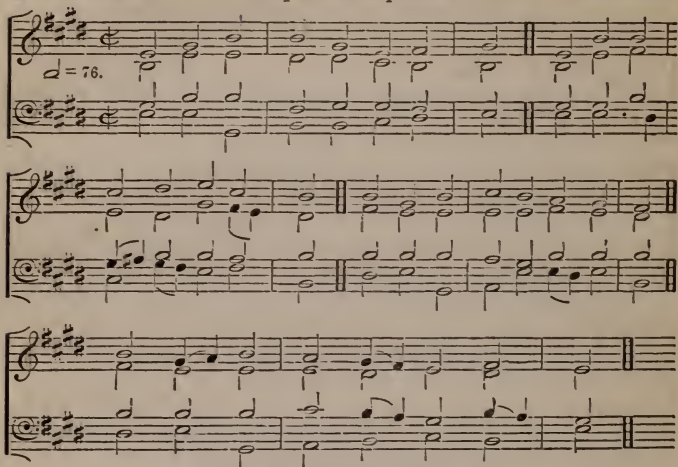
Nursing us with Breath divine.

O SION, OPE THY TEMPLE GATES.

Purification.

Templi sacratas pande.

No. 158.



f O Sion, ope Thy Temple gates;
The Victim-Priest to enter waits:
Let lifeless shadows fade away
Before the truth's enlight'ning ray!

No more shall flocks and herds be slain:
Their blood no more shall steep the fane;
To win for us the FATHER's grace,
He by the altar takes His place.

mf Full conscious of her Charge divine,
The Virgin carries to the shrine
The God she bore, and doves she brings,
An offering to the KING of kings.

See round Him holy ones appear,
More holy now that God is near!
They reap the long expected prize
Of yearning faith, and gazing eyes

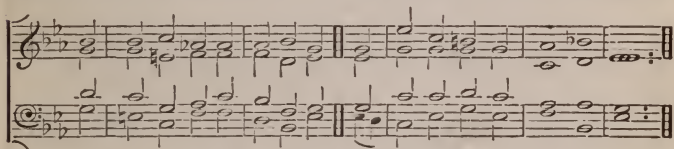
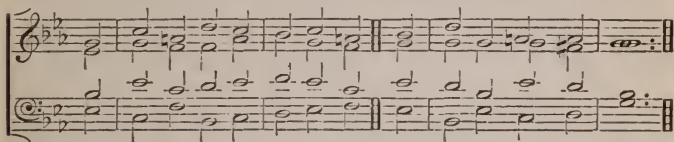
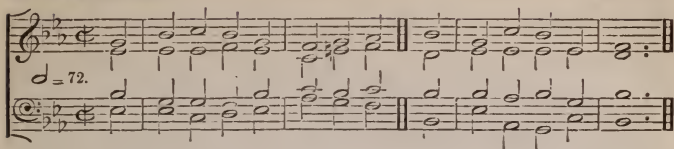
p Mute Mother of the silent Word
From thee no living sound is heard;
Yet still by thee is GOD confessed,
In searching thoughts that fill thy breast.

f O laud the FATHER, laud the SON,
And laud the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE:
To Thee, blest Trinity, we raise
Devoted hearts with ceaseless praise.

WITHIN A CHAMBER, CALM AND STILL.

St. Matthias.

No. 159.



p WITHIN a chamber, calm and still,
The LORD's devoted band,
A dead Apostle's place to fill,
In mournful council stand:
cres. For he, amid his SAVIOUR's woes,
For silver sold Him to His foes.

p Behold the Mother sad appears,
Too sad to find relief;
If they would seek to dry her tears,
The scene renews her grief:
How black, how terrible the deed,
Made them to mourn, and CHRIST to bleed!

mf LORD! let no treason lurk within,
To quench Thy blessed Light;
But, ere it rise arrest the sin,
And kill it out of sight:

p Oh! hush the breath, and film the eye,
cres. That could betray, and see Thee die.

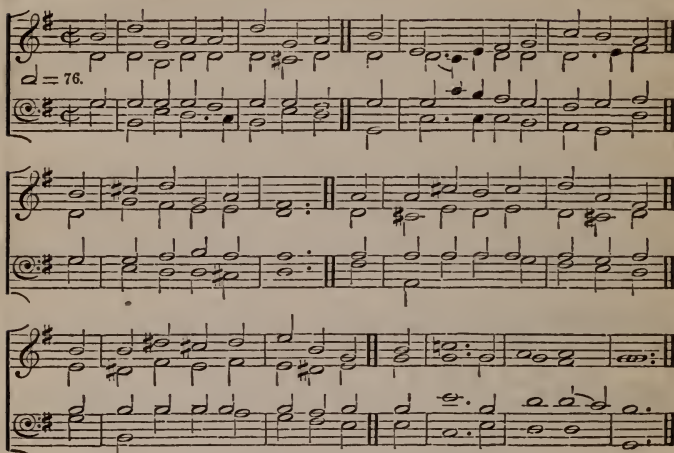
mf Thou canst supply a vacant place,
Repair the mourner's loss;
Close every void with gifts of grace,
And there set up the Cross:
O fill the wastes of sin and pain,
And bid the desert bloom again.

mf So we, while battling here below,
With eyes firm fixed above,
To Thee, our MASTER, aye will shew
True fealty, fervent love:
Within our hearts uprear Thy throne,
f And make them evermore Thine Own.

HAIL! HIGHLY FAVOURED, BLESSED MAID!

Annunciation.

No. 160.



p "HAIL! highly favoured, blessed Maid!
On thee the richest grace is laid!"

Hear Gabriel exclaim:

cres. "A Son from Heaven shalt thou bear,
Great David's honours shall He wear,
f Lo! JESUS is His Name."

mf As Mary stands with wistful eyes,
In calm but earnest hope she cries:

p "His gracious will be done!"

cres. The shadow of the Highest soars,
The Holy Ghost Himself outpours,
f And God and Man are one!

mf So, LORD, when Thou dost show Thy face,
And offer loving gifts of grace,
May quick the answer rise:

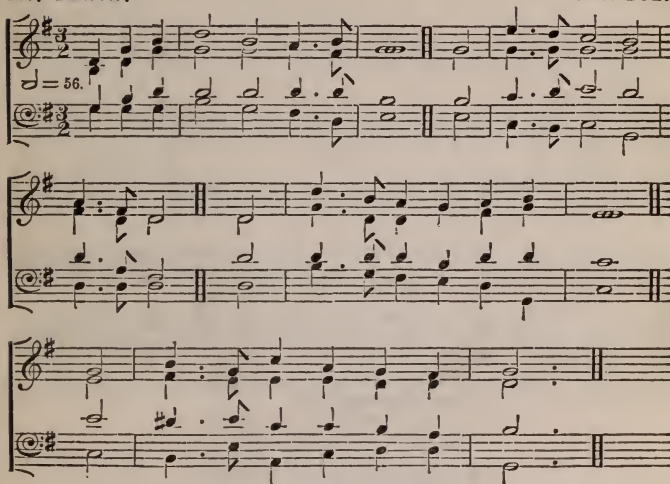
cres. "Behold the servant of the LORD!
Make good to us Thy precious word,
f And seal us for the prize."

O SAVIOUR, fix Thyself within,
Great Tenant, banish every sin,
And wash each guilty stain;
Make every heart a maiden shrine;
Then fill it with Thy light divine,
f And there for ever reign!

O GOD OF ARMIES, STRONG TO SAVE.

St. Mark,

No. 161.



f O God of armies, strong to save,
Whose glory led Thine Israel
In safety through the Red Sea wave,
When Egypt's chains of bondage fell.

Slow moved the cloud behind their host,
With beams of God-impregnate light,
But frowning on th' Egyptian coast,
With shadows of the mid-day night.

p Dark hangs the antitypal cloud,
And red the wave must flow once more:
cres. The Cross of CHRIST is in that shroud,
The Blood of JESUS bathes the shore.

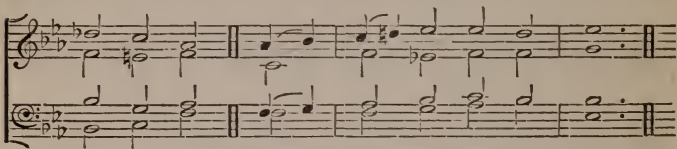
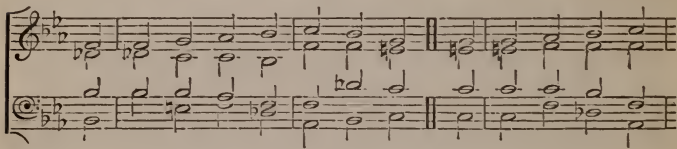
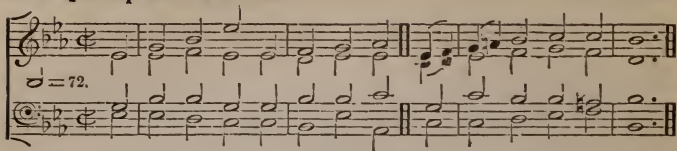
mf Lift up Thy staff, O LORD, on high,
And bid th' Egyptian depths divide;
f The staff, which grew on Calvary,
Shall rule o'er Death's rebellious tide.

Inspire the lion voice of Mark,
And bid him dip his page therein;
To shew the cloud no longer dark,
Whose Gospel light dispels our sin.

THE FATHER SHEW US, GRACIOUS LORD.

S.S. Philip and James.

No. 162.



f "THE FATHER shew us, gracious LORD,
And we contented rest!"
mf Too bold the prayer, too rash the word;
'Twas Philip's hasty voice was heard,
From his too curious breast.

p To gain that glimpse, tho' ne'er so faint,
To mortal were to die:
Oh! how could sinner, how could saint,
Or how could angel, free from taint,
Endure that dazzling Eye?

mf Yet, LORD, we could the FATHER see,
Could see Him beaming bright,
If we would only look to Thee,
To set the gloomy spirit free,
From mists that cloud its sight.

Abandon not our sinful race
To darkness here alone,
But grant us Thine enlight'ning grace,
That we may view the FATHER's face
Reflected in Thine Own.

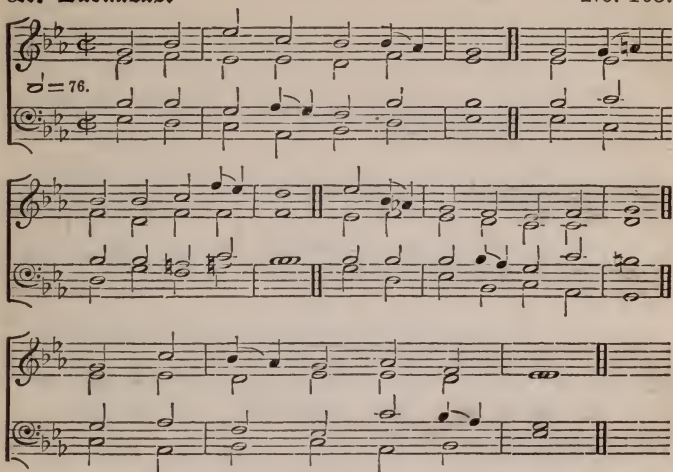
f Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
To us the FATHER give;
To Him conduct us thro' the strife,
To Him, Who stands, with mercy rise,
That we may see and live.

p So bring us all, released from care,
To tread the heavenly floor,
cres. With Thy Own saintly brother there,
And blessed Philip, spotless pair,
f To see Thee evermore

BRIGHTLY DID THE LIGHT DIVINE.

St. Barnabas.

No. 163.



mf BRIGHTLY did the light divine
From his words and actions shine,
Whom the Twelve, with love unblamed,
" Son of Consolation " named.

Full of peace and lively joy,
Sped he on his high employ;
By his mild exhorting word,
Adding many to the LORD.

p Blessèd Spirit, Who didst call
Barnabas and holy Paul,
And didst them with gifts endue,
Mighty words and wisdom true;

Grant us, LORD of Life, to be,
By their pattern, full of Thee,
That beside them we may stand,
In that day, on Thy right hand

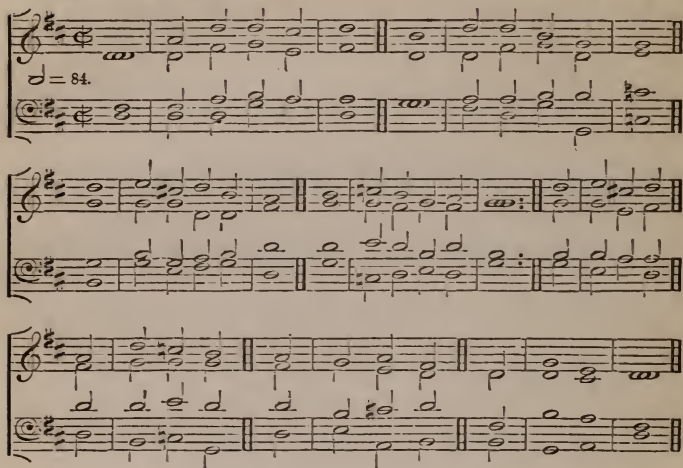
f Glory be to GOD above,
Fountain of eternal love;
To the FATHER, and the SON,
And the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE.

LO! FROM THE DESERT HOMES.

Nunc suis tandem.

St. John the Baptist.

No. 164.



mf Lo! from the desert homes,
Where he hath hid so long,
The new Elias comes,
In sternest wisdom strong;
The voice that cries
Of CHRIST from high,
And judgment nigh,
From op'ning skies.

Ye haughty mountains, bow
Your sky-aspiring heads;
Ye valleys, hiding low,
Lift up your gentle meads;
Make His ways plain
Your King before,
For evermore
He comes to reign.

f Your God e'en now doth stand
Within heav'n's op'ning door;
His fan is in His hand,
And He will purge His floor;
The wheat He claims.
And with Him stows;
The chaff He throws
To quenchless flames.

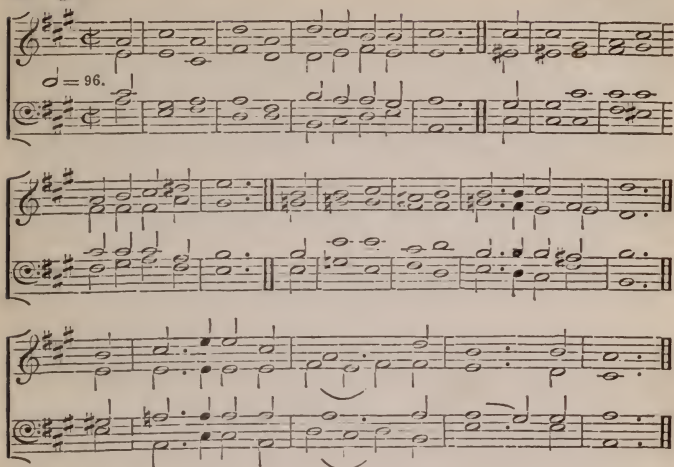
p Let thy dread voice around,
Thou harbinger of Light,
On our dull ears still sound.
Lest here we sleep in night,
cres. Till Judgment come,
And on our path
Shall burst the wrath,
And deathless doom.

mf O GOD! with love's sweet might
Who dost anoint, and arm
CHRIST's soldiers for the fight.
With spells that shield from harm;
Thrice blessed THREE,
Heav'n's endless days
Shall sing Thy praise
Eternally!

IN WEAKNESS GREAT, AND STRONG IN HIDDEN MIGHT.

St. Peter.

No. 165.



mf In weakness great, and strong in hidden might,
Thy Peter, LORD, a star of living light,
p cres. Though oft obscured, and once eclipsed, his rays
Yet shine again with purer, brighter blaze.

mf To meet Thee, walking o'er the troubled waves,
In zeal he plunged, but lost the faith that saves;
The stony depths would soon have been his tomb,
Hadst Thou not plucked him from the watery doom.

p The Cock crew loud Thy warning in his ears;
At Thy sad look he poured remorseful tears;
By Satan sifted, prostrate 'neath his blast,
f On Thee, the Rock, he stood a rock at last.

A trusty Shepherd for Thy sheep he stands,
The keys of pard'ning Heav'n within his hands;
The cross of pain he crimson's o'er with blood,
Undying witness raising from the flood.

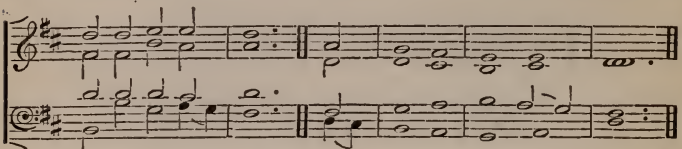
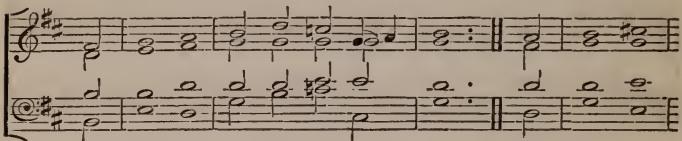
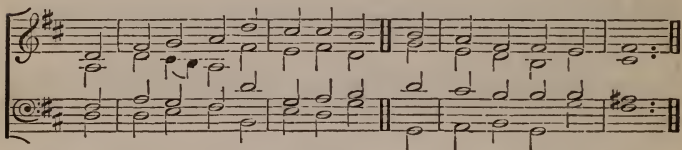
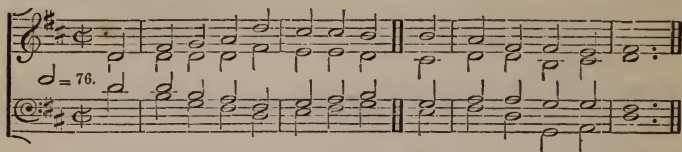
When round us threatening waves in wrath arise,
Oh! may we fix on Thee unswerving eyes!
On Thee may all our clinging hopes be stayed;
Thy look be mercy, and Thine arm bring aid!

p Grant we may love Thee with Thy Martyr's power,
In sorrow melted for each sinning hour;
With him, while guarded from his mournful fall,
cres. Confess Thee CHRIST, and win Thee LORD of all

AS JAMES THE GREAT, WITH GLOWING ZEAL.

St. James.

No. 166.



mf As James the Great, with glowing zeal,
Unheeding smile or frown,
Relinquished all his earthly weal,
To win a brighter crown:
So, LORD, we haste, the world dis-
dained,
To follow Thee with faith unfeigned,
p And draw Thy mercy down.

mf Should we for Thee to wrath be moved,
Disturbed by wild unrest,
Though thinking then Thou most wert
loved,
That then we served Thee best;
p Oh! let Thy SPIRIT drop its balm,
To quell the storm, and shed a calm
On our unruly breast.

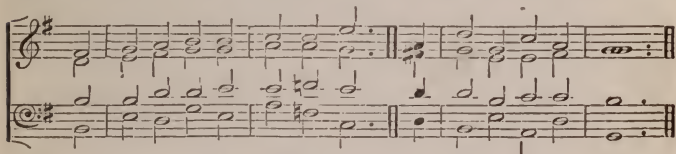
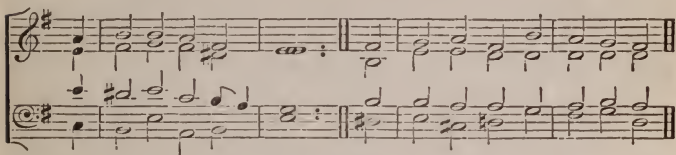
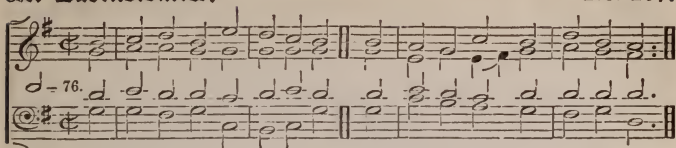
mf Thy cup in fervour James would drink,
And drain its sorrows dry;
From Thy dark lot he scorned to
shrink,
Though it were e'en to die;
cres. That he might rank on Thy right hand,
And there before the angels stand,
f Thy favoured saint on high.

mf We from the Cross seek no retreat,
But, guided by Thy grace,
We crave to sit beneath Thy feet;
Right royal is the place!
f So we may ever be Thine Own,
Where'er we view Thee stands a
throne;
p Our Heav'n is in Thy face.

BENEATH THE FIG-TREE'S GRATEFUL SHADE.

St. Bartholomew.

No. 167.



mf BENEATH the fig-tree's grateful shade
Behold the good Nathaniel I did,
Concealed from distant eye:
But where is vision blind, or faint,
To Him who saw the resting Saint
From far, yet ever nigh?

The Nazareth, which he disdained,
And many a scornful tongue profaned,
Now beams a city bright;
cres. As Thou, O LORD, on him dost shine,
The Nazarene stands forth divine,
f A King before his sight!

p The angels rise, the angels fall,
They circle round the LORD of all:
This glory shall he view;
For guileless there he meekly stands,
In child-like faith at JESU'S hands,
f Nathaniel, trustful, true.

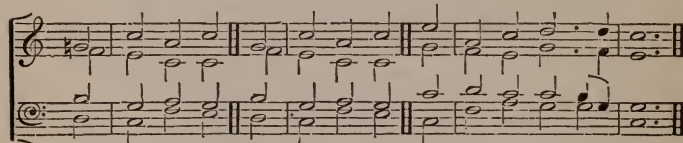
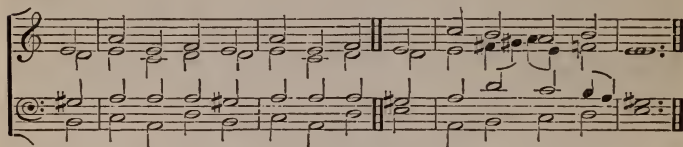
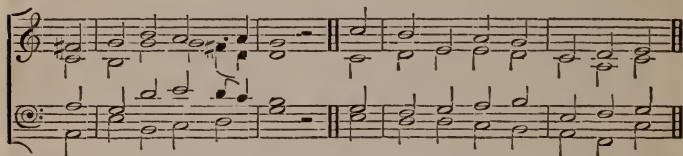
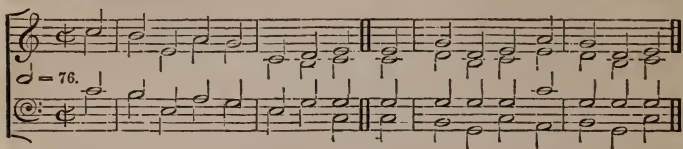
p LORD, grant to us to be sincere,
With simple heart, and conscience clear,
With truth to shine around;
That we may win the heavenly meed,
f "Behold an Israelite indeed,
In whom no guile is found!"

p cres Then lead us to that vision bright,
Where stand the angel-hosts of light,
Fair stars in lustrous ring;
That, joining their immortal lays,
We ever may confess, and praise
f Our SAVIOUR, God, and KING.

LO! SEA AND LAND THEIR GIFTS OUTPOUR.

St. Matthew.

No. 168.



f Lo! sea and land their gifts outpour,
A tribute from their richest store,
To lie at Levi's feet;

p But Thou, in passing, gracious LORD,
Didst see his danger, speak Thy word;
That word for him how meet!

f "Come, follow Me!"
mf To follow Thee
He quits his wealthy seat.

f Yet, roused by Thine Almighty voice,
Good LORD, we rise, and we rejoice;
We fling the dross away;
No diamond sparkles in the light,
Nought ever shines so fair and bright,
As Thy celestial ray:
"Come, follow Me!"
We fly to Thee,
O living Star of day!

mf But we are still in fetters held,
By worldly charms and lucre spell'd,
Our hearts all dead and cold;
Unyielding to the cries of grace,
With wills too weak to seek Thy face,
Fast bound in Satan's hold:

f "Come, follow Me!"
p Ah! how are we
To burst the chains of gold?

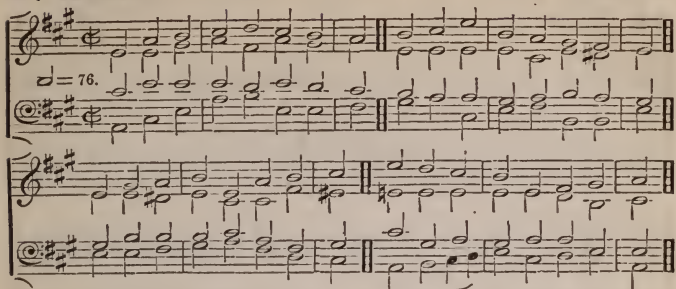
mf Thou hadst not where to lay Thine head,
When Matthew, by Thy mercy led,
Sought Thee to be his Guest;
But we, O LORD, of Thee have need,
On Thy rich bounty we must feed,
And lean upon Thy breast:

p cres. "Then, follow Me!"
We cling to Thee,
Our Riches, and our Rest!

THEY COME, GOD'S MESSENGERS OF LOVE.

St. Michael.

No. 169.



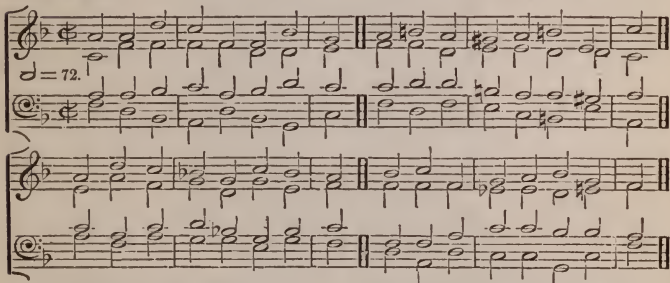
mf THEY come, GOD's messengers of love,
They come from realms of peace above,
From homes of never-fading light,
From blissful mansions ever bright.
They come to watch around us here,
To soothe our sorrow, calm our fear;
Ye heavenly guides, speed not away;
God willeth you with us to stay.
But chiefly at its journey's end,
'Tis yours the spirit to befriend,
And whisper to the willing heart,
"O Christian soul, in peace depart."

p Blest JESU, Thou, Whose groans and tears
Have sanctified frail nature's fears,
To earth in bitter sorrow weighed,
Thou didst not scorn Thine angels' aid.
An angel-guard to us supply,
When on the bed of death we lie;
And by Thine Own Almighty pow'r,
O shield us in the last dread hour.
f To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,
From all above, and all below,
Let joyful praise unceasing flow.

WITH ME IS LUKE, ALONE OF ALL.

St. Luke.

No. 170.



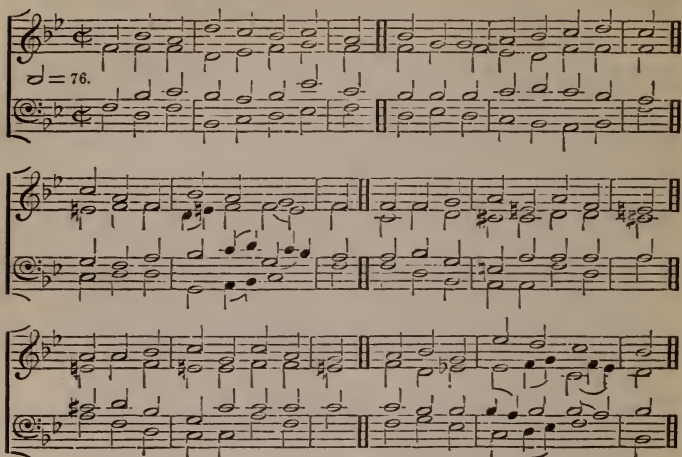
p "WITH me is Luke, alone of all:"
cres. So sadly mourned the aged Paul;
dim. Frail Demas, his in Christian love,
dim. Is dead to him and things above.
mf The world had shewn its specious face,
And lured him from the heavenly race;
cres. He loves it, and without a throe
dim. Can leave a martyr to his woe.
f But Luke his toils and travels shares,
Companion dear of all his cares;
p Love lighting up his tender brow,
cres. He could not leave the captive now.

mf Behold him constant, faithful stand,
With healing lip, and healing hand,
His suffering brother fain to tend,
Evangelist, Physician, Friend.
p LORD, make us steadfast as Thy Saint,
That we may toil, and never faint,
That we may stand, and never fall,
Upheld by Thee, the Help of all.
mf Thy changeless love, we pray, impart;
O nurse in us a loyal heart;
cres. That we, sustained by grace from high,
For Thee may live, in Thee may die.

HOW BLEST THE UNION, GRACIOUS LORD.

SS. Simon and Jude.

No. 171.



mf How blest the union, gracious LORD,
Which beams throughout Thy holy Word,

f A ray from Thine Own Essence!

p cres. Oh! when shall all Thy Church be one?
That precious sign of heaven begun,
The foretaste of Thy Presence!

p Yet while for this we deeply yearn,
Still may our souls with fealty burn,
Of truth still careful, tender!
Lest, sinking it, we Thee betray,
And so arrest that glorious day,
When Thou shalt reign in splendor.

f Thy kinsmen, LORD, to Thee most dear,
Blest Jude and Simon, ever near,
Stood partners in Thy trial:
Saint Simon, glowing bright with zeal,
Saint Jude, with loving heart to feel
That faintness was denial.

mf If we should meet Thine open foes,
When Satan hath with stealthy blows
Of unbelief undone them,

p cres. O grant a spirit, born above,
To guard Thy cause in words of love,
Till truth to Thee hath won them.

f Then, LORD, Thy grace to us impart,
Inspire the zeal, infuse the heart,
And warm the weak endeavour,
That high and low, that age and youth,
United in Thy saving truth,

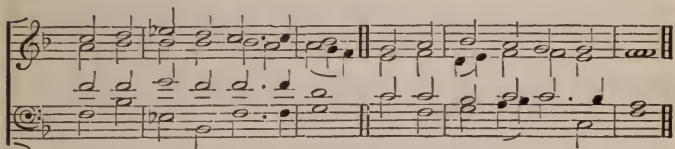
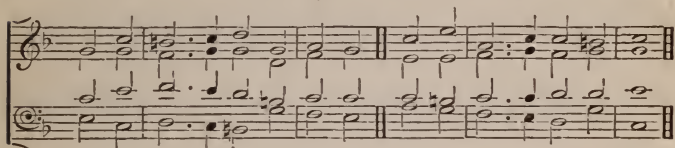
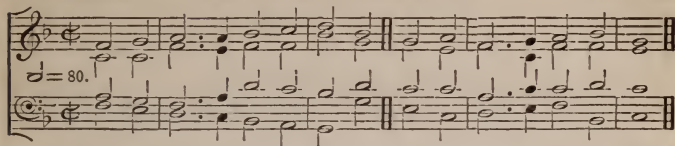
f May all be Thine for ever!

WHO ARE THESE, LIKE STARS APPEARING?

All Saints.

Wer sind die vor Gottes Throne.

No. 172.



mf Who are these, like stars appearing,
 These, before GOD's throne who stand?
 Each a golden crown is wearing:
 Who are all this glorious band?
f Alleluia! hark! they sing,
 Praising loud their heavenly King.

mf Who are these of dazzling brightness,
 These, in GOD's own truth arrayed,
 Clad in robes of purest whiteness,
 Robes, whose lustre ne'er shall fade,
 Ne'er be touched by Time's rude hand?
f Whence come all this glorious band?

These are they, who have contended
 For their SAVIOUR's honour long,
 Wrestling on till life was ended,
 Following not the sinful throng:
f These, who well the fight sustained,
 Triumph through the LAMB have gained.

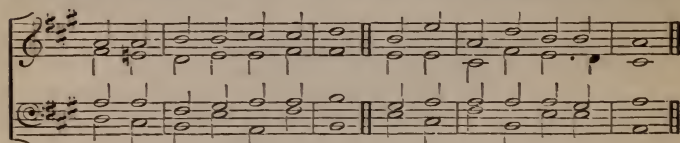
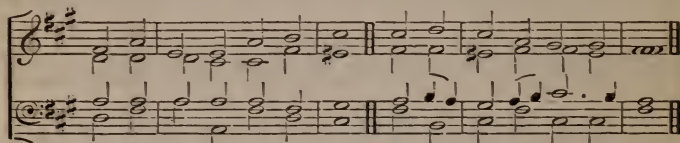
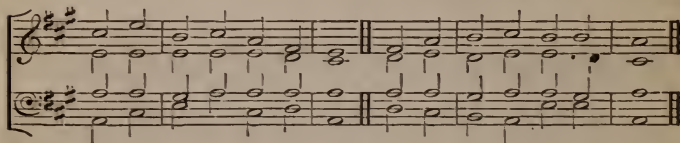
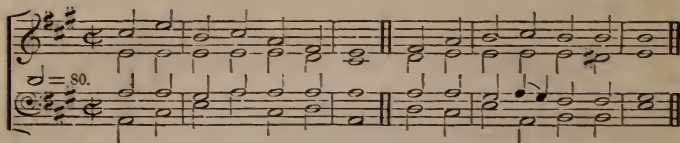
p These are they, whose hearts were riven,
 Sore with woe and anguish tried,
 Who in prayer full oft have striven
 With the GOD they glorified:
cres. Now their pain and conflict o'er,
 GOD has bid them weep no more.

mf These, like priests, have watched and waited,
 Off'ring up to CHRIST their will,
 Soul and body consecrated,
 Day and night to serve Him still:
f Now, in GOD's most holy place,
 Blest they stand before His Face.

WHAT ARE THESE IN BRIGHT ARRAY?

All Saints.

No. 173



mf WHAT are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?
f "Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches to obtain,
New dominion every hour."

p These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with His Almighty name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,

cres. Through their dear REDEEMER'S might,
More than conquerors they stand.

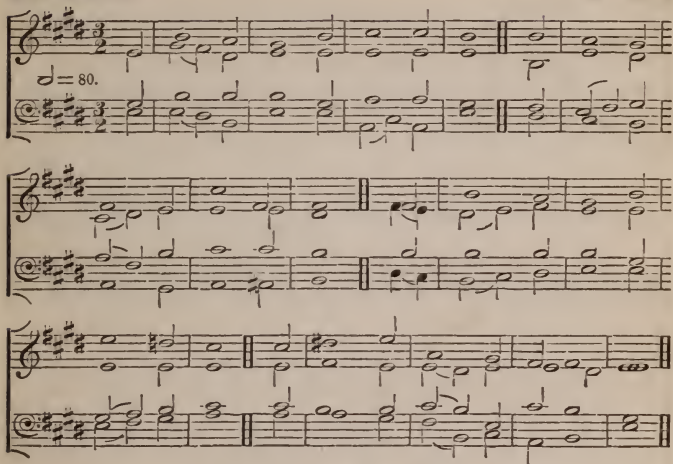
mf Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed:
Them the Lamb amidst the Throne
Shall to living fountains lead:
f Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels all fear,

dim. And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tear.

O HAPPY SAINTS, WHO DWELL IN LIGHT.

All Saints.

No. 174.



p O HAPPY saints, who dwell in light,
And walk with JESUS, clothed in white,
cres. Safe landed on that peaceful shore,
Where pilgrims meet to part no more.

f Released from sin, and toil, and grief,
Death was their gate to endless life;
An opened cage, to let them fly,
And build their happy nest on high.

mf And now they range the heavenly plains,
And sing their hymns in melting strains;
cres. And now their souls begin to prove
The heights and depths of JESU'S love.

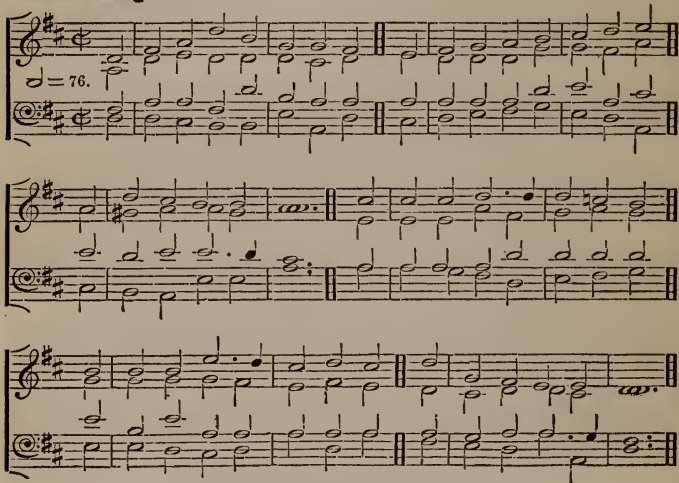
f He cheers them with eternal smile;
They sing hosannas all the while,
cres. Or, overwhelmed with rapture sweet,
dim. Sink down adoring at His feet.

p Ah! LORD! with tardy steps I creep,
And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep;
cres. Yet strip me of this house of clay,
And I will sing as loud as they.

LORD OF THE CHURCH, WE HUMBLY PRAY.

Ember Days,

No. 175.



p LORD of the Church, we humbly pray
 For those who guide us in Thy way,
 And speak Thy holy Word:
cres. With love divine their hearts inspire,
 And touch their lips with hallowed fire,
 And needful grace afford!

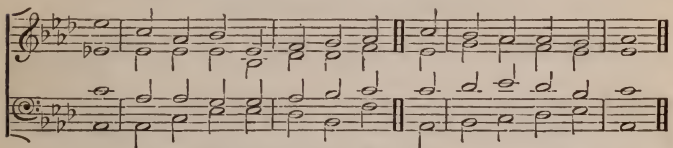
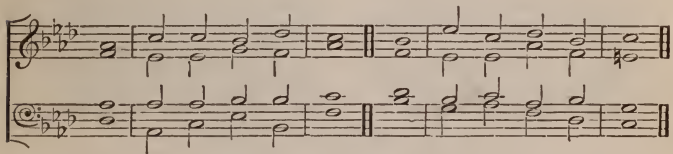
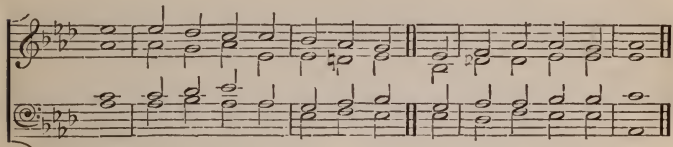
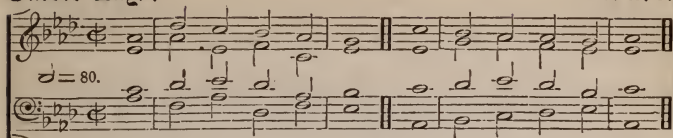
mf Help them to preach the truth of God,
 Redemption through the SAVIOUR's Blood:
 Nor let the SPIRIT cease
 On all the Church His gifts to shower;
 To them a Messenger of power,
 To us, of life and peace.

f So may they live to Thee alone;
 Then hear the welcome word, "Well done!"
 And take their crown above:
 Enter into their Master's joy,
 And all eternity employ
 In praise, and bliss, and love

HOW BEAUTEIOUS ARE THEIR FEET.

Ember Days.

No. 176.



mf How beautiful are their feet,
 Who stand on Zion's hill!
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,
 And words of peace reveal!
 How charming is their voice!
 How sweet the tidings are!
 O Zion, see thy SAVIOUR King!
 He reigns and triumphs here!

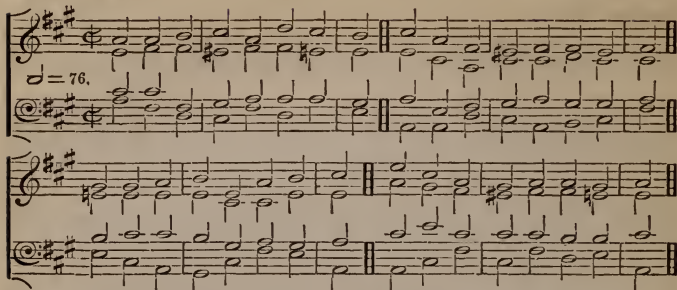
How happy are our ears,
 That hear this joyful sound,
 Which kings and prophets waited for,
 And sought, but never found!
 How blessed are our eyes,
 That see this heavenly light,
 Which kings and prophets long desired,
 But died without the sight.

f The watchmen join their voice,
 And tuneful notes employ;
 Jerusa'em breaks forth in songs,
 And d-serts learn the joy.
 The LORD makes bare His Arm
 Through all the earth abroad;
 Let every nation now behold
 Their SAVIOUR and their GOD.

POUR OUT THY SPIRIT FROM ON HIGH.

Ordination.

No. 177.



mf POUR out Thy Spirit from on high;
 LORD, Thine assembled servants bless;
 Thy grace and gifts to each supply,
 And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

With zeal and wisdom, faith impart,
 With firmness, meekness from above,
 To bear Thy people on their heart,
 And love the souls whom Thou dost love;

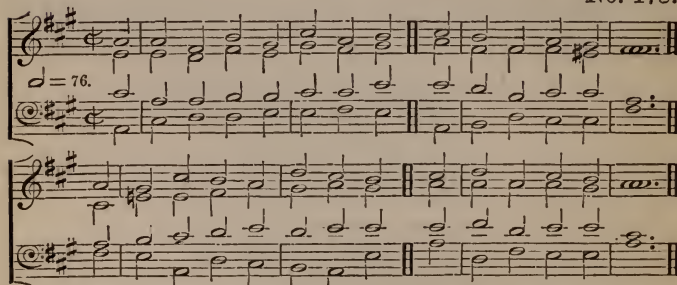
Within Thy temple when they stand
 To teach the truth as taught by Thee,
 O LORD, like stars in Thy right hand,
 The Shepherds of the Churches be!

p To watch, and pray, and never faint,
 By day and night strict guard to keep,
 To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
 To nurse Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

mf Then, when their work is finished here,
 And they in hope their charge resign,
 When Thou, Chief Shepherd, shalt appear,
f May they, and we, and all be Thine!

HOW BEAUTIFUL THE FEET THAT BRING.

No. 178.



mf How beautiful the feet that bring
 The gladsome tidings here!
 What gracious messengers e'en now
 To our blest eyes appear!

They seek, but only Thou hast skill
 To bring lost wand'ers home;
 They call, but 'tis Thy love compels,
 And then th' invited come.

p Thy servants speak; Thou only canst
 The hearing ear bestow;
 They smite the rock, but Thou alone
 Dost bid the waters flow.

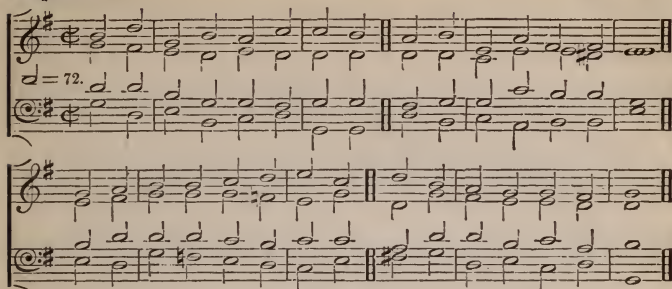
mf LORD, Thou art with them of a truth,
 Lest we should go astray:
 The twelve bright banners go before,
 And shew us Canaan's way.

f Bless we our God, Who grants us here
 To sing in Sion's ways!
 Oh! when, on heavenly Sion's hill,
 When shall we sing Thy praise?

SAVIOUR, WHO THY FLOCK ART FEEDING.

Baptism.

No. 179.

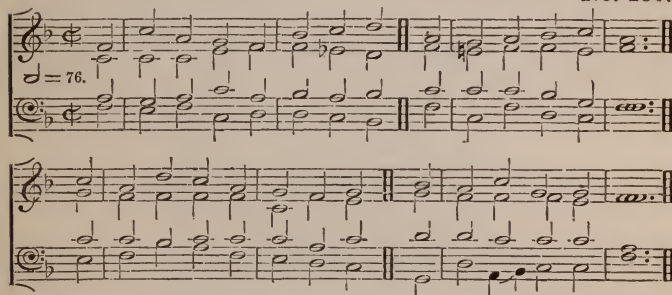


p SAVIOUR, Who Thy flock art feeding,
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share;
Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious Arm :
cres. There, we know, Thy word believing,
f Only there secure from harm !

mf Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey ;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dang'rous way :
f Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace !

IN TOKEN THAT THOU SHALT NOT FEAR.

No. 180.



f IN token that thou shalt not fear
CHRIST crucified to own,
We print the Cross upon thee here,
And stamp thee His alone.
mf IN token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in His Name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and His shame.

IN token that thou shalt not flinch
CHRIST's quarrel to maintain,
But 'neath His banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain ;

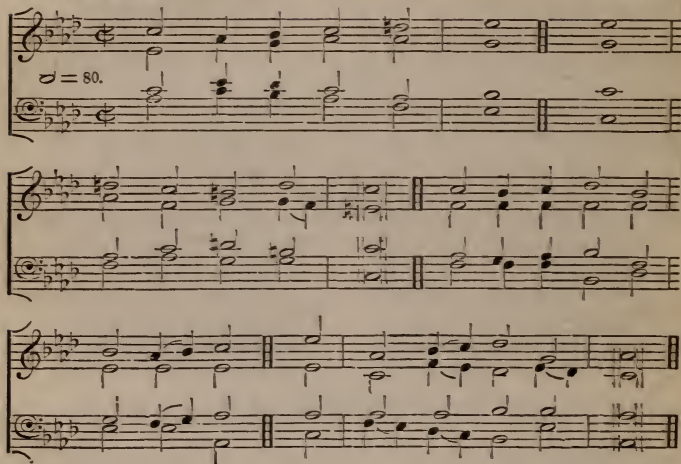
f IN token that thou too shalt tread
The path He travelled by,
Endure the Cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high ;

Thus, outwardly and visibly,
We seal thee for His Own ;
And may the brow, that wears His cross,
Hereafter share His crown !

SOLDIERS OF CHRIST, ARISE!

Confirmation.

No. 181.



f SOLDIERS of CHRIST, arise!
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through His eternal Son.

Strong in the LORD of hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of JESUS trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endured:
But take, to arm you in the fight,
The panoply of God.

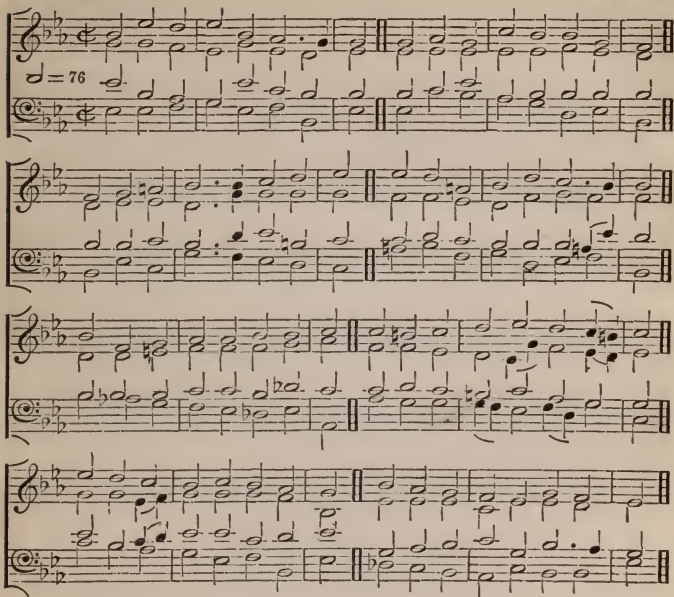
mf That having all things done,
And all your conflicts passed,
Ye may o'ercome, through CHRIST alone,
And stand entire at last.

f From strength to strength go on,
And wrestle, fight, and pray!
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day!

O GOD, IN WHOSE ALL-SEARCHING EYE.

Confirmation.

No. 182.



p O God, in Whose all-searching eye
Thy servants stand, to ratify
The vow baptismal by them made,
When first Thy hand was on them laid ;
cres. Bless them, O holy FATHER, bless,
Who Thee with heart and voice confess ;
May they, acknowledged as Thine Own,
Stand evermore before Thy throne !

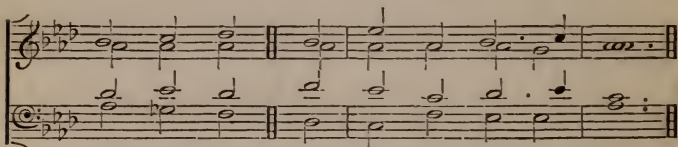
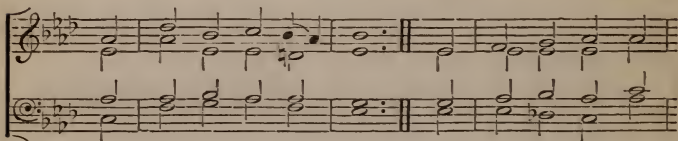
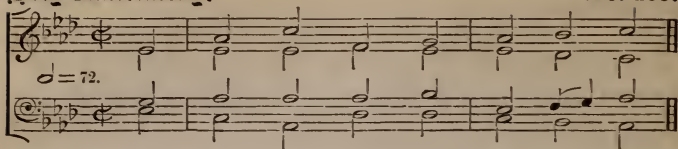
f Arm these, Thy soldiers, mighty LORD,
With shield of faith, and SPIRIT's sword ;
Forth to the battle may they go,
And boldly fight against the foe,
With banner of the Cross unfurled,
And by it overcome the world ;
And so at last receive from Thee
The palm and crown of victory.

p Come, ever blessèd SPIRIT, come,
And make Thy servants' hearts Thy home ;
May each a living temple be,
Hallowed for ever, LORD, to Thee :
mf Enrich that temple's holy shrine
With sevenfold gifts of grace divine ;
f With wisdom, light, and knowledge bless,
Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness.

WHEN FAIREST EVE IN EDEN ROSE.

Holy Matrimony.

No. 183.



p WHEN fairest Eve in Eden rose
From sleeping Adam's side,
cres. Thou led'st her, LORD, Thy precious gift,
To Adam for a bride.

f So now Thy handmaid here bestow
On this, Thy waiting son;
Unite them both in holy bonds,
A loving race to run.

mf Make Thou their home as Eden bright,
Like Eden in her bloom;
Let choicest flow'rs adorn their path,
And round them shed perfume!

p Thy Church Thou tenderly hast loved
And washed her pure and fair;
cres. No stain, nor wrinkle wouldst Thou trace,
But see all comely there.

f Thus, fondly knitted, ne'er may they
Discern the faulty spot,
p cres. Or else, with gentle hand, let fall
A veil to hide the blot.

p High sanctity didst Thou impress
Upon the marriage-rite,
When Cana saw the flowing streams
Shine crimson in the light.

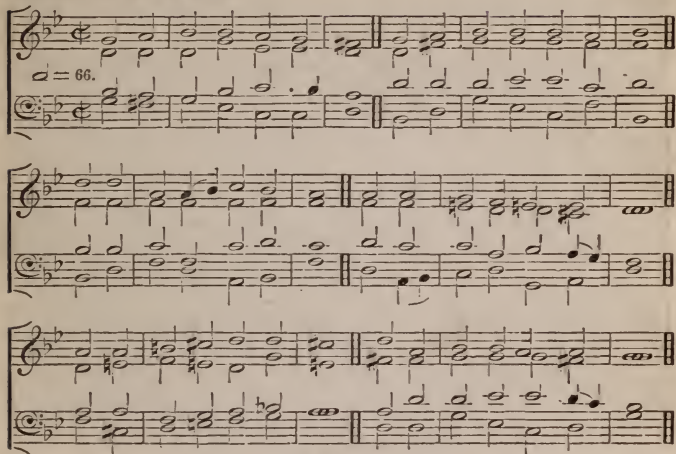
mf Yet, though that nuptial feast was graced
With store of mystic wine,
Thou still canst fill a spouseless heart,
That knows no love but Thine.

f LORD, grant us all, or virgins pure,
Or blest with wedded love,
To view the heavenly Bridegroom's face
In Paradise above.

EARTH TO EARTH, AND DUST TO DUST.

Burial of the Dead.

No. 184.



p "EARTH to earth, and dust to dust:"

LORD, we own the sentence just;
Head and tongue, and hand and heart,
All in guilt have borne their part:

cres. Righteous is the common doom;
All must moulder in the tomb.

mf Like the seed in spring-time sown,
Like the leaves in autumn strown,
Low these goodly frames must lie,
All our pomp and glory die;
Soon the spoiler seeks his prey,
Soon he bears us all away.

f Yet the seed, upraised again,
Clothes with green the smiling plain;
Onward as the seasons move,
Leaves and blossoms deck the grove:
And shall we forgotten lie,
Lost for ever when we die?

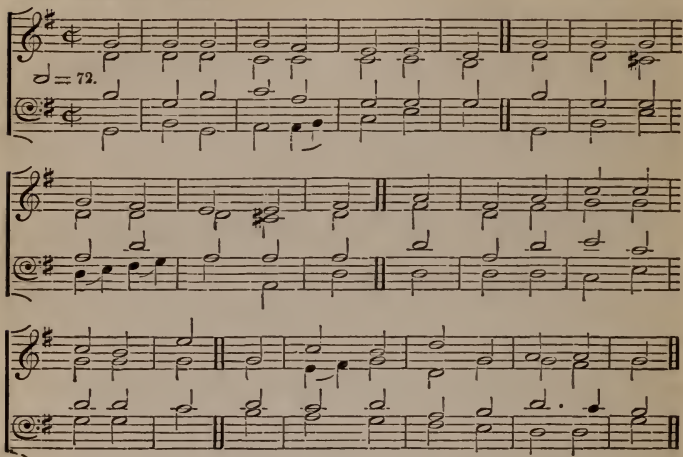
f LORD, from Nature's gloomy night
Turn we to the Gospel's light;
Thou didst triumph o'er the grave,
Thou wilt all Thy people save:

cres. Ransomed by Thy Blood, the just
Rise immortal from the dust.

FROM OUT THE DEEP, O LORD, ON THEE.

For those at Sea.

No. 185.



p FROM out the deep, O LORD, on Thee,
The trembling seamen cry aloud :
cres. Thou sittest Sovereign of the sea,
And ridest high above the cloud.

f The raging waters o'er them roll,
And leaden mists efface the sky ;
The tempest awes their inmost soul :
p Yet storm is music, Thou but nigh.

mf O LORD, appease the angry wild ;
O smoothe the billow's swelling crest ;
As soft the cradle rocks the child,
So gently lull them all to rest.

p When we repose in tranquil sleep,
And winds are whistling high and drear,
cres. Oh ! think of those who moan and weep,
And cry for help when none is near.

mf The night is dark, and fierce the fray !
How dread the loneliness 'mid the wave !
p Be with them, though they fail to pray,
And save them from a watery grave.

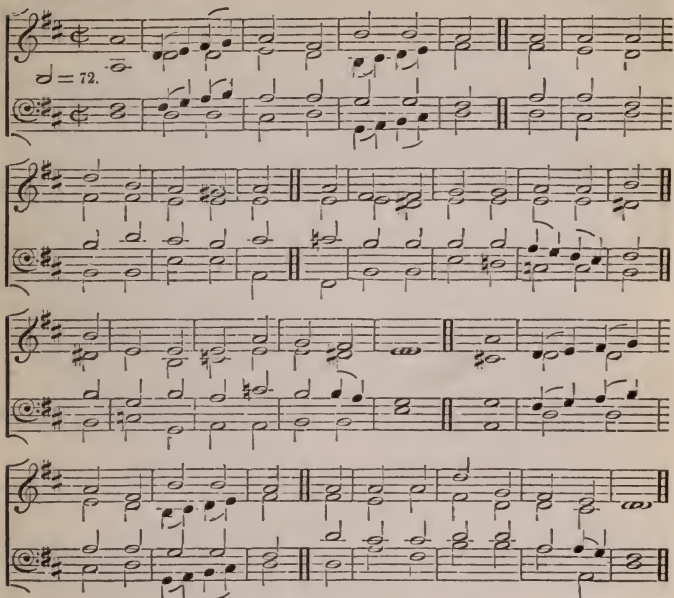
mf When calm shall glaze the ocean face,
Still teach them ever Thee to know ;
Thy tender mercy still to trace,
Still Thine in weal as well as woe.

f Fanned ever by Thy wings of love,
On land or sea, on ship or shore,
dim. O guide us all to Thee above,
Our peaceful Haven evermore.

O THOU, WHO BID'ST THE OCEAN DEEP.

For those at Sea,

No. 186.



f O THOU, Who bid'st the ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep,
Thou, Who dost bind the restless wave,
Eternal FATHER, strong to save,
p cres. O hear us, when we cry to Thee
For all in peril on the sea!

mf O SAVIOUR! Whose Almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid its rage did sleep;
p cres. O hear us, when we cry to Thee
For all in peril on the sea!

p O Sacred SPIRIT! Who didst brood
Upon the Chaos dark and rude;
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,
And light diffused, and life, and peace;
p cres. O hear us, when we cry to Thee
For all in peril on the sea!

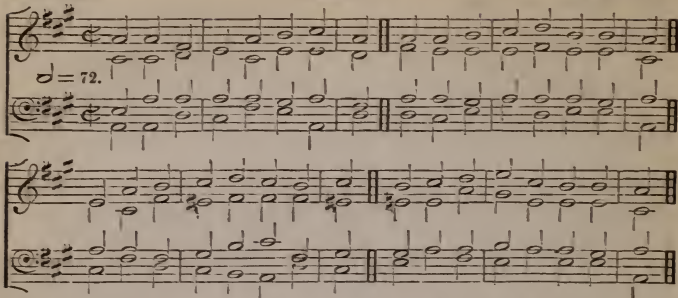
f O TRINITY of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest them defend;
To safety's harbour them attend;
ff And ever let there rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea!

BEFORE JEHOVAH'S AWFUL THRONE.

General.

Psalm 100.

No. 187.



p BEFORE JEHOVAH'S awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know ye the LORD is GOD alone,
He can create, and He destroy.

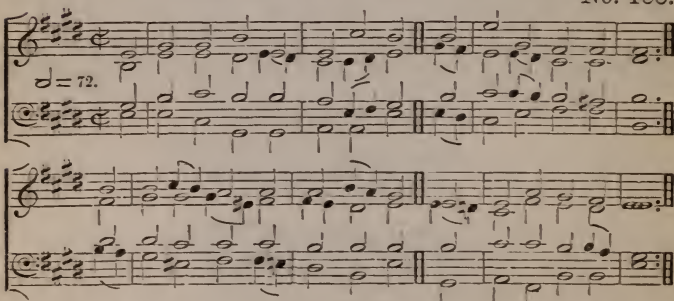
f We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
As high as heav'n our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

m His sovereign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

f Wide as the world is Thy command;
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME.

No. 188.



m JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?
When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
walls,
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?
There happier bow'r's than Eden bloom,
Nor sin, nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

Why should I shrink from pain and
woe,
Or feel at death di-may?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

Apostles, Martyrs, Prophets, there
Around my SAVIOUR stand:
And soon my friends in CHRIST below
Will join the glorious band.

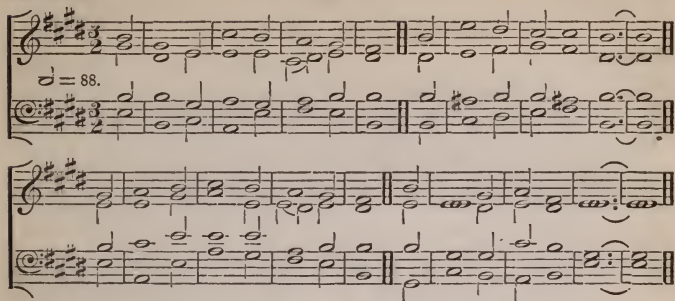
f Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee:
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

O GOD OF HOSTS, THE MIGHTY LORD.

General.

Psalm 84.

No. 189.



mf O GOD of Hosts, the mighty LORD,
How lovely is the place,
Where Thou, enthroned in glory, shew'st
The brightness of Thy face!

p My longing soul faints with desire
To view Thy blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For Thee, the living GOD.

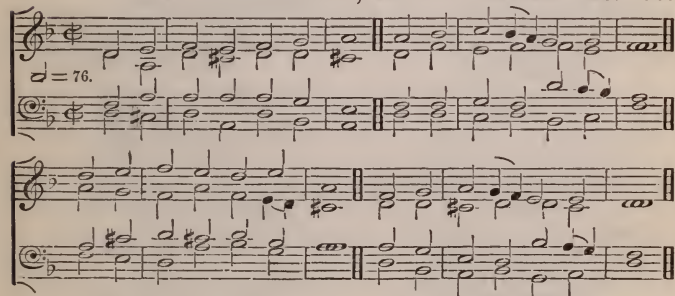
mf O LORD of Hosts, my KING and GOD,
How highly blest are they,
Who in Thy temple always dwell,
And there Thy praise display!

f For in Thy courts one single day
'Tis better to attend,
Than, LORD, in any place besides,
A thousand days to spend.

mf Much rather in God's house will I
The meanest office take,
Than in the wealthy tents of sin
My pompous dwelling make.

f For GOD, Who is our Sun and Shield,
Will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will He withhold
From them that justly live.

GRACIOUS SPIRIT, DOVE DIVINE. No. 190.



p GRACIOUS SPIRIT, Dove divine,
Let Thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me full of heaven and love.
Speak Thy pard'ning grace to me;
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the LAMB of GOD;
Wash me in His precious blood.
Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;

Breathe Thyself within my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

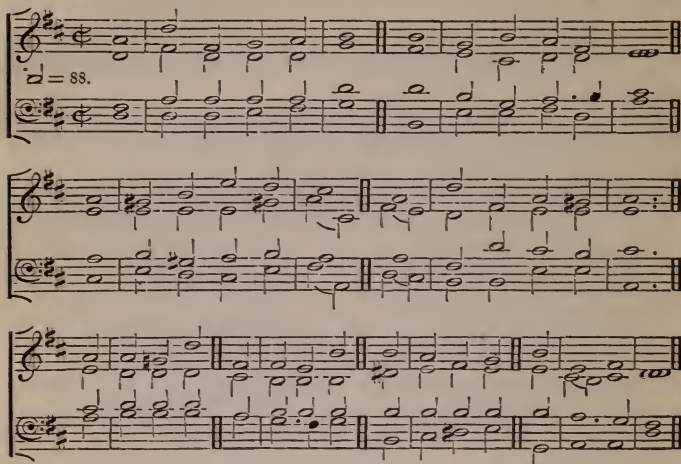
cres. Let me never from Thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, LORD, for ever Thine.

mf Guard me round on every side;
Save me from self-righteous pride;
Me with JESU'S mind inspire;
Melt me with celestial fire.

JERUSALEM ON HIGH.

General.

No. 191.

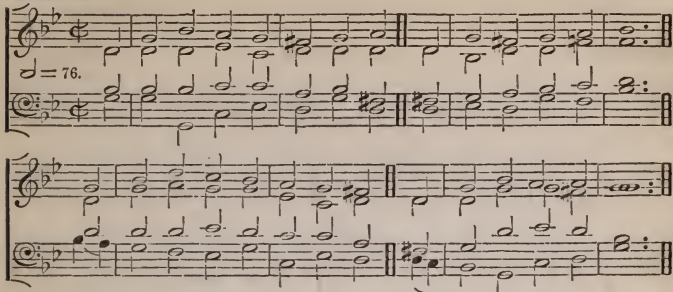


- | | |
|--|--|
| <p><i>f</i> JERUSALEM on high
 My song and City is,
 My home whene'er I die,
 The centre of my bliss:
 <i>p cres.</i> O happy place!
 When shall I be,
 My God, with Thee,
 To see Thy face?</p> <p><i>mf</i> Thy walls, sweet City, thine,
 With pearls are garnishèd;
 Thy gates with praises shine,
 Thy streets with gold are spread;
 O happy place! &c.</p> <p><i>p</i> No sun by day shines there,
 Nor moon by silent night;
 Oh no! these needless are:
 The LAMB's the City's light.
 O happy place! &c.</p> <p><i>f</i> There dwells my LORD, my KING,
 Judged here unfit to live;
 There angels to Him sing,
 And lowly homage give.
 O happy place! &c.</p> | <p><i>f</i> The Patriarchs of old
 There from their travels cease:
 The Prophets there behold
 Their longed-for Prince of Peace.
 O happy place! &c.</p> <p><i>mf</i> The LAMB's Apostles there
 I might with joy behold;
 The harpers I might hear
 Harping on harps of gold.
 O happy place! &c.</p> <p><i>p</i> The bleeding Martyrs, they
 Within those courts are found,
 Clothed in pure array,
 Their scars with glory crowned.
 O happy place! &c.</p> <p><i>p</i> Ah me! ah me! that I
 In Kedar's tents here stay!
 No place like this on high!
 LORD! thither guide my way!
 O happy place!
 When shall I be,
 My God, with Thee,
 To see Thy face?</p> |
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AFFLICTION IS A STORMY DEEP.

General.

No. 192.



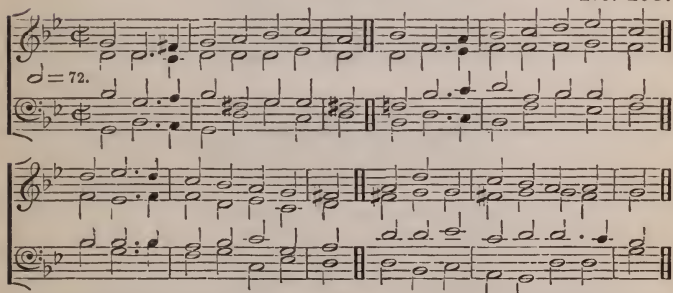
mf AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave re-sounds to wave;
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the LORD can save.
Perhaps, before the morning dawns,
He'll reinstate my peace;
For He, Who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid the tempest cease.

p In gloomy watches of the night
I'll count His mercies o'er;
cres. I'll praise Him for ten thousand past,
And humbly sue for more.
mf Then, O my soul, why thus depressed,
And whence this anxious fear?
Let former favours fix thy trust,
And check the rising tear.

I here will rest, and build my hopes,
Nor murmur at His rod;
f He's more than all the world to me,
My health, my life, my Gov.

AMID THE VARIOUS SCENES OF ILLS.

No. 193.



mf AMID the various scenes of ills,
Each stroke some heavenly aim fulfils:
And canst thou murmur at thy God,
Whose sovereign love directs the rod?
p If Heaven afflicts, wilt thou repine?
cres. Each heartfelt comfort may be thine;
Comforts that shall o'er death prevail,
And journey with thee thro' the vale.
mf Tho' tempests drive thee from the shore,
And floods descend, and billows roar:

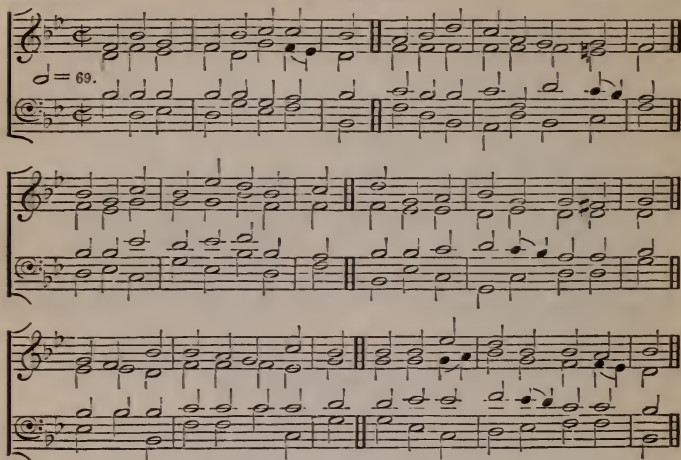
Tho' death appear in threat'ning form,
f With Him thou canst defy the storm.
p He near thee, in the darkest shade,
Thou nevermore shalt be afraid:
cres. For where thy loving LORD is found,
A Paradise is blooming round.
mf O SAVIOUR, smooth our rugged way,
And lead us to the realms of day,
To softer skies, and brighter plains,
cres. Where everlasting sunshine reigns.

THE LORD MY PASTURE SHALL PREPARE.

General.

From Psalm 23.

No. 194.



mf THE LORD my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
cres. My noon-day walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

p When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
cres. To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wand'ring steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

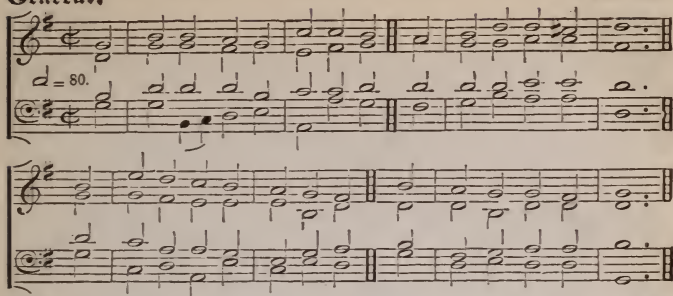
p Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
cres. My steadfast heart shall fear no ill.
For Thou, O LORD, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

mf Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
cres. With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

WHEN ALL THY MERCIES, O MY GOD.

General.

No. 195.



mf WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Thy Providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

p When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
cres. With health renewed my face;
And, when in sins and sorrow sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

f Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least, a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

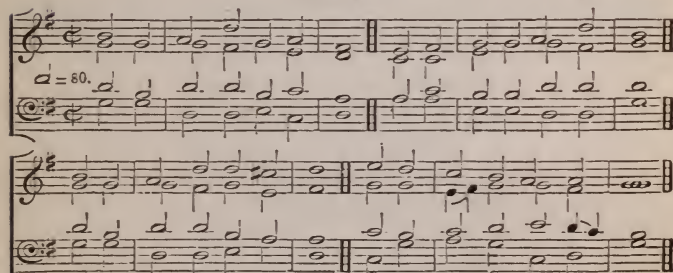
mf Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

f Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But O! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

LET US WITH A GLADSOME MIND.

Psalm 136.

No. 196.



mf LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the LORD, for He is kind;
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

mf Let us blaze His Name abroad,
For of gods He is the God:
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

mf He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made earth with light:
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

p His Own people He did bless,
In the wasteful wilderness:
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

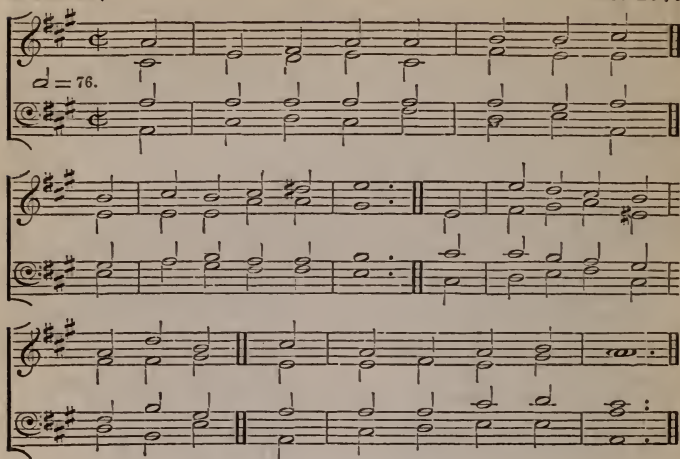
mf All things living He doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need:
f For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

p He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery:
ff For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

HOW BRIGHT THESE GLORIOUS SPIRITS SHINE.

General.

No. 197.



mf How bright these glorious spirits shine!
 Whence all their bright array?
 How came they to the blissful seats
 Of everlasting day?

f Lo! these are they from sufferings great,
 Who came to realms of light,
 And in the blood of CHRIST have washed
 Those robes, which shine so bright.

With palms triumphal now they stand
 Before the throne on high,
 And serve the God they love, amidst
 The glories of the sky.

His presence fills each heart with joy,
 Tunes every mouth to sing!
 By day, by night, the sacred courts
 With glad hosannas ring.

mf Thirst, hunger, now are felt no more,
 Nor suns with scorching ray;
 God shines their Sun, whose cheering beams
 Diffuse eternal day.

The LAMB, Which dwells amidst the throne,
 Shall o'er them still preside,
 Impart His nourishment divine,
 And all their footsteps guide.

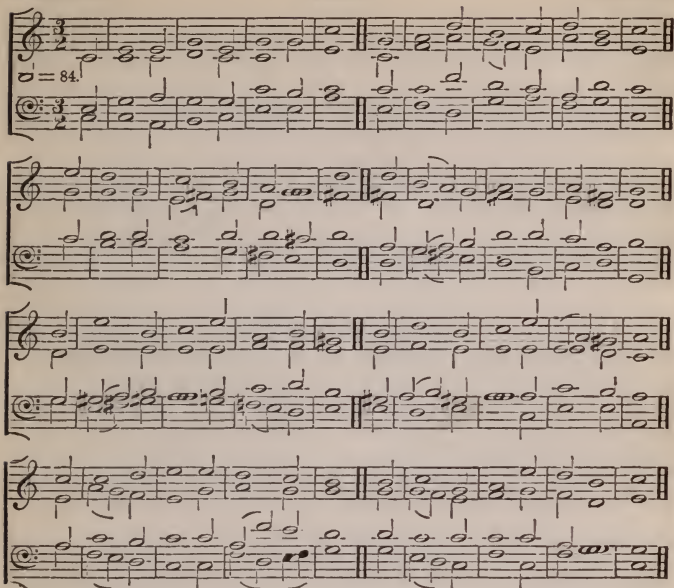
p 'Mong pastures green He'll lead His flock,
 Where living streams appear;
cres. And God the LORD from every eye
 Shall wipe off every tear.

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH.

General.

Psalm 19.

No. 198.



mf THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heav'n's, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his CREATOR'S pow'r display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty hand.

p Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the list'ning earth
 Repeats the story of her birth;
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets, in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

pp What, though in solemn silence all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
 What, though no real voice or sound
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found;

cres. In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 For ever singing as they shine:

f "The hand that made us is Divine."

LORD, SEE HOW SWELLING CROWDS ARISE.

General,

Psalm 3.

No. 199.

mf LORD, see how swelling crowds arise,
 To wreck me thick arrayed!
 Hear how the throng insulting cries:
 "His God denies him aid!"
f But, LORD, my castle Thou wilt stand,
 A shield before me spread;
 My worship, Thou hast lent Thine hand,
 To raise my drooping head.

mf My voice hath sought the LORD above:
 He heard me in the still,
 And sent an answer, winged with love,
 From yonder holy hill.

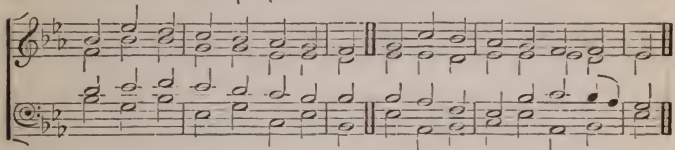
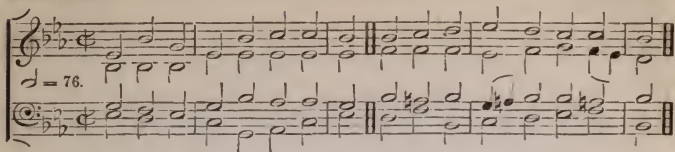
p I laid me down, and took my rest;
 I raised me up again:
 Thou wert a pillow for my breast,
 A cordial for my pain.

f I will not fear ten thousand foes,
 That marshal haughty bands,
 And ring me round in angered rows,
 To whelm me 'neath their hands.
 Up, LORD! my God, reveal Thy face,
 And smite the foemen down:
 Thine is the safety, and Thy Grace
 Thy people's brightest crown.

WHERE HIGH THE HEAVENLY TEMPLE STANDS.

General.

No. 200.



f WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Guardian of mankind appears.

He, Who for men in mercy stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heaven His plan of Grace,
And lives to aid the human race.

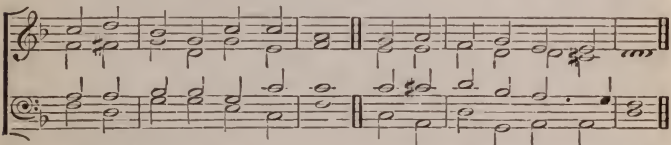
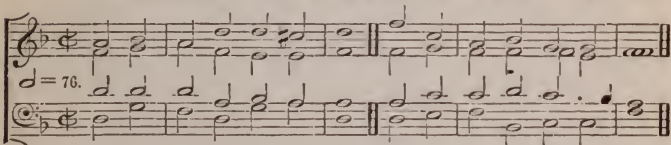
mf Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

p A Suff'rer once, He yet retains
A tender pity for our pains;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, and agonies, and cries.

In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathises with our grief,
And sends the sufferer sweet relief.

f With boldness, therefore, at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aids of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.

SHADOW OF A MIGHTY ROCK. No. 201.



p SHADOW of a mighty rock,
Stretching o'er a weary land,
cres. Hide me from the tempest's shock,
Let me in Thy shelter stand!

mf When Thy Presence, O my God,
Brighter is than eye can see,
Shadow on the heavenward road,
Let me find my shade in Thee.

When life's passions o'er me break,
Like a storm against the wall,
p Let me find, for mercy's sake,
Shelter where Thy shadows fall.

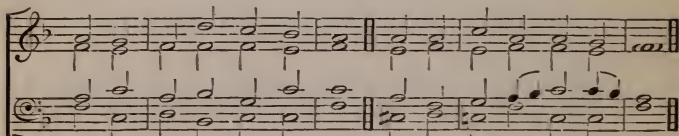
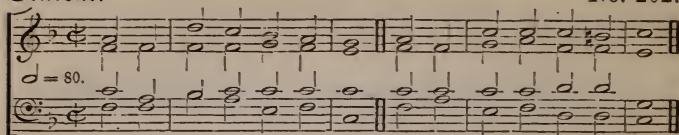
mf Out of Thee are shades of death,
Weary ways, and hours unblest;
Shadow of the Rock, beneath
Thee alone are joy and rest.

f Till the race of life be run,
Till my soul in rest be laid,
God of gods, Thou art my Sun;
Saviour of God, be Thou my Shade!

MUCH IN SORROW, OFT IN WOE.

General.

No. 202.



mf MUCH in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go!
Fight the fight, and, worn with strife,
Steep with tears the Bread of Life.

f Onward, Christians, onward go!
Join the war, and face the foe;
Faint not, much doth yet remain:
Dreary is the long campaign.

mf Shrink not, Christians! will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your CAPTAIN'S power?

Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Vict'ry soon shall tune your song.

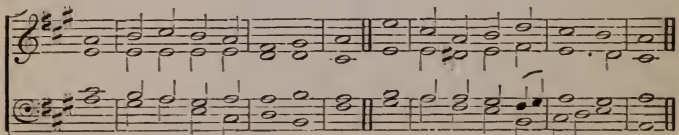
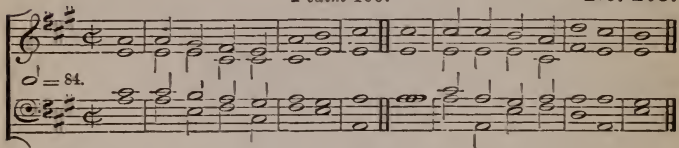
Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not woe your course impede;
Great your strength, if great your need.

f Onward then to battle move!
More than conqu'rors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

ALL PEOPLE THAT ON EARTH DO DWELL.

Psalm 100.

No. 203.



f ALL people, that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the LORD with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear. His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.

p Know that the LORD is GOD indeed:
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

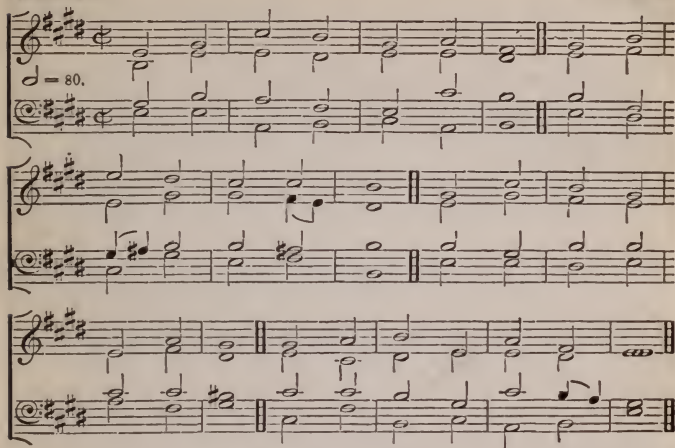
f Oh! enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

f For why? the LORD our GOD is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

PALMS OF GLORY, RAIMENT BRIGHT.

General.

No. 204.



f PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light,
Priests, and kings, and conqu'rors they.

Yet the conqu'rors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne,
And proclaim in joyful psalms
Vict'ry through His Cross alone.

Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
"Take the kingdom, it is Thine,
KING of kings, and LORD of lords!"

Round the Altar priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas the SAVIOUR'S righteousness,
And His blood that made them so.

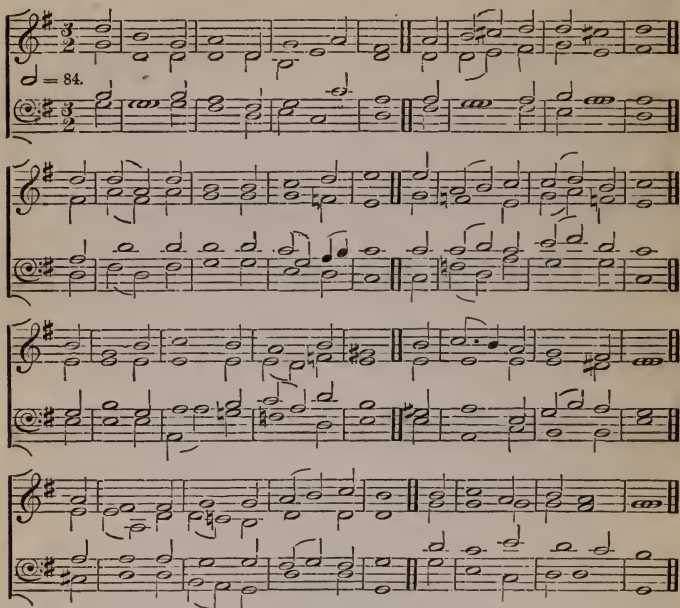
mf Who are these? on earth they dwelt;
Sinners once, of Adam's race;
Guilt, and fear, and suff'ring felt;
But were saved by sovereign grace.

p They were mortal, too, like us:
Ah! when we, like them, must die,
cres. May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high!

THE SON OF GOD GOES FORTH TO WAR.

General.

No. 205.



mf THE SON of GOD goes forth to war,
 A Kingly crown to gain;
 His blood-red banner streams afar:
 Who follows in His train?
p Who best can drink His cup of woe,
 Triumphant over pain,
 Who patient bears His Cross below,
cres. He follows in His train.

f A glorious band, the chosen few,
 On whom the SPIRIT came;
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
 And mocked the cross and flame.
 They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
 The lion's gory mane;
 They bowed their necks the death to feel;
 Who follows in their train?

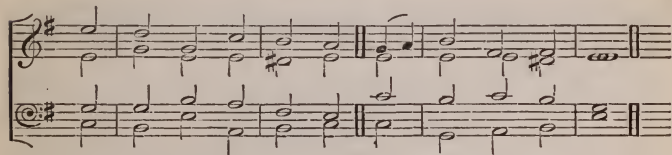
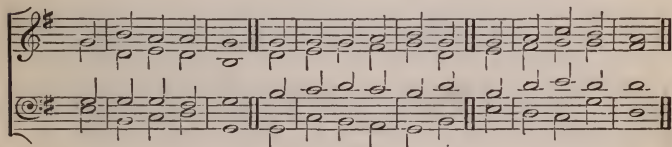
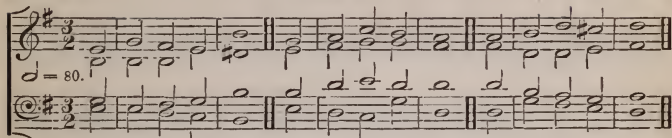
A noble army, men and boys,
 The matron and the maid,
 Around the SAVIOUR'S throne rejoice,
 In robes of light arrayed.
 They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
 Through peril, toil, and pain:
p O GOD! to us may grace be given,
 To follow in their train!

O WORSHIP THE KING.

General.

Psalm 104.

No. 206.



f O WORSHIP the KING,
All glorious above:
O gratefully sing
His pow'r and His love;
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor,
And girded with praise.

O tell of His might,
O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath
Deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.

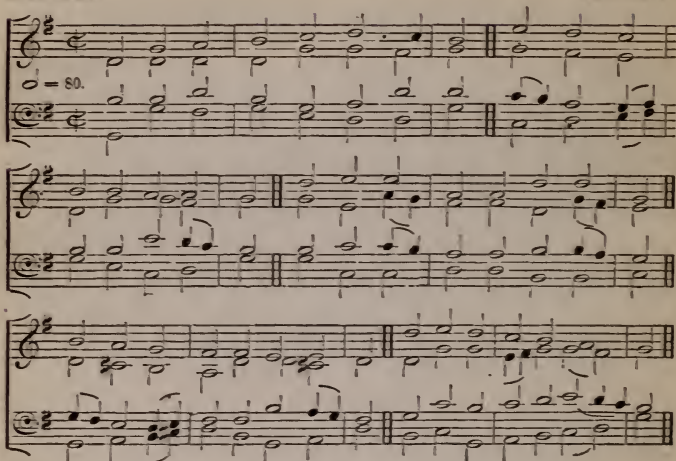
p Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail:
Thy mercies how tender:
How firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender,
REDEEMER and Friend!

f O measureless Might!
Ineffable Love!
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall lisp to Thy praise.

HOSANNA TO THE LIVING LORD.

General.

No. 207.



f HOSANNA to the living LORD!
 Hosanna to th' incarnate Word!
 To CHRIST, Creator, SAVIOUR, King,
 Let earth, let Heaven, Hosanna sing,
f Hosanna in the highest!

f "Hosanna," LORD, Thine angels cry;
 "Hosanna," LORD, Thy saints reply;
 Above, beneath us, and around,
 The dead and living swell the sound.
f Hosanna in the highest!

p O SAVIOUR, with protecting care
 Return to this Thy house of prayer,
 Assembled in Thy sacred Name,
 Where we Thy parting promise claim.
f Hosanna in the highest!

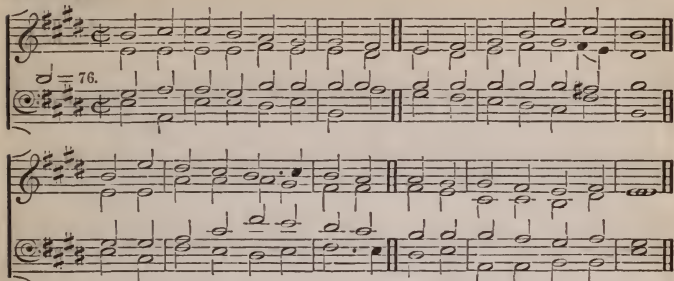
p But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,
 Eternal, bid Thy SPIRIT rest;
 And make our secret soul to be
 A Temple pure, and worthy Thee.
f Hosanna in the highest!

pp So, in the last and dreadful day,
 When earth and Heaven shall melt away,
cres. Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
 Shall swell the sound of praise again.
f Hosanna in the highest!

HAPPY SOUL, THY DAYS ARE ENDED.

General.

No. 208.



mf HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of JESUS go!

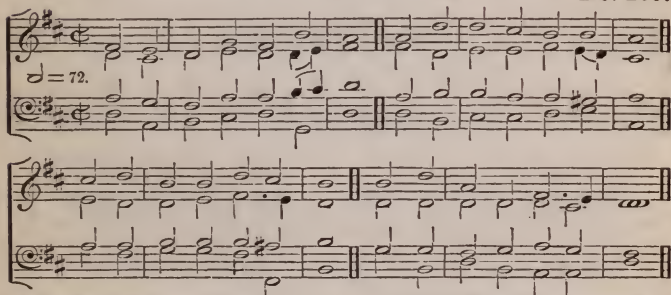
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the SAVIOUR stands above;
Claims the purchase of His merit,
Reaches forth the crown of love.

p Struggle through thy latest passion
To thy dear REDEEMER's breast,
cres. To His uttermost salvation,
To His everlasting rest!

f For the joy He sets before thee
Bear a momentary pain;
Die! to live the life of glory!
Suffer! with thy LORD to reign!

THINE FOR EVER! GOD OF LOVE.

No. 209.



mf THINE for ever! GOD of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here, and in eternity!
Thine for ever! LORD of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

f Thine for ever! Oh, how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!

SAVIOUR, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

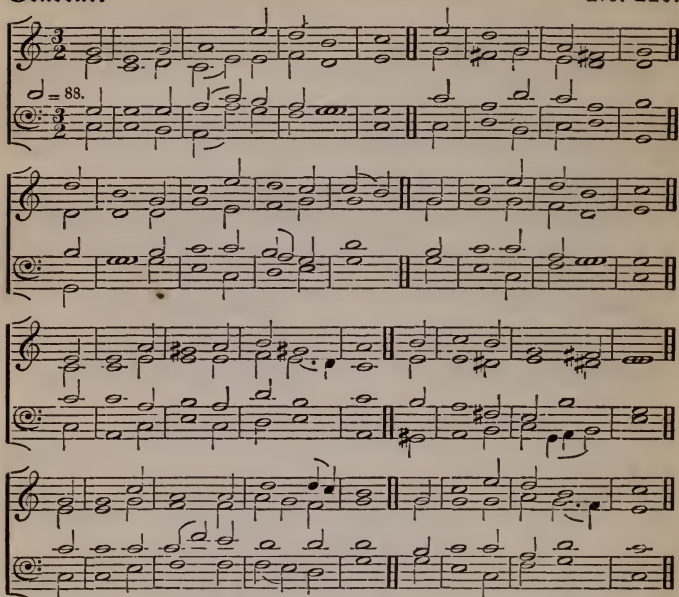
p Thine for ever! SAVIOUR, keep
These, Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

f Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, LORD, from earth to heaven.

I SING TH' ALMIGHTY POWER OF GOD.

General.

No. 210.



f I sing th' Almighty pow'r of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
mf I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
cres. The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

f I sing the goodness of the LORD,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with His
word,
And then pronounced them good.
p LORD, how Thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn my eye!
cres. If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky,

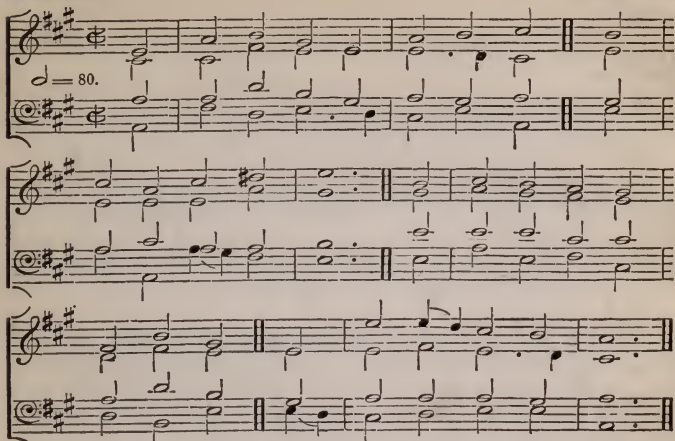
mf There's not a plant or flow'r below,
But makes Thy glories known;
And clouds arise and tempests blow,
By order from Thy throne.
p Thy creatures, num'rous as they be,
Are subject to Thy care;
cres. There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

f In heaven He shines with beams of
love,
With wrath in hell beneath;
'Tis on His earth I stand or move,
And 'tis His air I breathe.
mf His hand is my perpetual guard;
He keeps me with His eye:
f Why should I then forget the LORD,
Who is for ever nigh?

ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESU'S NAME!

General.

No. 211.



f ALL hail the pow'r of JESU's Name!
 Let angels prostrate fall!
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 To crown Him LORD of all!

mf Let high-born Seraphs tune the lyre,
 And, as they tune it, fall
 Before His face, Who tunes their choir,
f And crown Him LORD of all!

f Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
 Who fixed this floating ball!
 Now, hail the strength of Israel's might,
f And crown Him LORD of all!

mf Crown Him, ye Martyrs of your God,
 Who from His altar call!
 Extol the stem of Jesse's Rod,
 And crown Him LORD of all!

mf Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
 Ye ransomed of the fall,
 Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,
f And crown Him LORD of all!

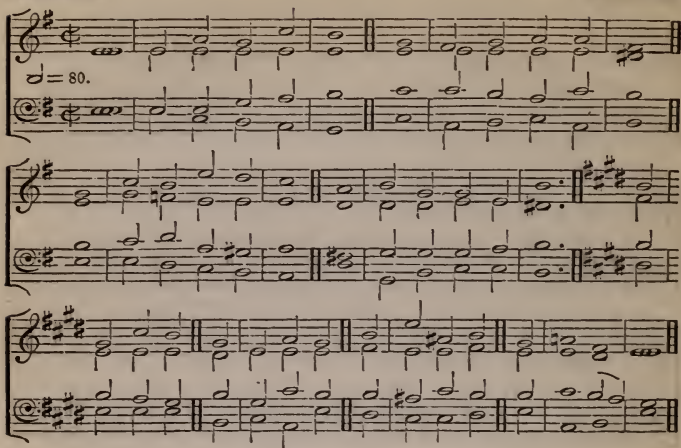
mf Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
 Whom David LORD did call;
 The God incarnate, Man divine;
f And crown Him LORD of all!

f Let every tribe and every tongue
 That bound creation's call,
 Now shout in universal song,
f The crownèd LORD of all!

MY LIFE'S A SHADE, MY DAYS.

General.

No. 212.



p My life's a shade, my days
Apace to death decline;

cres. My LORD is life, He'll raise
My dust again, e'en mine!

p cres. Sweet truth to me!
f I shall arise,
And with these eyes
My SAVIOUR see.

p My peaceful grave shall keep
My bones till that sweet day,
I wake from my long sleep,
And leave my bed of clay.
Sweet truth, &c.

mf My LORD His angels shall
Their golden trumpets sound,
At whose most welcome call
My grave shall be unbound.
Sweet truth, &c.

p I said sometimes with tears,
Ah me! I'm loth to die!
LORD, silence Thou these fears:
My life's with Thee on high.
Sweet truth, &c.

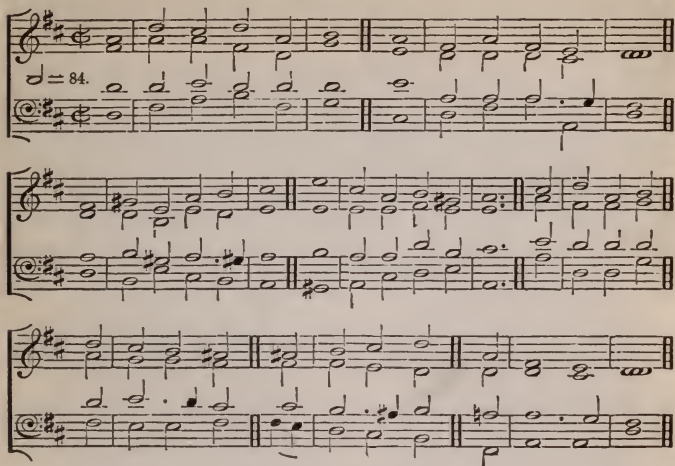
mf What means my trembling heart,
To be thus shy of death;
My life and I ne'er part,
Though I resign my breath.
Sweet truth, &c.

YE BOUNDLESS REALMS OF JOY.

General.

Psalm 148.

No. 213.



f YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame,
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame;
Your voices raise,
Ye cherubim
And seraphim,
To sing His praise.

p Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day,
Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
To Him your homage pay;

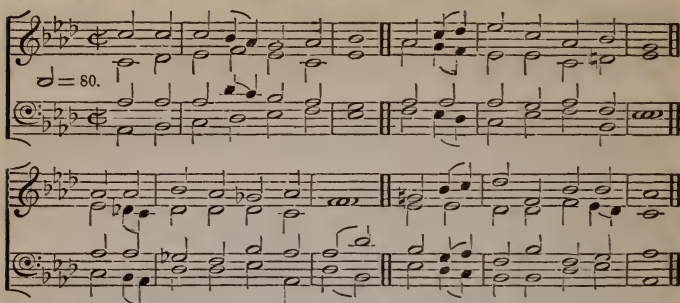
f His praise declare,
Ye heavens above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

mf United zeal be shewn
His wondrous fame to raise,
Whose glorious Name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
Earth's utmost ends
His power obey;
His glorious sway
The sky transcends.

p His chosen saints to grace,
He sets them up on high,
And favours Israel's race,
Who still to Him are nigh.

f O therefore raise
Your grateful voice,
And still rejoice
The LORD to praise.

General. DEATHLESS PRINCIPLE, ARISE! No. 214.



mf DEATHLESS principle, arise!
Soar, thou native of the skies!
Pearl of price, by JESUS bought.
To His glorious likeness wrought!

f Lo, He beckons from on high!
Fearless to His Presence fly!
Thine the merit of His Blood;
Thine the righteousness of God.

mf Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering round thy pillow, bend;
Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to Heaven.

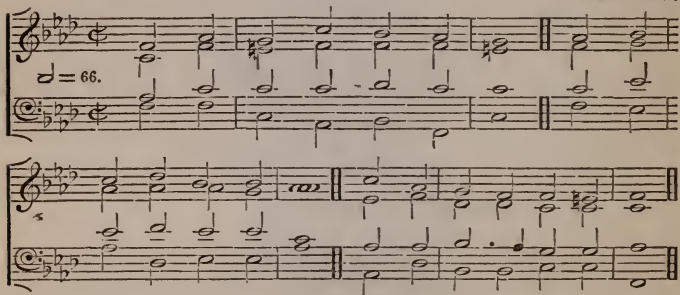
p Is thy earthly house distrest,
Willing to retain her guest?
cres. 'Tis not thou, but she, must die:
Fly, celestial tenant, fly!

f Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away;
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fired with love.

p Saints, in glory perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade:
cres. Swiftly to their wish be given:
f Kindle higher joy in Heaven!

LORD, IN THIS THY MERCY'S DAY.

No. 215.



p LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
cres. Ere it pass for aye away,
dim. On our knees we fall and pray.

Holy JESU, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that awful doom appears.

mf LORD, on us Thy SPIRIT pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
dim. Ere it close for evermore.

p By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

mf Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace,
cres. Ere we shall behold Thy face.

O PRAISE YE THE LORD.

General.

Psalm 149.

No. 216.

f O PRAISE ye the LORD,
Prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great
Assembly to sing;
In our great Creator
Let Israel rejoice,
And children of Zion
Be glad in their King.

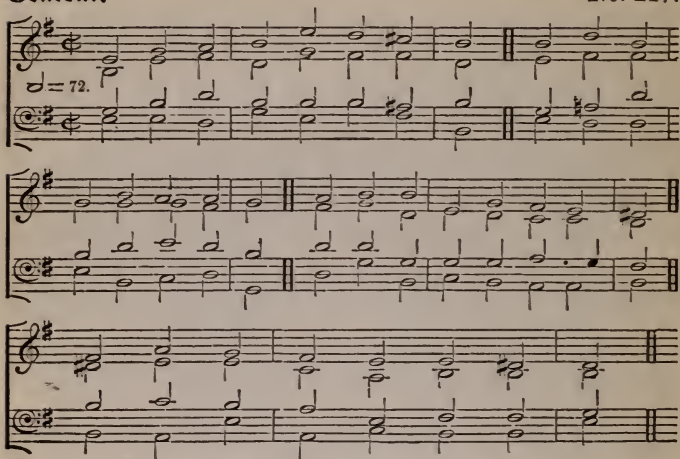
Let them His great Name
Extol in the dance;
With timbrel and harp
His praises express;
Who always takes pleasure
His saints to advance,
And with His salvation
The humble to bless.

ff By angels in heaven
Of every degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be address
To God in Three Persons,
One God ever blest;
As it has been, now is,
And always shall be.

WHEN AT THY FOOTSTOOL, LORD, I BEND.

General.

No. 217.



p WHEN at Thy footstool, LORD, I bend,
And plead with Thee for mercy there,
Think of the sinner's dying Friend,
And for His sake receive my prayer.

O think not of my shame and guilt,
My thousand stains of deepest dye;
Think of the blood which JESUS spilt,
And let that blood my pardon buy.

Think, LORD, how I am still Thy Own,
The trembling creature of Thy hand;
Think how my heart to sin is prone,
And what temptations round me stand.

mf O think upon Thy holy Word,
And every plighted promise there;
How prayer should evermore be heard,
And how Thy glory is, to spare.

p O think not of my doubts and fears,
My strivings with Thy grace divine;
But think on JESUS's woes and tears,
And let His merits stand for mine.

mf Thine eye, Thine ear, they are not dull;
Thine arm can never shortened be;
Behold me here, my heart is full;
Behold and spare, and succour me!

ERE GOD HAD BUILT THE MOUNTAINS.

General,

No. 218.

The musical score is written for a four-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked '♩ = 84'. The score consists of four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The music features a variety of note values including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests and repeat signs. The piano part provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

f ERE GOD had built the mountains,
Or raised the fruitful hills,
Before He filled the fountains,
That feed the running rills,
Brought forth from everlasting,
I, Wisdom, dwelt with Him,
In joyance never wasting,
And brightness never dim.

When like an archèd dwelling,
He spread the skies abroad,
And swathed about the swelling
Of ocean's mighty flood;
He wrought by weight and measure;
And I was with Him then:
Myself the FATHER's pleasure,
And Mine the sons of men.

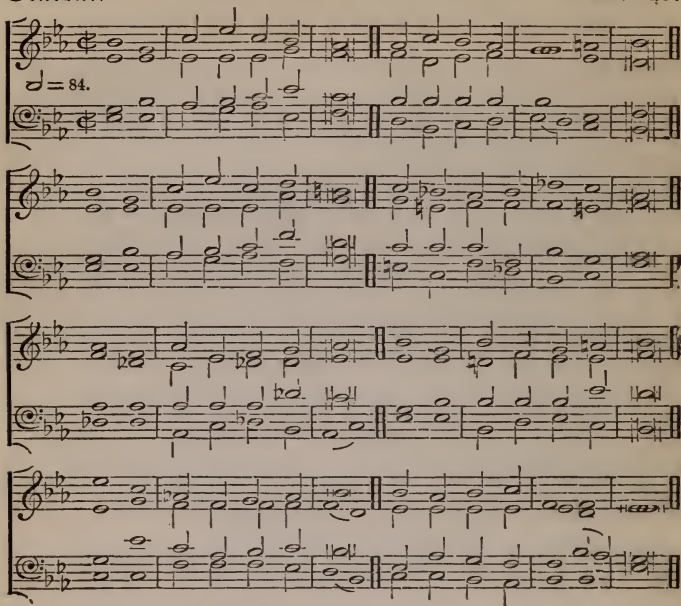
p Thus Wisdom's words discover
Thy glory and Thy grace,
Thou everlasting Lover
Of our unworthy race!
Thy gracious eye surveyed us,
Ere stars were hung above;
In wisdom Thou hast made us,
And died for us in love.

cres. And canst Thou be delighted
With creatures such as we,
Who, when we saw Thee, slighted,
And nailed Thee to a tree?
f Unfathomable Wonder,
And Mystery divine!
The voice, that speaks in thunder,
Says, "Sinner, I am thine!"

JESU, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

General.

No. 219.



p JESU, Lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
cres. While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high!
p Hide me, O my SAVIOUR, hide,
cres. Till the storm of life is past,
f Safe into the haven guide;
dim. O receive my soul at last!

mf Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
dim. Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me!
f All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring:
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing!

mf Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Make, and keep me pure within!
cres. Thou of Life the Fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee;
f Spring Thou up within my heart!
 Rise to all eternity!

O KING OF EARTH, AND AIR, AND SEA.

General.

No. 220.

The musical score is written for a four-part vocal or instrumental ensemble. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a tempo marking of '♩ = 76.' The key signature is one sharp (F#). The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and bar lines, indicating a hymn-like structure.

mf O KING of earth, and air, and sea!
The hungry ravens cry to Thee:
To Thee the scaly tribes, that sweep
The bosom of the boundless deep;

To Thee the lions roaring call,
The common FATHER, good to all!
Then grant Thy servants, LORD, we pray,
Our daily bread from day to day.

The fishes may for food complain;
The ravens spread their wings in vain;
The roaring lions lack and pine;
But, God, Thou carest still for Thine!

Thy bounteous hand with food can bless
The bleak and lonely wilderness:
And Thou hast taught us, LORD, to pray
For daily bread from day to day.

p And oh! when through the wilds we roam,
That part us from our heavenly home;
When lost in danger, want, and woe,
Our faithless tears begin to flow,

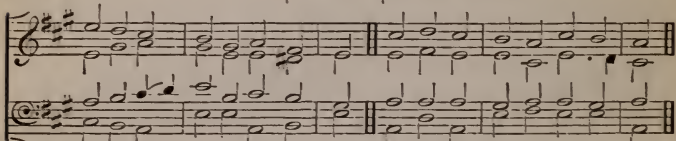
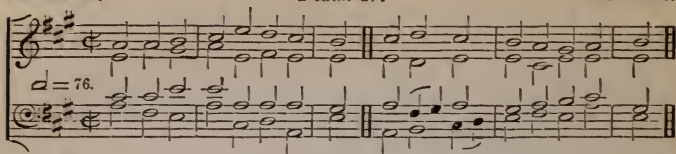
cres. Do Thou Thy gracious comfort give,
By which alone the soul may live;
And grant Thy servants, LORD, we pray,
The bread of life from day to day.

O ALL YE PEOPLE, CLAP YOUR HANDS.

General.

Psalm 47.

No. 221.



f O ALL ye people, clap your hands,
And sing aloud with lusty voice;
God reigns on high above the lands;
Then tremble, while ye still rejoice.

mf Our bitter foemen He shall bruise.
And lay them low beneath our feet;
A heritage for us shall choose;
Great Jacob's shrine, His favoured seat.

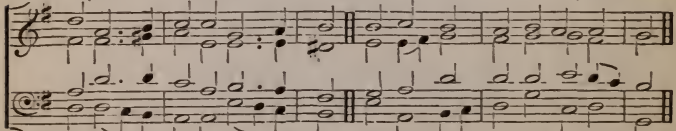
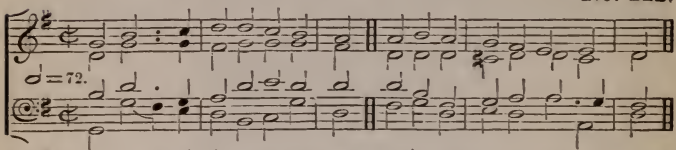
f GOD is gone up with merry sound;
The trumpet leads with stately ring;
Sing praises, praises shout around;
Sing praises to the heavenly King!

mf GOD reigns supreme, the LORD of all;
With fervent heart repeat the cry!
Before His ark the heathen fall.
The throne of Majesty on high.

f The princes haste to Zion's rock,
The princes of our honoured race;
cres. Above His universal flock
God spreads the buckler of His grace.

MY GOD, WHEN I FROM SLEEP AWAKE.

No. 222.



mf My GOD, when I from sleep awake,
The sole possession of me take;
From midnight terrors me secure,
And guard my heart from thoughts impure!

O may I always ready stand,
With my lamp burning in my hand;
cres. May I in sight of Heav'n rejoice,
When'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice!

p Blest JESU, Thou, on Heav'n intent,
Whole nights hast in devotion spent;
But I, frail creature, soon am tired,
And all my zeal is soon expired.

mf Shine on me, LORD! new life impart!
Fresh ardours kindle in my heart!
One ray of Thy all-quick'ning light
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

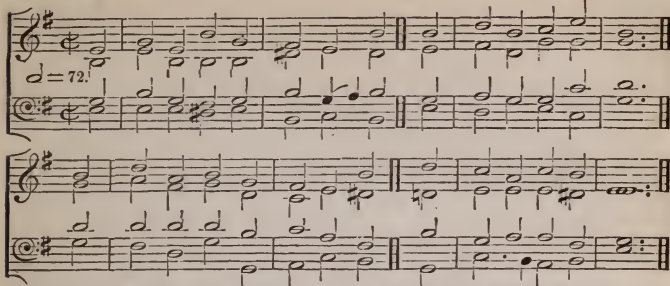
p LORD, lest the Tempter me surprise,
Watch over Thine Own sacrifice!
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,
And make my very dreams devout!

f Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST!

LORD, AS TO THY DEAR CROSS WE FLEE.

General.

No. 223.



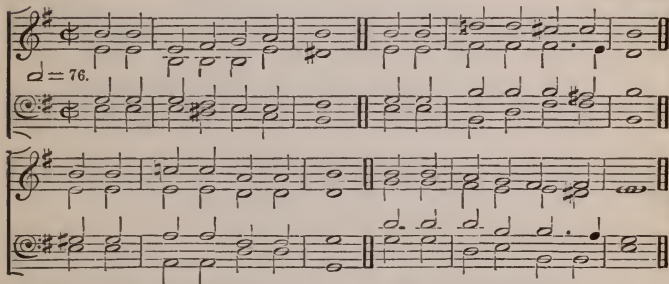
p LORD, as to Thy dear Cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.
Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear,
Like Thee, to do our FATHER's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

mf Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.
If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
FATHER, Thy will be done.

p Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
cres. O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven.

HARK, MY SOUL! IT IS THE LORD.

No. 224.



mf HARK, my soul! it is the LORD,
'Tis thy SAVIOUR, hear His word:
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
p "Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"
"I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound,
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.
Can a woman's tender care
Cease to guard the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be;
Yet will I remember thee.

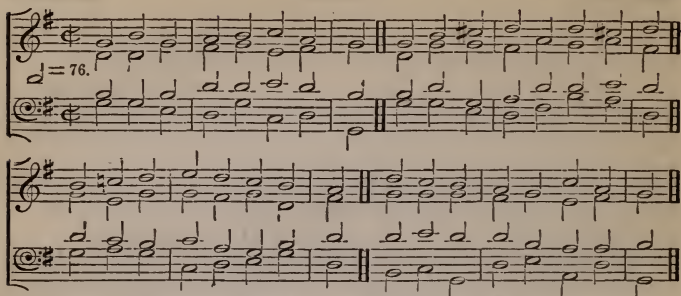
mf Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath.
Free and faithful, strong as death.
Thou shalt see My glory soon,
f When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be;
p Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"
mf LORD, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
cres. Yet I love Thee and adore!
Oh! for grace to love Thee more!

NO CHANGE OF TIMES SHALL EVER SHOCK.

General.

Psalm 18.

No. 225.



f No change of times shall ever shock
My firm affection, LORD, to Thee,
For Thou hast always been my rock,
A fortress and defence to me.

Thou my Deliv'rer art, my God,
My trust is in Thy mighty power;
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tower.

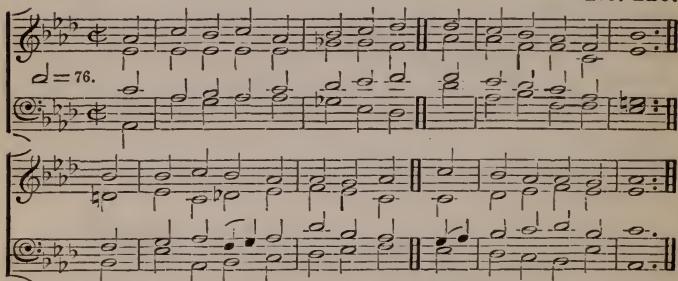
To heaven I made my mournful prayer,
To God addressed my humble moan,
cres. Who graciously inclined His ear,
f And heard me from His lofty throne.

mf To Thee I will address my prayer,
To Whom all praise we justly owe;
So shall I, by Thy watchful care,
Be guarded from my treach'rous foe.

p By floods of wicked men distressed,
With seas of sorrow compassed round;
With dire infernal pangs oppressed,
In death's unwieldy fetters bound;

GOD MOVES IN A MYSTERIOUS WAY.

No. 226.



mf God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill.
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

f Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

mf Judge not the LORD by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

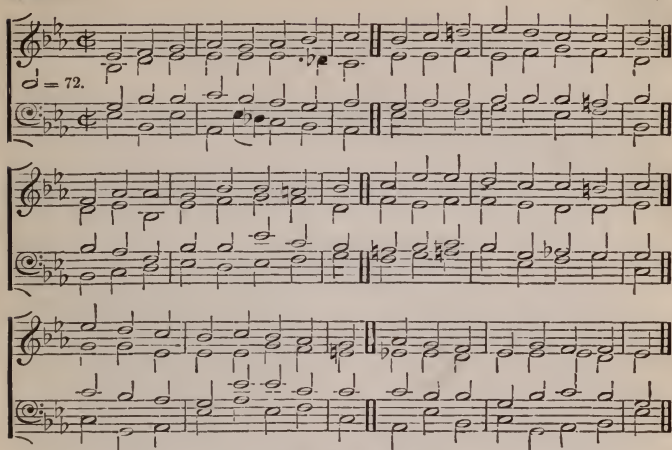
His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

f Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His Own Interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

WHEN GATHERING CLOUDS AROUND I VIEW.

General.

No. 227.



p When gath'ring clouds around I view,
And days are dark and friends are few,
cres. On Him I lean, Who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain:
f He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

mf If ought should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way;
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do;
f Still He, Who felt temptation's pow'r,
Shall guard me in that dang'rous hour.

p If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well;
cres. He shall His pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe;
dim. At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared His daily bread.

p If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies;
cres. Still He, Who once vouchsafed to bear
An anguish bord'ring on despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

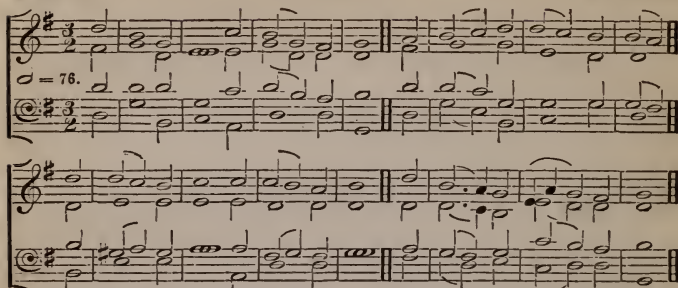
p And O! when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last;
cres. Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for Thou hast died!
mf Then point to realms of cloudless day,
p And wipe the latest tear away!

AS PANTS THE HART FOR COOLING STREAMS.

General.

Psalm 42.

No. 228.



p As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase;
cres. So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

mf For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh, when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

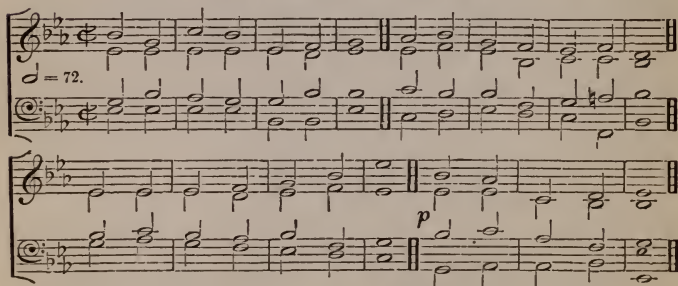
p Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
cres. Trust God, Who will employ
His aid for thee, and change thy sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

p My heart is pierced, as with a sword,
Whilst thus my foes upbraid;
Vain boaster! where is now Thy God?
And where His promised aid?

mf God of my strength, how long shall I,
Like one forgotten, mourn?
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To my oppressors' scorn?

p Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
cres. Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him, who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal Spring.

LORD OF MERCY AND OF MIGHT! No. 229.



mf LORD of mercy and of might!
Of mankind the Life and Light!
cres. Maker, Teacher Infinite!

p JESUS! hear and save!

mf Who, when sin's tremendous doom
Gave creation to the tomb,
Didst not scorn the Virgin's womb,

p JESUS! hear and save!

mf Mighty Monarch! SAVIOUR mild!
dim. Humbled to a mortal Child,

Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
p JESUS! hear and save!

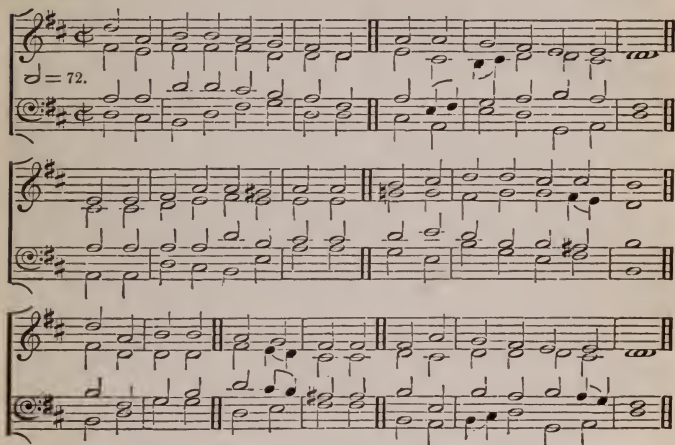
f Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on Angels' wings,
LORD of lords, and KING of kings,
p JESUS! hear and save!

f Who shalt yet return from high,
Robed in might and majesty,
Hear us! help us when we cry,
p JESUS! hear and save!

GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH.

General,

No. 230.



p GUIDE me, O Thou Great JEHOVAH,
 Pilgrim through this barren land;
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
 Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand:
cres. Bread of heaven!
 Feed me now and evermore.

mf Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through:
f Strong Deliv'rer!
 Be Thou still my strength and shield.

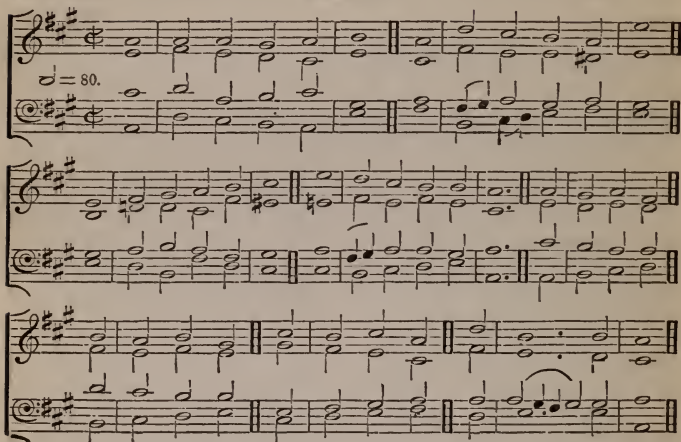
p When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
cres. Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:
f Songs of praises
 I will ever give to Thee.

LORD OF THE WORLDS ABOVE.

General.

Psalm 84.

No. 231.



mf LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thy earthly temples are!
p cres. To Thine abode
My heart aspires
With warm desires
f To see my God.

mf O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
p cres. They praise Thee still;
And happy they,
That love the way
f To Sion's hill.

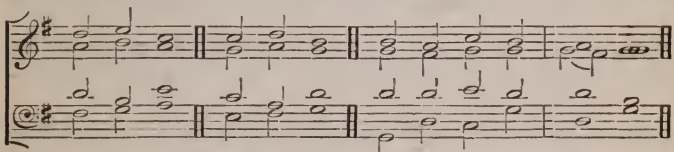
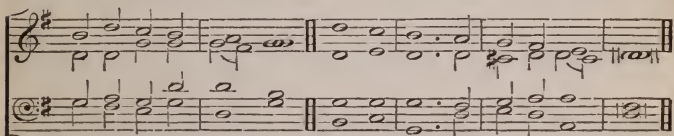
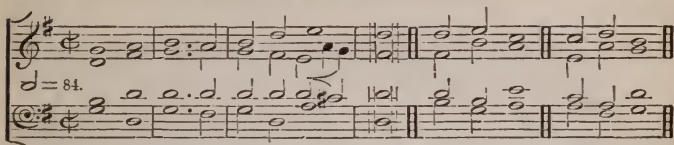
mf They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length;
Till each in heaven appears:
p cres. O glorious seat,
When God, our King,
Shall thither bring
f Our willing feet!

WHY, MY SOUL, THUS TREMBLING EVER?

General.

Warum sollt' ich mich denn grämen.

No. 232.



p WHY, my soul, thus trembling ever?

cres. Have no fear;
CHRIST is near;

f Nought from Him can sever.

Heav'n is thine, and CHRIST shall own thee:

p cres. Faithful be
Until He

Shall with triumph crown thee.

f Death cannot destroy for ever:

From our fears,
Cares and tears,
Soon shall it deliver.

Doors of grief and gloom it closes,

While the soul,
Free and whole,

With the saints reposes.

p Painful cross if He should send me,
Shall I faint

With complaint,
Lest the grief should end me?

cres. He hath borne the Cross before me:

Soon no pain
Shall remain,

Only peace be o'er me.

p LORD, my Shepherd, take me to Thee!

cres. I am Thine,

Thou art mine,

Even ere I knew Thee.

I am Thine, for Thou hast bought me:

p Lost I stood,

cres. But Thy blood

Free salvation brought me.

mf Hopeful, cheerful, and undaunted,
Everywhere

They appear,

Who in CHRIST are planted:

Death itself cannot appal them:

They rejoice

When the voice

Of their LORD doth call them.

f Thou art mine, and, for my guiding,

Be Thy bright

Shining light

In my heart abiding!

p SAVIOUR dear! let me, attaining

cres. To Thy side,

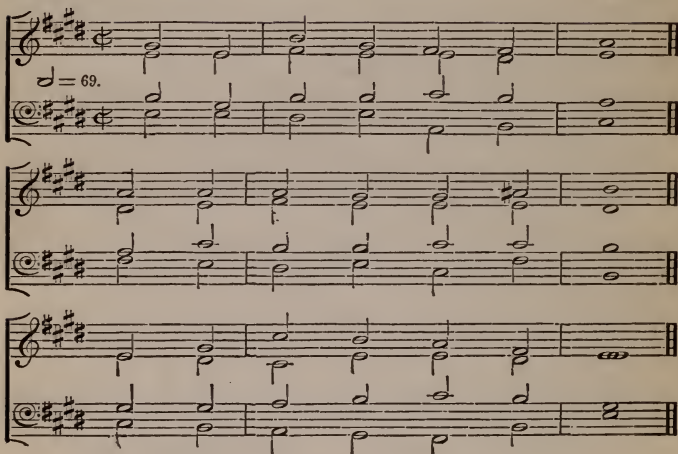
There abide,

ff With Thee ever reigning!

HEAL ME, O MY SAVIOUR, HEAL.

General.

No. 233.



p HEAL me, O my SAVIOUR, heal;
Heal me as I suppliant kneel;
cres. Heal me, and my pardon seal.

p Fresh the wounds that sin hath made;
Hear the prayers I oft have prayed,
And in mercy send me aid.

Thou the true Physician art;
Thou, O CHRIST, canst health impart,
Binding up the bleeding heart.

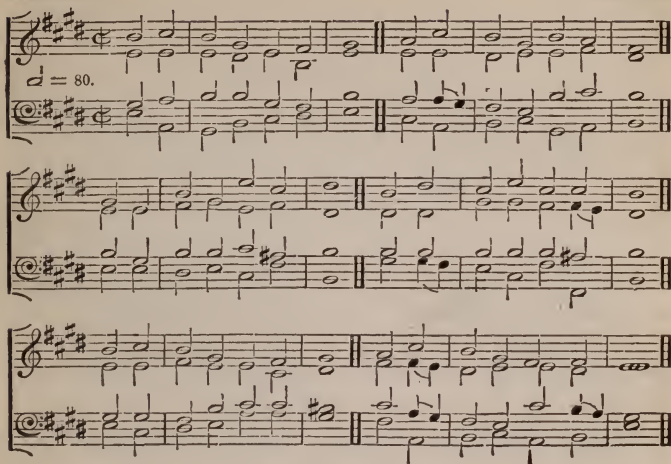
Other comforters are gone;
Thou canst heal, and Thou alone;
Thou for all my sin atone.

Heal me, then, my SAVIOUR, heal;
Heal me as I suppliant kneel;
To Thy mercy I appeal.

LORD OF POWER, LORD OF MIGHT.

General.

No. 234.



p LORD of power, LORD of might,
 GOD and FATHER of us all,
 LORD of day, and LORD of night,
 Listen to our solemn call!
f Listen, whilst to Thee we raise
 Songs of prayer and songs of praise.

mf Light, and love, and life are Thine,
 Great CREATOR of all good;
 Fill our souls with light divine:
 Give us with our daily food,
 Blessings from Thy heavenly store,
 Blessings rich for evermore.

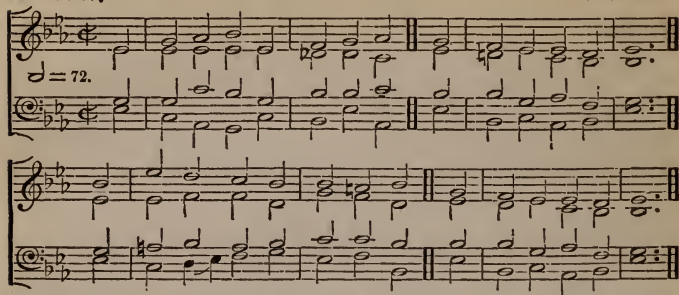
cres. Graft within our heart of hearts
 Love undying for Thy Name;
 Bid us, ere the day departs,
 Spread afar our MAKER's fame;
 Young and old together bless,
 Clothe our souls with righteousness.

p Full of years, and full of peace,
 May our life on earth be blest!
 When our trials here shall cease,
 And at last we sink to rest,
cres. Fountain of eternal Love,
 Call us to our home above!

O THOU FROM WHOM ALL GOODNESS FLOWS.

General,

No. 235.



mf O Thou from Whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee;

In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,

p Dear LORD, remember me!

p When groaning, on my burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,

cres. My pardon speak, new peace impart;
In love remember me!

mf Temptations sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee;

Oh! give me strength, LORD, as my day;
For good remember me!

p Distressed with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see!

Grant patience, rest, and kind relief:
Good LORD, remember me!

If on my face for Thy dear Name,
Reproach and shame there be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me!

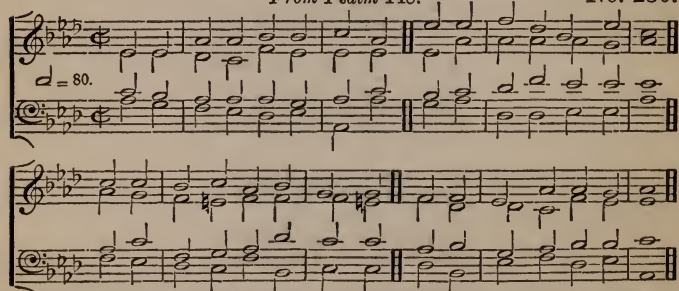
p The hour is near; consigned to death,
I own the just decree:

O SAVIOUR, with my parting breath,
I'll cry, "Remember me!"

PRAISE THE LORD! YE HEAVENS, ADORE HIM!

From Psalm 148.

No. 236.



f PRAISE the LORD! ye heavens, adore Him!

Praise Him, Angels, in the height!

Sun and moon, rejoice before Him!

Praise Him, all ye stars and light!

Praise the LORD, for He hath spoken!

Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;

Laws, which never shall be broken,

For their guidance He hath made.

Praise the LORD! for He is glorious;

Never shall His promise fail;

God hath made His saints victorious:

Sin and death shall not prevail.

f Praise the God of our salvation!

Hosts on High His pow'r proclaim!

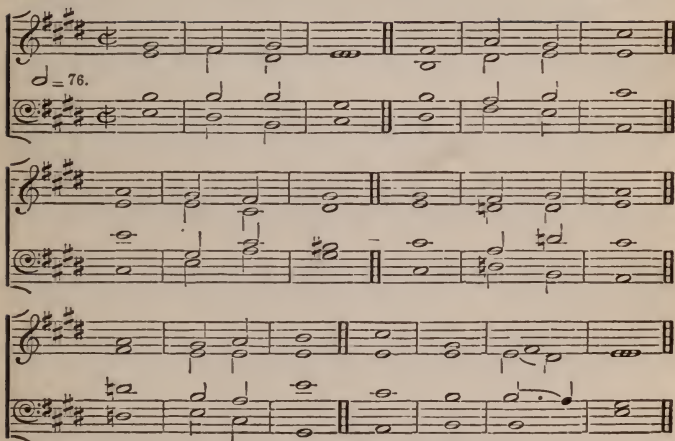
Heaven, and earth, and all creation,

Laud and magnify His Name!

HEAR ME, O GOD!

General.

No. 237.



p HEAR me, O God!
A broken heart
Is my best part;
Use still Thy rod,
That I may prove
Therein Thy love.

mf If Thou hadst not
Been stern to me,
But left me free,
I had forgot
Myself and Thee,
In vanity.

For sin's so sweet,
As minds ill bent
Rarely repent,
Until they meet
Their punishment
With bosoms rent.

p Who more can crave
Than Thou hast done,
That gav'st a Son
To free a slave,
First made of nought,
With all since bought?

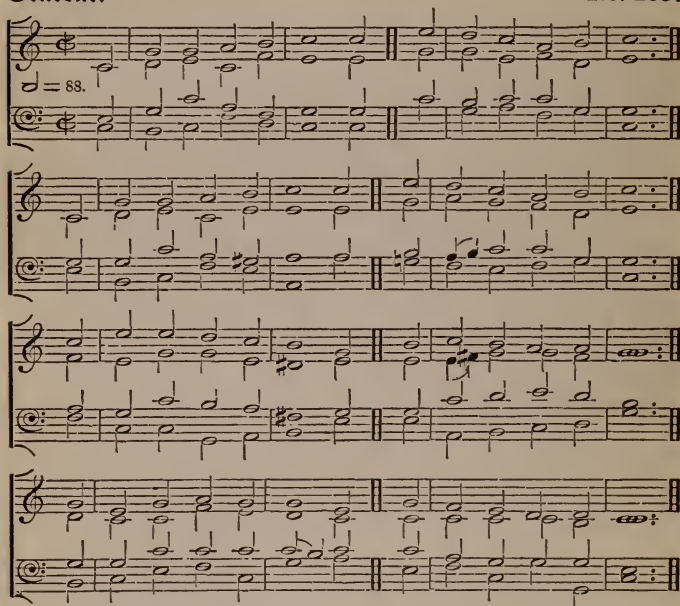
f Sin, death, and hell,
His glorious Name
Quite overcame;
Yet I rebel,
And slight the same,
And quench His flame.

p But I'll come in
Before my loss
Me farther toss,
cres. As sure to win
Through that blest Tree,
That shelters me.

GO FORWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

General.

No. 238.



f Go forward, Christian soldier,
Beneath His banner true!
The LORD Himself, thy Leader,
Shall all thy foes subdue.
p His love foretells thy trials;
He knows thine hourly need;
cres. He can, with bread of Heaven,
Thy fainting spirit feed.

mf Go forward, Christian soldier!
Fear not the secret foe;
Far more are o'er thee watching
Than human eyes can know!
Trust only CHRIST, thy Captain;
Cease not to watch and pray;
Heed not the treach'rous voices
That lure thy soul astray.

f Go forward, Christian soldier!
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished,
And Heav'n is all possess'd;
Till CHRIST Himself shall call thee
To lay thine armour by,
And wear, in endless glory,
The crown of victory.

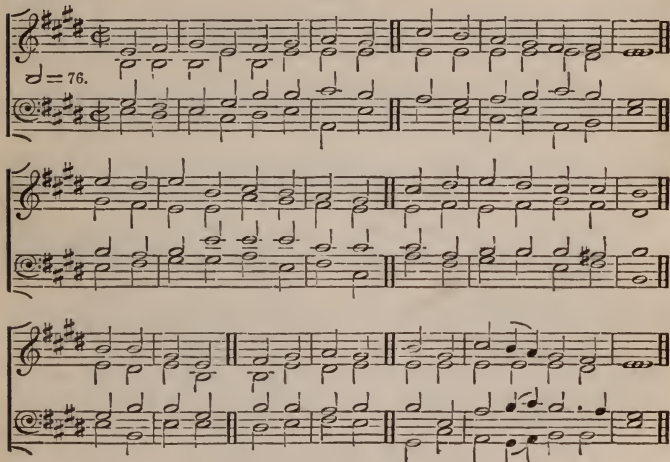
mf Go forward, Christian soldier!
Fear not the gath'ring night;
f The LORD has been thy shelter,
The LORD will be thy light:
When morn his face revealeth,
Thy dangers all are past;
dim. O! pray that faith and virtue
May keep thee to the last.

PRAISE, MY SOUL, THE KING OF HEAVEN.

General.

Psalm 103.

No. 239.



mf PRAISE, my soul, the KING of heaven;
 To His feet thy tribute bring!
 Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
 Who like me His praise should sing?
f Praise Him, praise Him!
 Praise the everlasting KING!

mf Praise Him for His grace and favour
 To our fathers in distress!
 Praise Him, still the same as ever,
 Slow to chide, and swift to bless!
f Praise Him, praise Him!
 Glorious in His faithfulness!

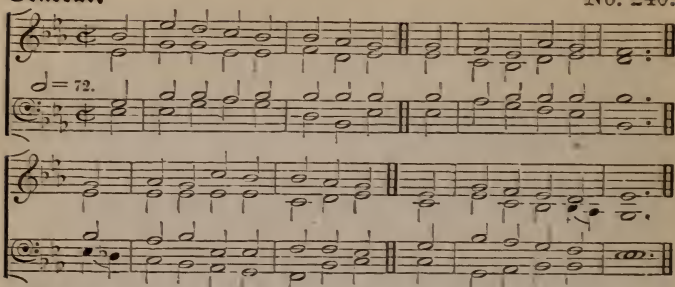
p Father-like He tends and spares us;
 Well our feeble frame He knows;
 In His hands He gently bears us,
 Rescues us from all our foes.
f Praise Him, praise Him!
 Widely as His mercy flows.

mf Angels, help us to adore Him!
 Ye behold Him face to face;
cres. Sun and moon bow down before Him;
 Dwellers all in time and space.
ff Praise Him, praise Him!
 Praise with us the God of Grace!

HOW SWEET THE NAME OF JESUS SOUNDS.

General.

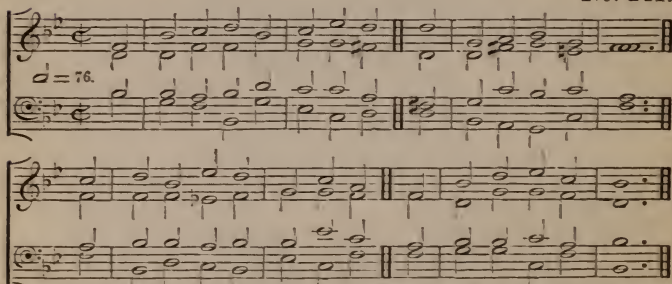
No. 240.



- p* How sweet the name of JESUS sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
To weary spirits rest.
- mf* Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.
- JESUS! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My LORD, my Life, my Way, my
End,
Accept the praise I bring.
Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- f* Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death!

O FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES TO SING.

No. 241.



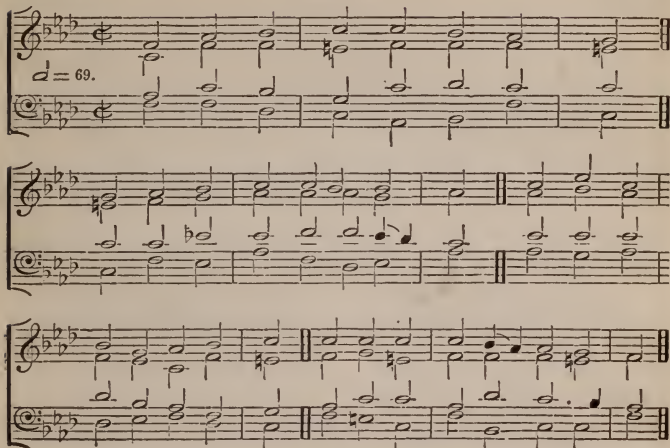
- f* O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
Our great REDEEMER's praise!
The glories of our God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.
- mf* Our gracious Master and our God,
Assist us to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of Thy Name.
- f* Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your SAVIOUR come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy!
- p* JESUS! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- cres.* He speaks, and list'ning to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

WHEN WE OUR WEARIED LIMBS TO REST.

General.

Psalm 137.

No. 242.



p When we our wearied limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept, with doleful thoughts opprest,
And Sion was our mournful theme.

Our harps, that when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings neglected hung
On willow-trees that withered there.

mf Meanwhile our foes, who all conspired
To triumph in our slavish wrongs,
Sweet music in our grief required:
Come, sing us one of Sion's songs.

p How shall we tune our voice to sing,
Or touch our harps with skilful hands?
Shall hymns of joy to God, our King,
Be sung by slaves in foreign lands?

O Salem! our once happy seat,
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget
The speaking strings with art to move.

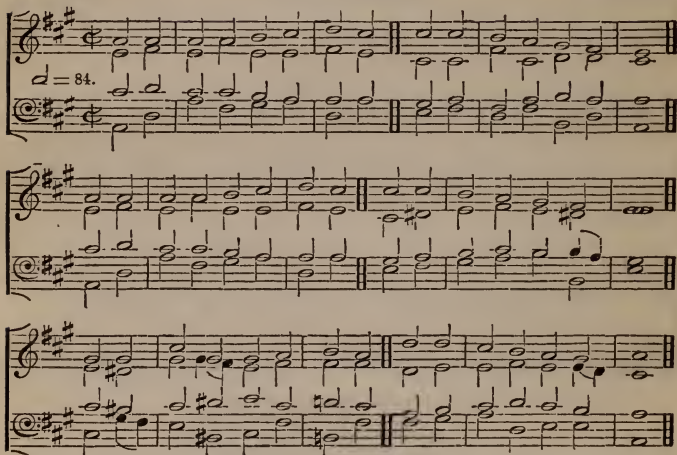
mf If I to mention thee forbear,
Eternal silence seize my tongue!
dim. Or if I sing one cheerful air,
Till thy deliv'rance is my song.

NAME OF OUR TRIUMPHANT SAVIOUR.

General.

Gloriosi Salvatoris.

No. 243.



f NAME of our triumphant SAVIOUR,
Loud we hail its glory bright!
Which in GOD the FATHER's bosom,
Lay for ages hid from sight;
Now His holy Church proclaims it,
Graced with gifts of heavenly light.

p Name of sweetness, Name of joyance,
Name that tongue can ne'er portray:
Hear it, "JESUS" softly sounding!
Name that ravishes the day!
Guilt and punishment it cancels:
Lovely Name, our hope and stay!

mf Name it is for lowly homage;
Glorious Name, on high confest;
Name for ceaseless meditation
In this vale of dark unrest;
Worthy Name for deep devotion
Through the mansions of the blest.

p When this Name aloud is preachèd,
Music falls upon the ears;
When it humbly is entreated,
Sweet as honey it appears;
Joy attends its contemplation;
At the thought the vision clears.

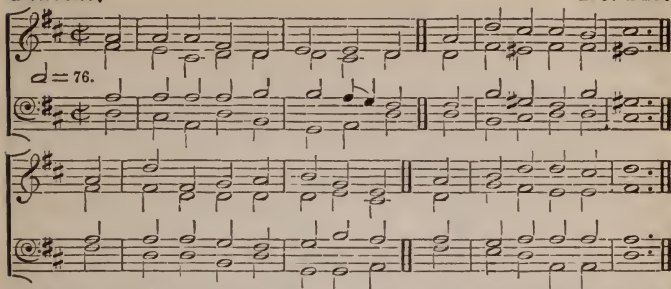
f This great Name, to Heaven exalted,
Rules by right supreme on high;
Wondrous Name, that fills with terror
Pow'rs of Hell, constrained to fly!
Name vouchsafed for our Salvation,
Brought by God's sweet mercy nigh.

p JESU, this Thy Name so sacred
On our knees will we adore;
cres. Plant it in our inmost bosom,
Firmly root it, we implore;
ff So that we with Thy redeemèd
May be joined for evermore.

FAR FROM THE WORLD, O LORD, I FLEE.

General,

No. 244.



p FAR from the world, O LORD, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes, where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.

mf There, if Thy SPIRIT touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
With what delight, and peace, and love,
She communes with her God!

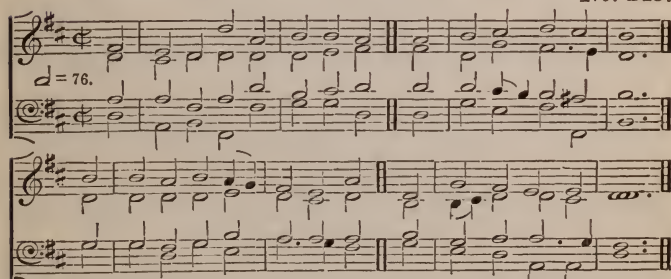
p There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays:
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

mf Great Author, Guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of light Divine,
And, all harmonious names in one,
My SAVIOUR, Thou art mine.

f What thanks I owe Thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

THERE IS A RIVER, DEEP AND BROAD.

No. 245.



mf THERE is a River, deep and broad,
Its course no mortal knows;
It fills with joy the Church of God,
And widens as it flows.

f More clear than crystal is the stream,
And bright with endless day;
The waves with every blessing teem,
And life and health convey.

p Where'er they flow contentions cease,
And love and meekness reign;
The LORD Himself commands the peace, *cres.*
And foes conspire in vain.

mf Along the shores, th' angelic bands
Watch every moving wave;
With holy joy their breast expands,
When men the waters crave.

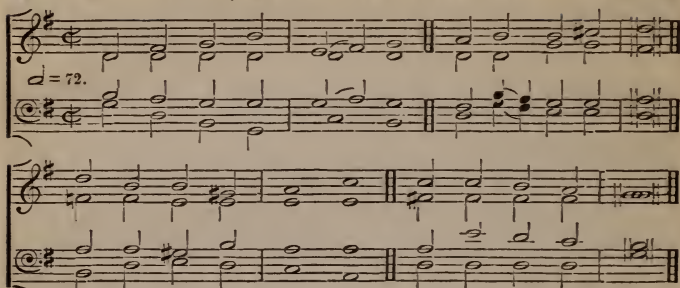
To them distressed souls repair;
The LORD invites them nigh;
They leave their cares and sorrows there;
They drink and never die.

f Flow on, sweet Stream, more largely flow,
The earth with glory fill;
Flow on, till all the SAVIOUR know,
And all obey His will.

General.

JESU, MEEK AND GENTLE.

No. 246.



p JESU, meek and gentle,
SON of GOD most high,
cres. Pitying, loving SAVIOUR,
Hear Thy children's cry.

p Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
mf Break down every idol,
Which our soul detains.

Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;

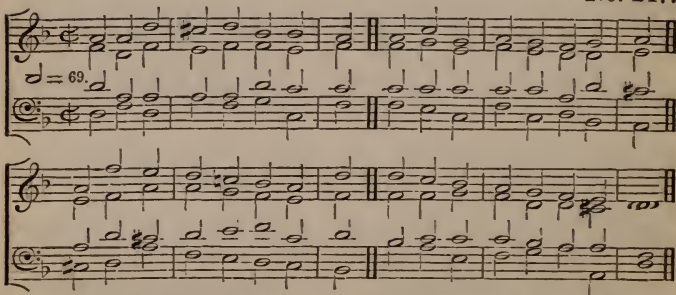
p Draw us, Holy JESUS!
To the realms above.

mf Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the Way,
cres. Through terrestrial darkness,
To celestial day.

p JESU, meek and gentle,
SON of GOD most high,
cres. Pitying, loving SAVIOUR,
Hear Thy children's cry.

MY GOD, MY LIFE, TO THEE I CALL.

No. 247.



mf My God, my Life, to Thee I call,
Afflicted at Thy feet I fall;
When rising water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

p Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep
complaint?
Where but with Thee, Whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

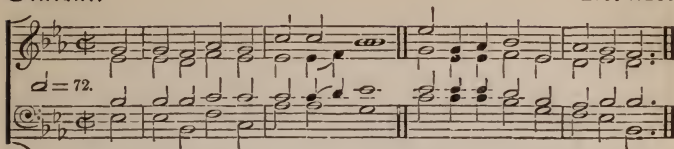
Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?

mf Though poor I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not:
f And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the LORD vouchsafes to
plead.

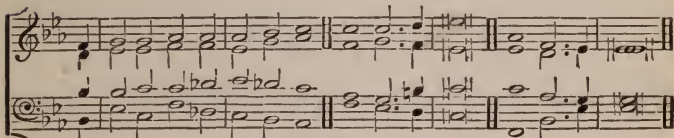
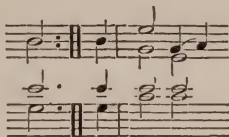
MY GOD AND FATHER, WHILE I STRAY.

General.

No. 248.



Verses 3, 4, 5, 6.



mf My GOD and FATHER, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
p "Thy will be done."

mf Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still, and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
p "Thy will be done."

p What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh;
cres. Submissive still would I reply,
p "Thy will be done."

mf Though Thou hast called me to resign
What most I prized, it ne'er was mine;
I have but yielded what was Thine;
p "Thy will be done."

p Should grief, or sickness, waste away
My life in premature decay,
cres. My FATHER, still I strive to say,
p "Thy will be done."

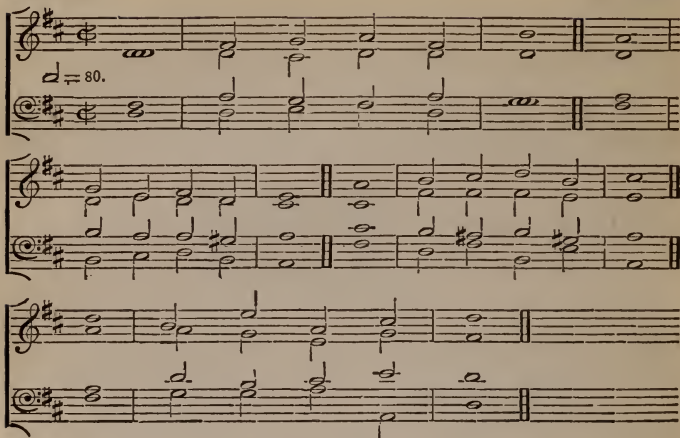
mf Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet SPIRIT for its Guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
p "Thy will be done."

p Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
cres. "Thy will be done."

OH! HAPPY FEET THAT TREAD.

General.

No. 249.



mf Oh! happy feet that tread
Thine earthly courts, O LORD!
There heavenly light is shed,
There Thine Own peace is poured.

Oh! happy knees that press
Thy Temple's lowly floor,
dim. While contrite hearts confess,
And pard'ning grace implore!

mf Oh! happy ears that hear,
With glad and simple faith,
cres. The message ringing clear,
"Thy sins God pardoneth!"

f Oh! happy tongues that sing,
With burning praise on fire,
Here faintly echoing
The bright celestial choir!

p Oh! happy souls that rise
In childlike trust to Thee,
With hallowed sacrifice
Of prayer and litany!

f Oh! happy eyes that light,
With brave and holy pride,
The one Faith to recite,
For which the martyrs died!

pp Oh! happier still who low
Before Thine altar kneel,
With trembling rapture glow,
And Thy dear Presence feel!

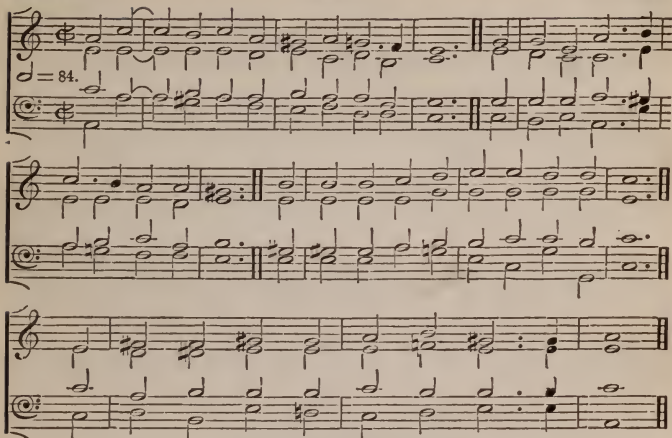
ff But happiest, happiest far
To Heav'n's fair courts to soar,
And, where all glories are,
To praise Thee evermore!

WHY STORM THE HEATHEN ?

General.

Psalm 2.

No. 250.



mf WHY storm the heathen? Wherefore do they ring
The frantic outcry, to depose my King?
Their monarchs rise, their rulers madly say:
f "Quick! burst His fetters, cast His cords away!"

p But He that sits the heav'ns disdains the scorn;
Derisive laughter sounds upon the morn;
Then mirth gives way, and now is wrath expressed:
f "My King is firm enthroned on Zion's crest.

"My SON art Thou, this day hath seen Thy birth;
Ask Me, and straight Thou reignest LORD of earth;
Sore welts of iron Thou shalt sharply deal,
And shatter them, like shards from potter's wheel.

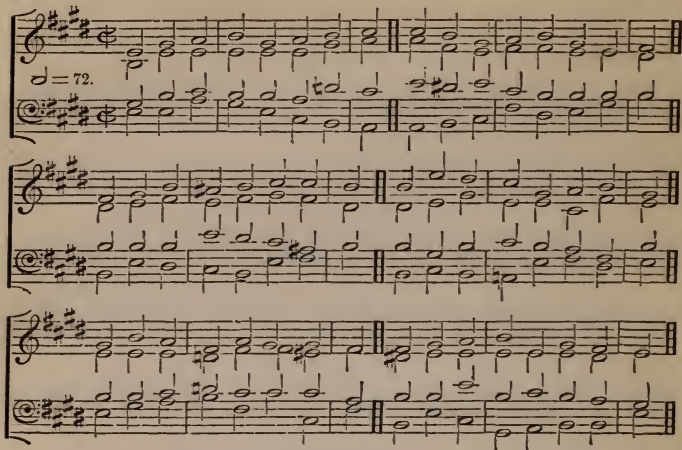
mf "Be wise, then, O ye monarchs of the globe;
Assume, ye judges, wisdom's honoured robe;
Stoop down before the LORD in lowly dread,
And joy before Him with submissive head.

"Kiss ye the SON, lest He should rise in wrath,
And so ye perish from the rightful path:
cres. For should His anger kindle but a gleam:
f Thrice blest are they, who trust this King supreme!"

GREAT GOD, WHOSE SCEPTRE RULES THE EARTH.

General.

No. 251.



mf GREAT GOD, Whose sceptre rules the earth,
 Distil Thy fear within my heart,
 That being wrapt with holy mirth,
 I may proclaim how good Thou art:
f Ope wide my lips, that I may sing
 Full praises to my God, my KING.

p Great God, Thy garden is defaced;
 The weeds thrive there, the flowers decay;
 O call to mind Thy promise past,
 Restore Thou them, cut these away:
 Till then let not the weeds have power
 To starve, or stint the poorest flower.

mf In all extremes, LORD, Thou art still
 The mount whereto my hopes do flee;
 O make my soul detest all ill,
 Because so much abhorred by Thee;
 LORD, let Thy gracious trials shew
 That I am just, or make me so.

p O Fount of light and living breath,
 Whose mercies never fail nor fade,
 Fill me with life that hath no death,
 Fill me with light that hath no shade,
cres. Appoint the remnant of my days
 To see Thy power, and sing Thy praise.

O Thou, that sitt'st in heaven, and see'st
 My deeds without, my thoughts within,
 Be Thou my Prince, be Thou my Priest,
 Command my soul, and cure my sin:
 How bitter my afflictions be,
 I care not, so I rise to Thee.

CLOTHED WITH STATE, AND GIRT WITH MIGHT.

General.

Psalm 93.

No. 252.

The musical score is written for a four-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked '♩ = 80'. The score consists of four systems, each with two staves. The melody is primarily in the Soprano part, with the other parts providing harmonic support. The piece concludes with a final cadence in the Soprano part.

f CLOTHED with state, and girt with might,
 Monarch-like JEHOVAH reigns,
 He Who earth's foundation pight,
 Pight at first, and yet sustains;
 He whose stable throne disdains
 Motion's shock, and age's flight:
 He Who, endless, One remains,
 One, the same in changeless plight.

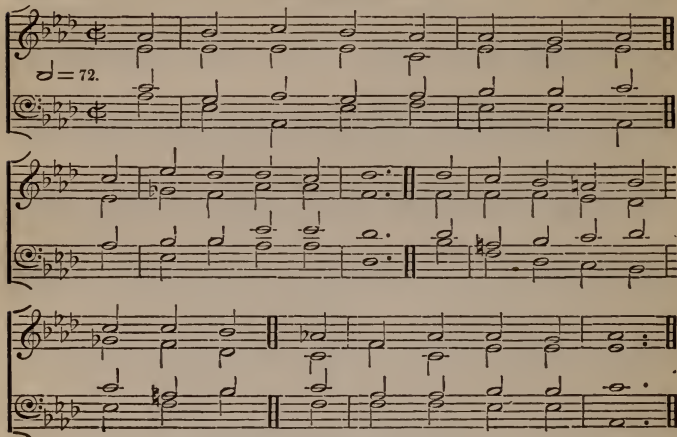
mf Rivers, yea, though rivers roar,
 Roaring though sea-billows rise,
 Vex the deep, and break the shore,
cres. Stronger art Thou, LORD of skies:
f Firm and true Thy promise lies,
 Now and still, as heretofore;
 Holy worship never dies
 In Thy house where we adore.

O THOU, WHO DWELLEST IN THE LIGHT.

General,

O luce Qui mortalibus.

No. 253.



p O THOU, Who dwellest in the Light,
Where mortal never treads;
Before Whose Presence Angels quake,
And veil their holy heads:

Here we, as in a dark abyss,
Are shut from face of day;
cres. But light eternal with its beams
Shall chase the gloom away.

mf That gift for us hast Thou reserved,
That day of shining Grace,
Of which the sun, in lustrous sheen,
Scarce shadows forth a trace.

p It waits, it waits, Alas! too long:
Hope faints with sick'ning pain:
Put off the burden of the flesh,
If ye its joys would gain.

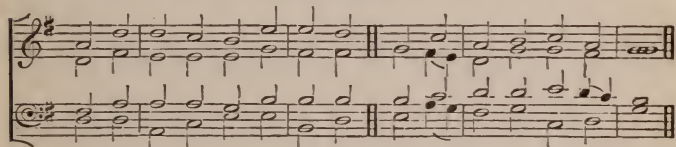
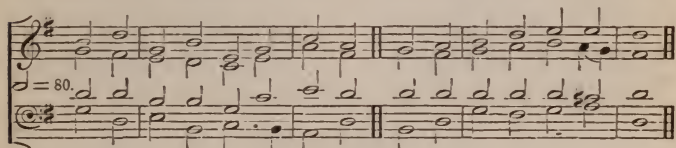
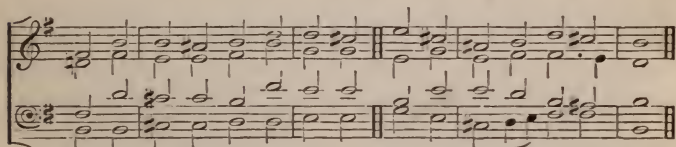
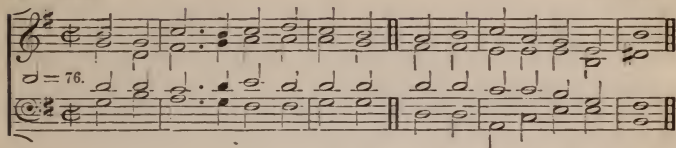
cres. The soul, from every shackle freed,
Shall mount upon the wing,
Thee, CHRIST, to view, and Thee to love,
Thee evermore to sing.

f O TRINITY, profuse of Grace,
Fit us for glory bright;
May day eternal crown the use
Of this brief span of light!

WHO IS THIS SO WEAK AND HELPLESS?

General.

No. 254.



p WHO is this so weak and helpless,
Child of lowly Hebrew Maid,
Rudely in a stable sheltered,
Coldly in a manger laid?
f 'Tis the Lord of all creation,
Who this wondrous path hath trod;
He is God from everlasting,
And to everlasting, God.

p Who is this,—a Man of sorrows,
Walking sadly life's hard way,
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping
Over sin and Satan's sway.
f 'Tis our God, our glorious SAVIOUR,
Ris'n above the starry sky,
To prepare the many mansions,
Where no tear can dim the eye.

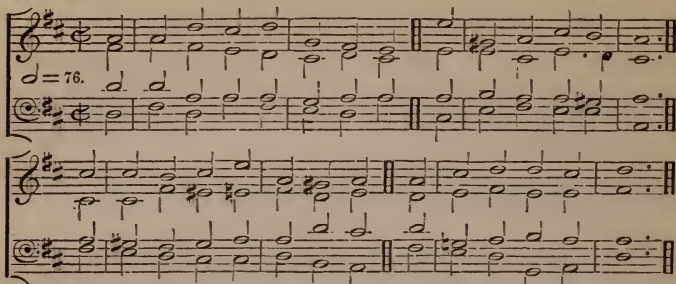
p Who is this,—behold Him raining
Drops of blood upon the ground?
Who is this,—despised, rejected,
Mocked, insulted, beaten, bound?
mf 'Tis our God, Who gifts and graces
On His Church now poureth down,
Who shall smite in holy vengeance
All His foes beneath His throne.

pp Who is this, that hangeth dying,
With the thieves on either side;
Nails His hands and feet are tearing,
And the spear hath pierced His side?
f 'Tis the God, Who ever liveth,
'Mid the shining ones on high,
In the glorious, golden city,
Reigning everlastingly.

THOU EARTH, O'ER WHICH THE CURSE OF SIN.

General.

No. 255.

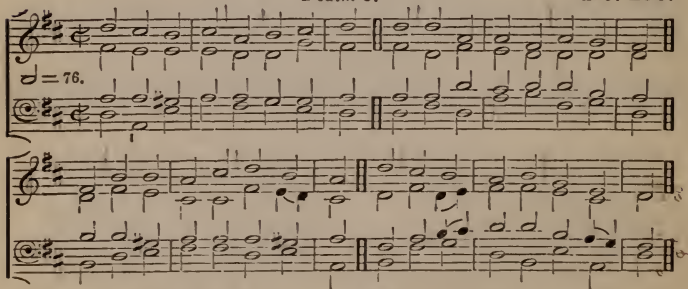


- | | |
|--|---|
| <i>mf</i> Thou earth, o'er which the curse of sin
Has flung the shroud of night,
<i>cres.</i> On thee the dayspring hath appeared,
<i>f</i> For CHRIST shall give thee light. | <i>p</i> Has sorrow, mourner, bowed thine heart
In sad and dreary night?
<i>cres.</i> Smile through thy tears, the day is nigh
<i>f</i> When CHRIST shall give thee light. |
| <i>p</i> O Christian! does thy pathway seem
All dark to feeble sight?
<i>cres.</i> Direct thine eyes to CHRIST on high,
<i>f</i> For He shall give thee light. | <i>p</i> Thou trembling one, who must appear
Before Him in His might!
<i>cres.</i> He is thy Judge, but He is love,
And He shall give thee light. |
| <i>mf</i> O Soldier! does the shadowy foe
Shroud o'er the field of fight?
<i>cres.</i> Dauntless hold up the shield of faith,
<i>f</i> For CHRIST shall give thee light. | <i>mf</i> Blest heir of glory! hast thou reached
Thy home so pure and bright?
<i>cres.</i> Thy heritage is sure, for CHRIST
<i>f</i> For ever gives thee light. |

O LORD, HOW EXCELLENT THY NAME!

Psalm 8.

No. 256.

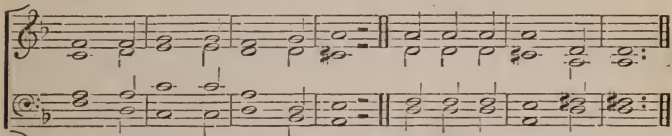
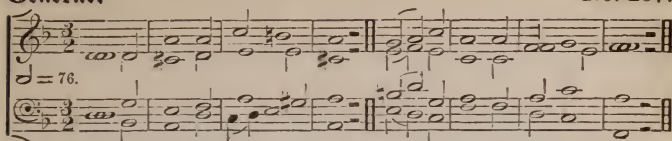


- | | |
|---|--|
| <i>f</i> O LORD, how excellent Thy Name!
It sounds aloud from pole to pole!
Thy glory soars above this frame;
The heavens beneath it humbly roll.
Lo! hisping babes a voice betray,
A voice that speaks with pow'r divine!
It stills the foeman in the fray;
Th' avenger yields to Thee and Thine! | <i>p</i> When I behold Thy heavens above,
The moon and stars with beaming face,
LORD, what is man, to meet Thy love?
The son of man, to win Thy grace?
<i>mf</i> To him a station Thou dost deign,
Than Angel hosts but lower down,
That he at last on high may reign,
And wear a never-fading crown. |
|---|--|
- f* The world doth him its lord proclaim,
Bird, beast and fish, on sea and shore:
f Then, LORD, how excellent Thy Name!
We laud and love It evermore!

IN THE HOUR OF MY DISTRESS.

General.

No. 257.



p In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
pp Sweet SPIRIT, comfort me.

p When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts discomfited,
pp Sweet SPIRIT, comfort me.

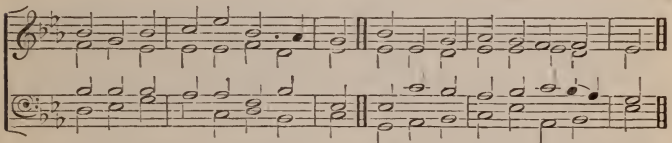
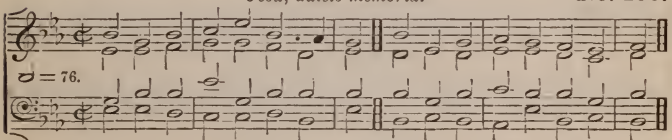
p When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
pp Sweet SPIRIT, comfort me.

p When the Judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed,
When to Thee I have appealed,
pp Sweet SPIRIT, comfort me.

JESU, HOW SWEET THE THOUGHT OF THEE!

Jesu, dulcis memoria.

No. 258.



p JESU, how sweet the thought of Thee!
With true delight it fills the breast;
But sweeter still it is to see
Thy Own dear Presence, sweetest, best.

mf No voice a chant more lovely sings,
Nor sounds a more melodious cry:
Nought sweeter in the bosom springs,
Than JESUS, SON of GOD most high.

p O Hope of mourners, sad and meek,
To those that ask of Thee, how kind!
How merciful to those that seek!
But what art Thou to those that find!

cres. No tongue of mortal can disclose,
No pen availeth to proclaim;
He only, who hath tried it knows
How blest is he that loves Thy Name.

p Rest with us, gracious LORD, this day;
Let heavenly radiance o'er us fall;
Chase darkness from the soul away,
And with Thy sweetness fill us all.

mf Our joy, O JESU, deign to be!
Thou soon shalt prove our richest prize;
cres. O may our glory be in Thee,
Till age o'er age shall cease to rise!

WAKE! THE WATCHMENS' VOICE IS SOUNDING.

General.

Wachet auf! ruft uns die Stimme.

No. 259.

The musical score is written for a four-part vocal ensemble (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It is in the key of D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked with a quarter note equal to 80 beats. The score consists of four systems of staves. The piano part features a steady, rhythmic accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands. The vocal parts enter in a staggered fashion, creating a rich harmonic texture. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

f WAKE! the watchmen's voice is sounding! *mf* Sion hears the watchmen singing;
 It comes from towered heights rebounding! Her heart with deep delight is springing;
 Wake up! Jerusalem, arise! She starts from slumber, sweet and soft:
 Hours of midnight o'er thee falling, Comes her LORD from heaven in splendor,
 With trumpet-tone are loudly calling: All strong in truth, with mercy tender:
 Where stay thy virgins, watchful, wise? Her star in radiance mounts aloft!
 The Bridegroom comes! awake! *cres.* Descend, Thou deathless Crown!
 Stand up! your lanterns take! Great Son of God, come down!
f Hallelujah! *f* Hark! Hosannas!
 Make ready for the nuptial rite, We follow towards the halls of joy,
 For ye must meet Him, decked with light. To sup in bliss without alloy.

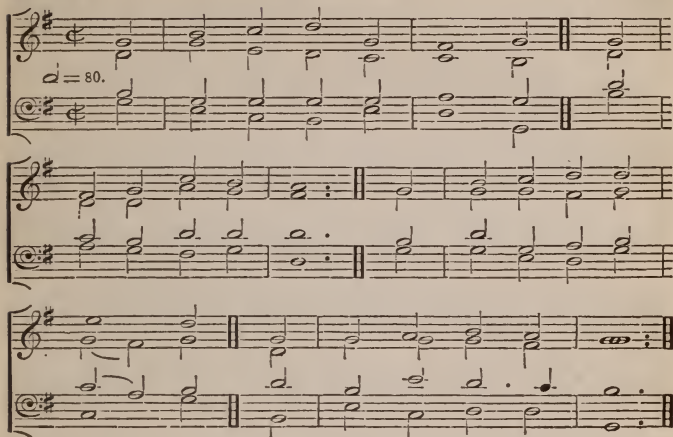
f Hear Thy praises, LORD, ascending
 From tongues of men and angels, blending
 With harp and cymbal's thrilling tone!
 By Thy pearly gates in wonder
 We stand, and swell the voice of thunder,
 Which peals from hosts around Thy throne!
p No eye hath traced those bounds!
 No ear hath caught those sounds!
 Joys unuttered!
f Yet we the listening heavens will rend
 With hallelujahs, ne'er to end.

BRIEF LIFE IS HERE OUR PORTION.

General.

Hic breve vivitur.

No. 260.



p BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
cres. The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is there.

f O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals, and for sinners,
A mansion with the blest!

mf And now we fight the battle;
But then shall wear the crown
Of full, and everlasting,
And passionless renown.

p And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Sion, in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope.

f But He, Whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known,
And they, who know and see Him,
Shall have Him for their own.

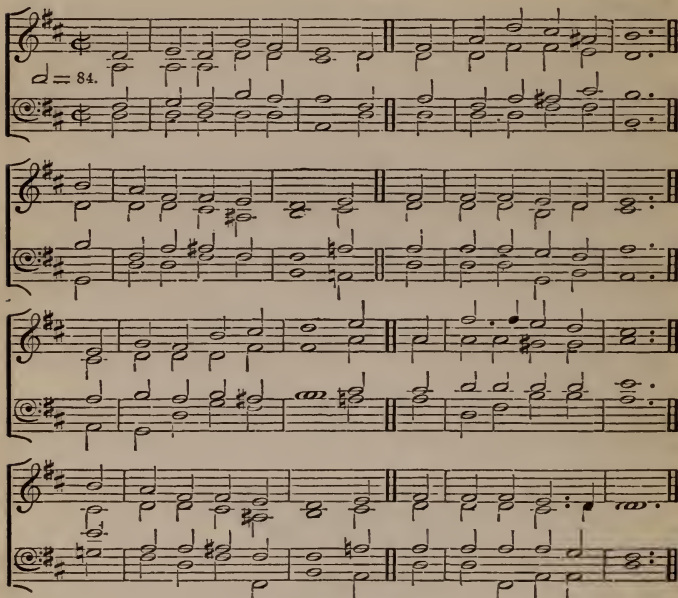
cres. Then all the halls of Sion
For aye shall be complete,
And, in the land of Beauty,
All things in beauty meet.

FOR THEE, O DEAR, DEAR COUNTRY.

General,

O bona Patria.

No. 261.



p For thee, O dear, dear country!
 Mine eyes their vigils keep;
 For very love, beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep.
cres. The mention of thy glory
 Is unction to the breast,
 And medicine in sickness,
 And love, and life, and rest.

mf O one, O only mansion!
 O Paradise of joy!
 Where tears are ever banished,
 And smiles have no alloy!
f With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
 Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
 The sardius and the topaz
 Unite in thee their rays.

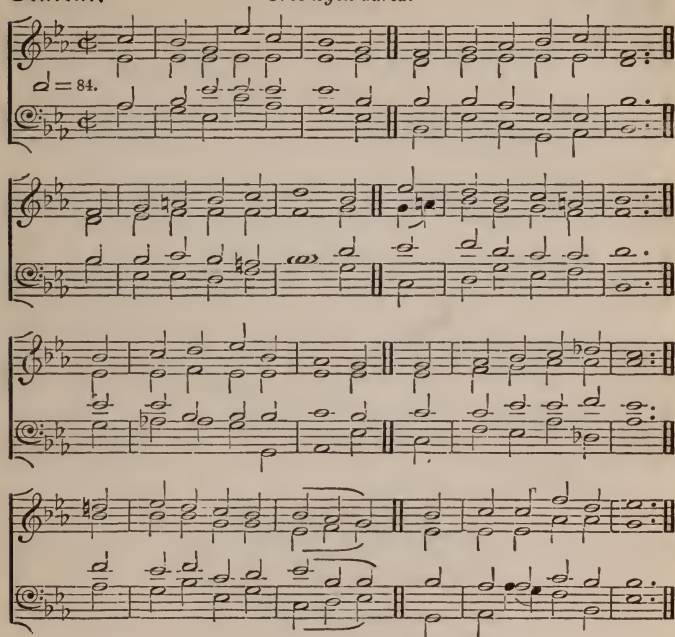
mf Thine ageless walls are bonded
 With amethyst unpriced;
 Thy saints build up its fabric,
cres. The corner stone is CHRIST.
f The Cross is all thy splendor,
 The Crucified thy praise;
 His land and benediction
 Thy ransomed people raise.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

General.

Urbs Syon aurea.

No. 262.



mf JERUSALEM the golden,
 With milk and honey blest,
 Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice oppressed.
 I know not, Oh! I know not,
 What social joys are there;
 What radiancy of glory,
 What light beyond compare.

f They stand, those halls of Sion,
 All jubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng.
 The Prince is ever in them;
 The daylight is serene;
 The pastures of the blessed
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

ff There is the throne of David;
 And there, from care released,
 The song of them that triumph,
 The shout of them that feast.
 And they, who with their Leader,
 Have conquered in the fight,
 For ever and for ever
 Are clad in robes of white.

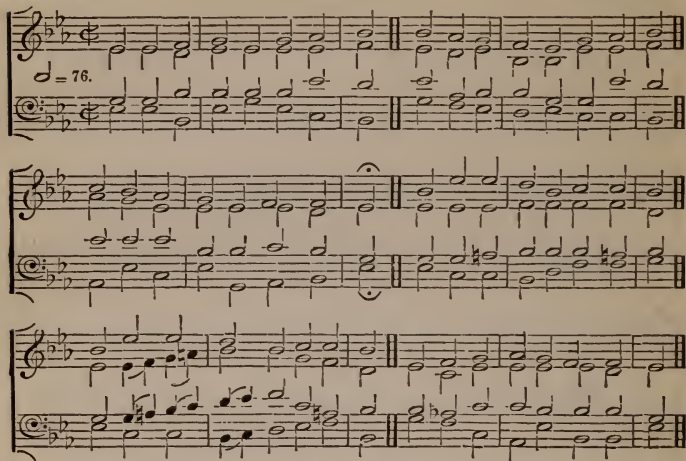
p O sweet and blessed country!
 Am I to see thy face?
 O sweet and blessed country!
 Am I to win that grace?
cres. Yea, LORD! Thy light and succour
 Shall guide me to its shore,
ff Where I will sing Thy praises
 In bliss for evermore!

YE SAINTS AND SERVANTS OF THE LORD.

General.

Psalm 113.

No. 263.



f YE saints and servants of the LORD,
The triumphs of His Name record;
His sacred Name for ever bless;
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to His great Name address!

God through the world extends His way;
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of His glory are;
With Him, Whose majesty excels,
Who made the heaven, in which He dwells,
Let no created pow'r compare.

m Though 'tis beneath His state to view,
In highest heaven what angels do,
Yet He to earth vouchsafes His care:
He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing him in courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.

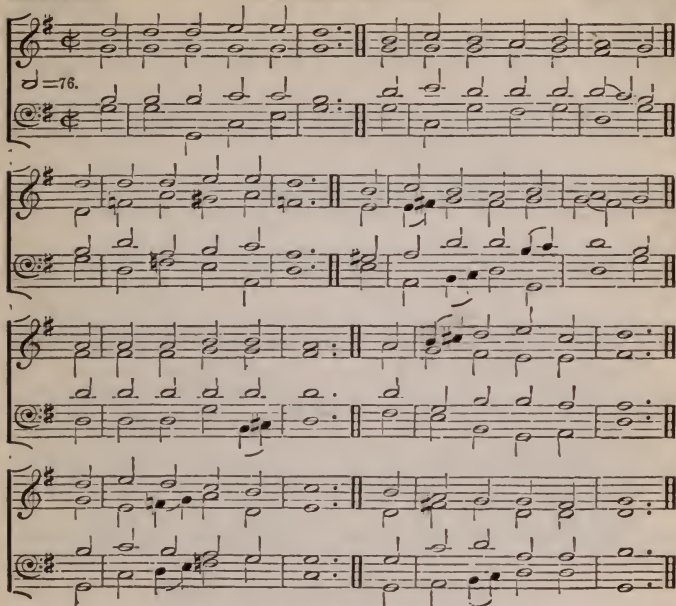
f TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.
The GOD Whom heaven's triumphant host,
And suffering saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When Time itself shall be no more.

NOW ALL GIVE THANKS TO GOD.

General.

Nun danket alle Gott.

No. 264.



f Now all give thanks to GOD,
 With heart, and hands, and voices!
 Who glorious things hath done,
 In which the world rejoices!
p Since first a mother's care
 Watched o'er our infant hours,
cres. His matchless love on us
 Unwearied blessing show'rs.

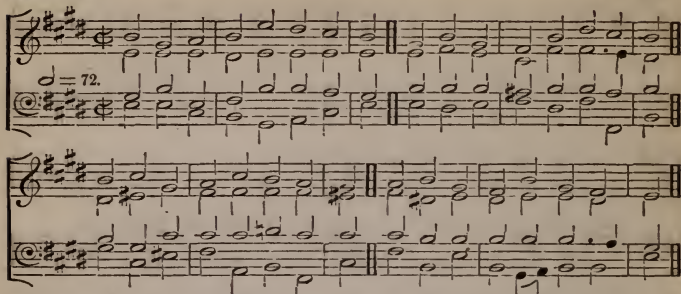
mf The everlasting God,
 As life is gently flowing,
 The bliss of joy and peace
 Is evermore bestowing:
p Oh! may He by His grace
 With ceaseless care sustain
 All, whom He hath redeemed
 From want, and woe, and pain.

f Praise GOD, the FATHER, SON,
 And SPIRIT, ever Holy!
 To Heav'n's immortal throne
 Uplift your praise, ye lowly!
 The great THREE-ONE adore!
 Exalt His mighty Name!
 Who was, is now, shall be
 Eternally the same!

ETERNAL BEAM OF LIGHT DIVINE.

General.

No. 265.



mf ETERNAL beam of Light divine,
Thou Fount of unexhausted love,
In Whom the FATHER's glories shine
Through earth beneath and Heaven
above;

p O JESU! weary wanderers' rest!
Give me Thy easy yoke to bear;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love, and lowly fear.

I thankful take the cup from Thee,
Prepared and mingled by Thy skill:
Though bitter to the taste it be,
'Tis strong the wounded soul to heal.

cres. BE Thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh!
Each murmur'ing thought shall then
be gone,

f And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

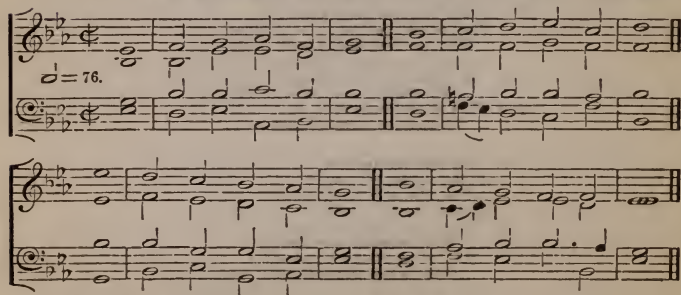
mf Oh! speak my warring passions peace,
And bid my trembling heart "Be still!"
cres. Thy pow'r my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve Thy sovereign will.

f O Death, where is thy sting? Where now
Thy boasted victory, O Grave?

Who dares contend with God, or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save?

MY SPIRIT LONGS FOR THEE.

No. 266.



p My spirit longs for Thee
Within my troubled breast,
Though I unworthy be
Of so Divine a Guest.

cres. Of so Divine a Guest
Unworthy though I be,

p Yet has my heart no rest,
Unless it come from Thee.

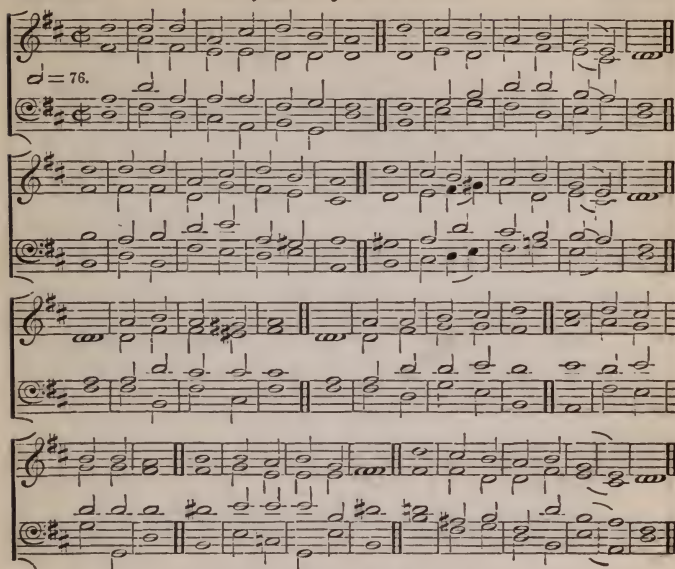
cres. Unless it come from Thee,
In vain I look around;

p In all that I can see
No rest is to be found.

mf No rest is to be found
But in Thy blessed love;

cres. Oh! let my wish be crowned,
And send it from above.

OUR GOD STANDS FIRM, A ROCK AND TOWER.
General. *Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott.* No. 267.



f OUR GOD stands firm, a rock and tow'r,
 A shield when danger presses;
 A ready help in every hour,
 When doubt or pain distresses!
 For our malignant Foe
 Unswerving aims his blow;
 His fearful arms the while,
 Dark pow'r and darker guile:
 His hidden craft is matchless.

mf Our strength is weakness in the fight;
 Our courage soon defection:
cres. But comes a Warrior, clad in might,
 A Prince of God's election!
 Who is this wondrous Chief,
 That brings this glad relief?
f The field of battle boasts
 CHRIST JESUS, LORD of Hosts,
 Still conq'ring and to conquer!

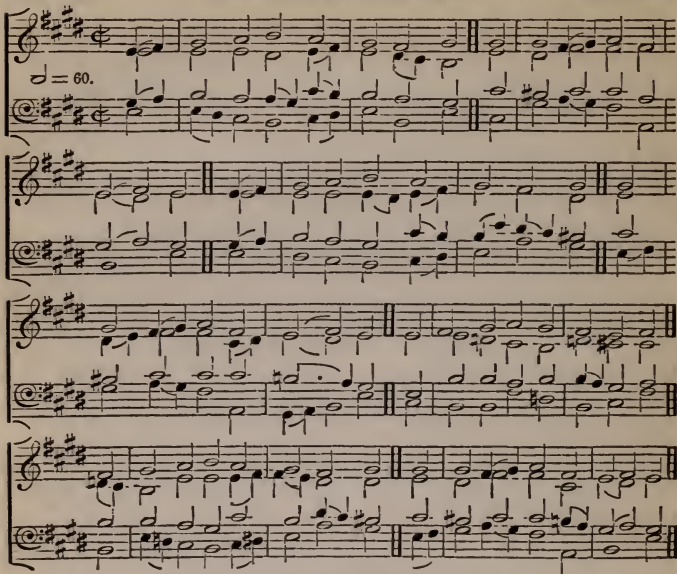
f Then, LORD, arise! lift up Thine arm!
 With mighty succour stay us!
 Oh! turn aside the deadly harm,
 When Satan would betray us;
cres. That rescued by Thy hand,
 In triumph we may stand,
 And round Thy footstool crowd,
 In joy to sing aloud
f High praise to our REDEEMER!

TO GOD ON HIGH BE THANKS AND PRAISE.

General.

Allein Gott in der Höh' sey Ehr.

No. 268.

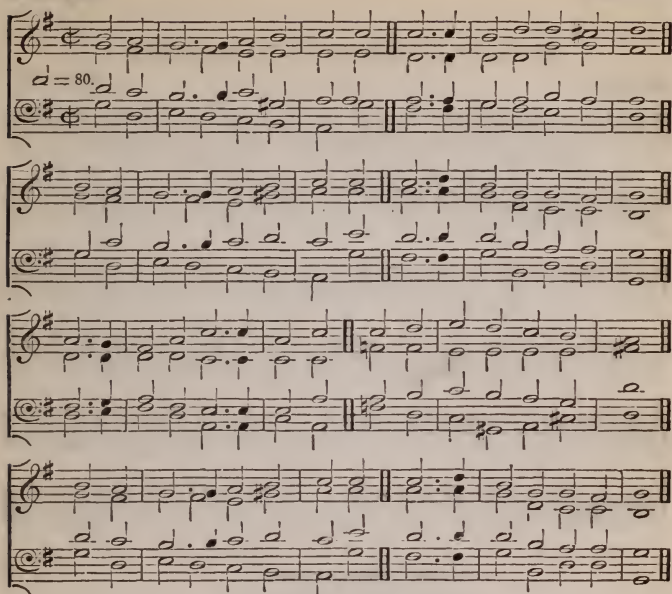


p To God on high be thanks and praise
 For mercy ceasing never,
 Whereby no foe a hand can raise,
 Nor harm can reach us ever!
cres. With joy to Him our hearts ascend,
 The Source of peace, that knows no end,
p A peace that none can sever!
mf The honours, paid **Thy** holy Name,
 To hear Thou ever deignest!
 Thou, GOD the FATHER, still the same,
 Unshaken ever reignest!
 Unmeasured stands Thy glorious might!
 Thy thoughts, Thy deeds outstrip the light!
p Our heaven Thou, LORD, remainest!
mf LORD JESU CHRIST, the only SON
 Of God, the King supernal!
 The life of sinners lost, undone,
 The death of strifes infernal!
 Immortal LAMB, of heavenly race,
 Our need supply, outpour Thy grace
 On all, in love eternal!
p O Holy SPIRIT, Gift supreme!
 Sweet Comforter, all-curing!
 Those, whom their SAVIOUR doth redeem
 From death, and Hell's alluring,
cres. Delivered through His mortal throes,
 Save Thou from all their wasting woes,
f Thine Own in trust enduring!

LOVE DIVINE, ALL LOVE EXCELLING.

General.

No 269.



mf Love divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
 Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
 All Thy faithful mercies crown:
p JESU, Thou art all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded Love Thou art;
cres. Visit us with Thy salvation,
 Enter every trembling heart.

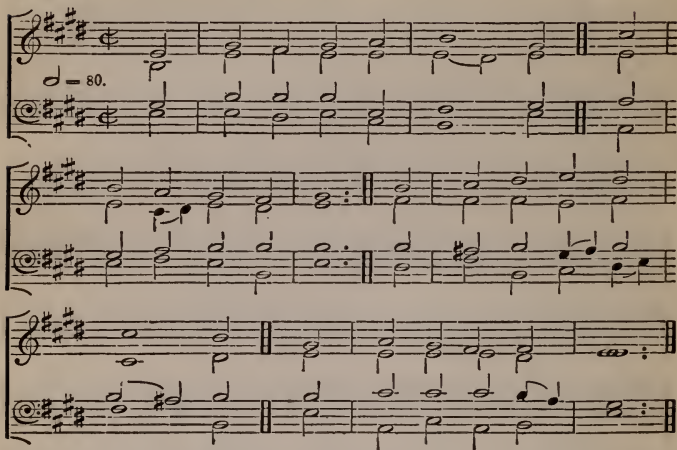
p Come, Almighty to deliver!
 Let us all Thy life receive;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more Thy temples leave.
cres. Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
f Pray, and praise Thee, without ceasing,
 Glory in Thy perfect love.

mf Finish then Thy new creation,
 Pure and sinless let us be;
 Let us see Thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored in Thee;
f Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place;
f Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

MY SOUL, THERE IS A COUNTRY.

General.

No. 270.



mf My soul, there is a country,
 Afar beyond the stars,
 Where stands a wingèd sentry,
 All skilful in the wars;

cres. And there 'bove noise and danger,
 Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles;
 And ONE, born in a manger,
 Commands the beauteous files.

p He thee hath ever friended,
 And, Oh! my soul, awake!
 He hath in love descended,
 To die here for thy sake.

mf If thou canst get but thither,
 There grows the flower of peace,
 The rose that cannot wither,
 Thy fortress and thy ease.

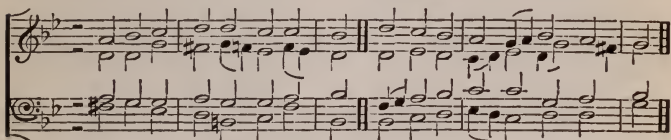
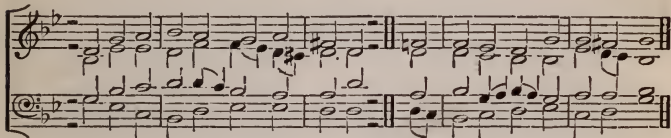
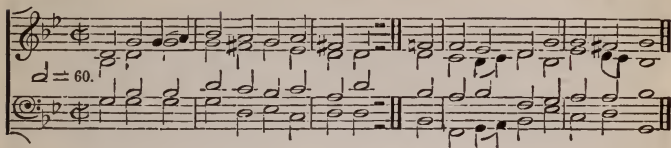
f Leave, then, thy foolish ranges!
 For none can thee secure,
 But ONE, Who never changes,
 Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.

TO THEE, O LORD, I YIELD MY SPIRIT.

General.

Dir hab 'ich mich ergeben.

No. 271.



p To Thee, O LORD, I yield my spirit,
Thine Own through life, in weal or woe;
If joy or trouble I inherit,
The joy from Thee doth ever flow;
cres. In trouble still Thy praise shall sound,
Till life shall reach its closing bound.

mf 'Twas Thou, Who long had waited for me,
Ere thought or being sprang to life;
My loving Guide did not abhor me,
But towards me yearned with mercy rife;
Thou ever didst delight prepare,
Where I could draw but pain or care.

p When all forlorn, despairing, weeping,
What doth my anxious heart desire?
cres. It ever would be pleasure reaping,
By this, its torment, set afire:
The sin, O help me to suppress,
To love Thee more, sin ever less!

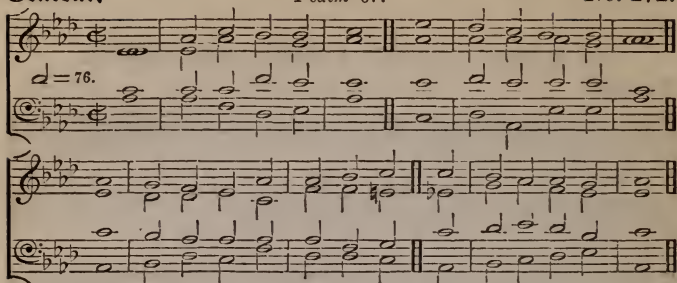
p "Thy will be done!" be my petiti.
When I my wants to Thee confide!
O! grant me, with a meek submission,
Still wholly Thine, whate'er betide,
d m. In quiet trust to draw each breath,
Till these mine eyes shall sleep in death!

TO BLESS THY CHOSEN RACE.

General.

Psalm 67.

No. 272.



p To bless Thy chosen race,
In mercy, LORD, incline,
And cause the brightness of Thy face
On all Thy saints to shine.

mf That so Thy wondrous way
May through the world be known,
Whilst distant lands their tribute pay,
And Thy salvation own.

Let differing nations join
To celebrate Thy fame;
Let all the world, O LORD, combine
To praise Thy glorious Name.

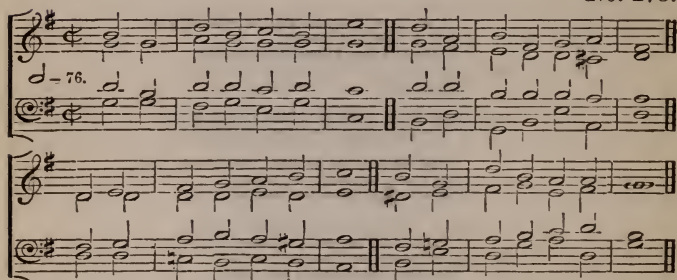
f O let them shout and sing
With joy and pious mirth,
For Thou, the righteous JUDGE and KING,
Shall govern all the earth.

mf Then shall the teeming ground
A large increase disclose;
And we with plenty shall be crowned,
Which God, our God, bestows.

f Then GOD upon our land
Shall constant blessings shower,
And all the world in awe shall stand
Of His resistless power.

JESUS! NAME OF WONDROUS LOVE.

No. 273.



f JESUS! Name of wondrous love!
Name, all other names above!
Unto which must every knee
Bow in deep humility.

p JESUS! Name decreed of old,
To the maiden Mother told,
Kneeling in her lowly cell,
By the Angel Gabriel.

cres. JESUS! Name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave,
"Jesus shall His people save."

mf JESUS! Name of mercy mild,
Given to the holy Child,
When the cup of human woe
First He tasted here below.

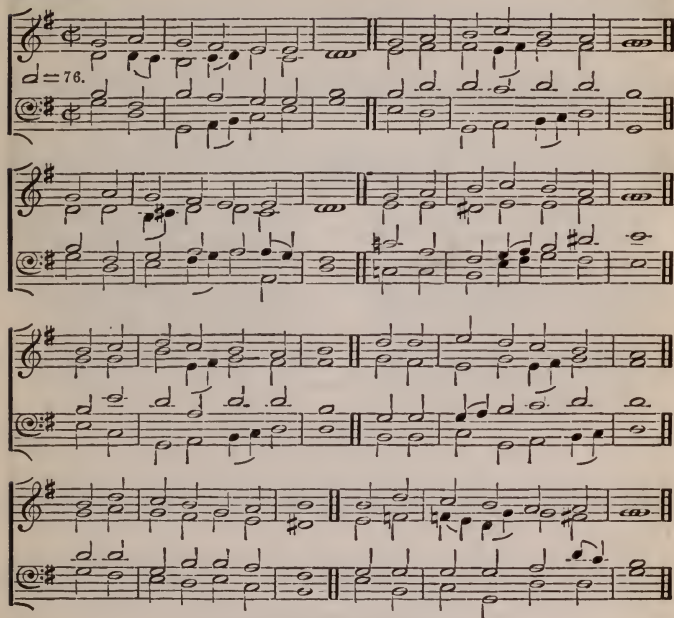
ff JESUS! only Name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

f JESUS! Name of wondrous love!
Human Name of GOD above!
dim. Pleading only this, we flee,
p Helpless, O our GOD, to Thee.

SAVIOUR, WHOM I FAIN WOULD LOVE.

General.

No. 274.



p SAVIOUR, Whom I fain would love,
 JESUS, crucified for me,
 Fix my roving heart above,
 Draw me nearer unto Thee.
cres. Thee to praise, and Thee to know,
 Make the joy of saints below ;
 Thee to see, and Thee to love,
 Make the bliss of saints above.

mf LORD, it is not life to live,
 If Thy presence Thou deny :
 LORD, if Thou Thy presence give,
 'Tis no longer death to die.

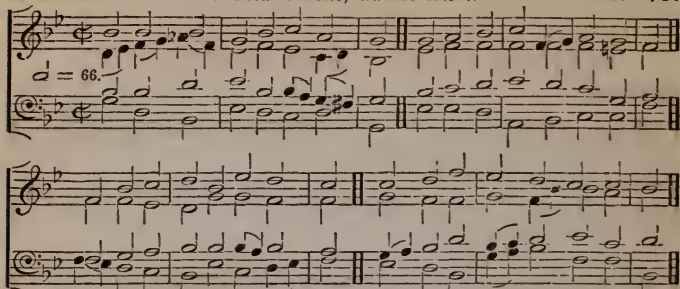
f Source and Giver of repce,
 Only from Thy love it flows ;
 Peace and happiness are Thine,
 Mine they are, if Thou art mine.

O THOU THE TRUE AND ONLY LIGHT.

General.

O Jesu Christe, wahres Licht.

No. 275.



p O THOU, the true and only Light,
Direct the souls that walk in night,
And bring them 'neath Thy shelt'ring
care,
To find them blest redemption there.

mf Enlighten with Thy beams of grace
The souls that wander in their race;
When marked for soft deceit a prey,
Still keep them safe within Thy way.

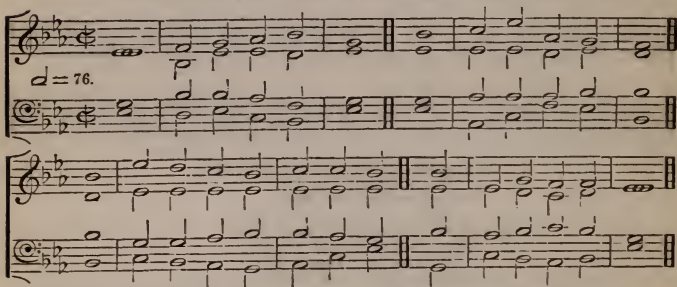
If haply they should lapse to sin,
Then let Thy voice be heard within!
Each wounded conscience help and heal, *cres.*
That heavenly joys it yet may feel!

p Oh! may the deaf their ears unclose!
The dumb no longer speech oppose!
But learn from Thee, their LORD to bless,
Him, Whom their hearts must needs
confess.

Pour down upon the blind Thy ray;
Bring hither all, from us who stray;
Lead home the feet that rove abroad,
And bid the doubter rest in God.

mf So they with us, in bonds of love,
On earth, and in the realms above,
Shall here, and there, for ever raise
For this Thy mercy, ceaseless praise.

BLEST ARE THE PURE IN HEART. No. 276.



mf BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see their God;
The secret of the LORD is their's;
Their soul is CHRIST's abode.

The LORD, Who left the sky,
Our life and peace to bring,
And dwelt in lowliness with men,
Their Pattern and their King;

f To GOD the FATHER, SON,
And SPIRIT glory be;
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so,
To all eternity.

Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart;
And for His dwelling, and His throne,
Chooseth the pure in heart.

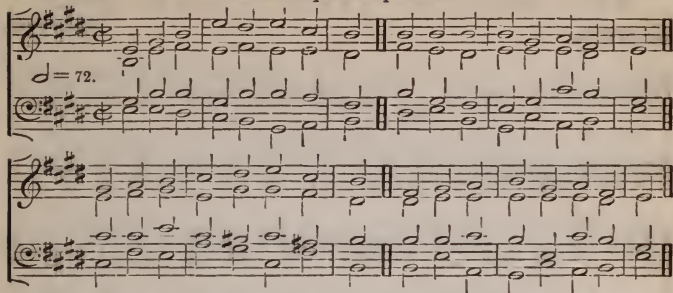
p LORD, we Thy presence seek;
Our's may this blessing be;
O give the pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.

O WORD CELESTIAL, WHO THY REST.

General.

Verbum supernum prodiens.

No. 277.

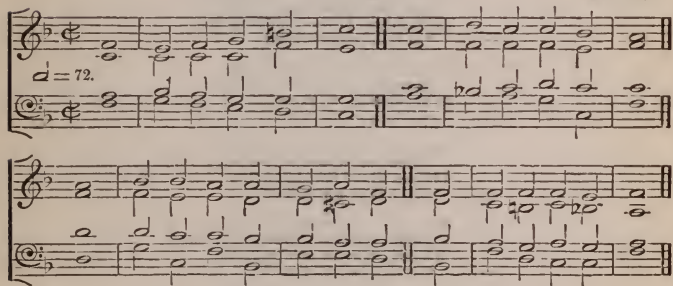


p O WORD celestial, Who Thy rest
Hast quitted in the FATHER's breast,
Who, after lapse of ages born,
Hast come to aid a world forlorn ;
mf Now light our bosoms from above,
And fire them with Thy warmest love,
That heavenly joys may fill the heart,
Where joys, that fade, no bliss impart ;
p That when the Judge shall, in His ire,
Consign the guilty to the fire,

And mercy's voice, with loving cry,
Shall claim the righteous for the sky ;
We ne'er, the food for flames, be tost
'Mid darkling storm, that wreck the lost,
cres. But, looking on Thy Face Divine,
May share the rays that ceaseless shine.
f To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And HOLY SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,
As ever giv'n, so give we still,
All praise, eternity to fill.

FAR FROM MY HEAVENLY HOME.

No. 278.



mf FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my FATHER's breast,
I fainting cry, blest SPIRIT, come,
And speed me to my rest !
My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee ;
My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

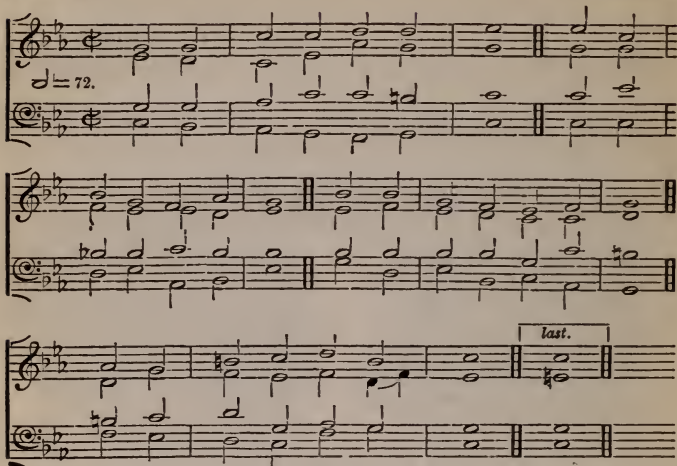
To thee, to thee I press ;
A dark and toilsome road ;
When shall I pass this wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode ?
p My GOD, my life, be near !
On Thee my hopes I cast :
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last !

f To GOD the FATHER, SON,
And SPIRIT, glory be ;
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity.

WHEN THE DARK WAVES ROUND US ROLL.

General.

No. 279.

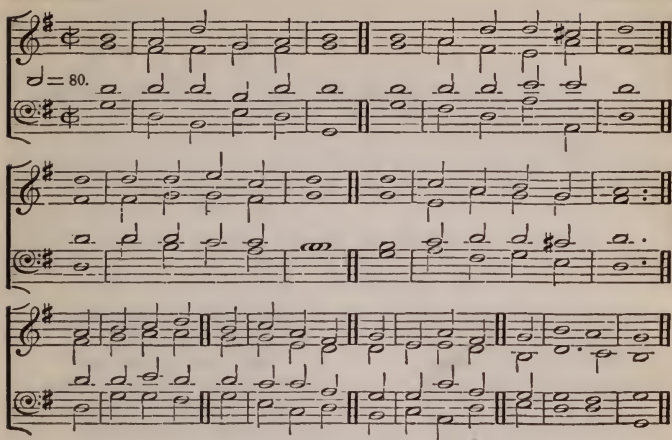


- p* WHEN the dark waves round us roll,
And we look in vain for aid,
Speak, LORD, to the trembling soul,
p cres. "It is I, be not afraid!"
- mf* When we dimly trace Thy form,
In mysterious clouds arrayed,
Be the echo of the storm,
p cres. "It is I, be not afraid!"
- p* When our brightest hopes depart,
When our fairest visions fade,
Whisper to the fainting heart,
cres. "It is I, be not afraid!"
- p* When we weep beside the bier,
Where some well-loved form is laid,
Oh! may then the mourner hear,
cres. "It is I, be not afraid!"
- mf* When with wearing hopeless pain,
Sinks the spirit, sore dismayed,
Breathe Thou then the comfort-strain,
p cres. "It is I, be not afraid!"
- p* When we feel the end is near,
Passing into death's dark shade,
cres. May the voice be strong and clear,
f "It is I, be not afraid!"

MY SONG IS LOVE UNKNOWN.

General.

No. 280.



mf My song is love unknown,
 My SAVIOUR's love to me;
 Love to the loveless shewn,
 That they might lovely be:
 Oh! who am I,
 That, for my sake,
 My LORD should take
 Frail flesh and die?

mf Why, what hath my LORD done?
 What makes this rage and spite?
 He made the lame to run,
 He gave the blind their sight:
cres. Sweet injuries!
 Yet they at these
 Themselves displease,
 And 'gainst Him rise!

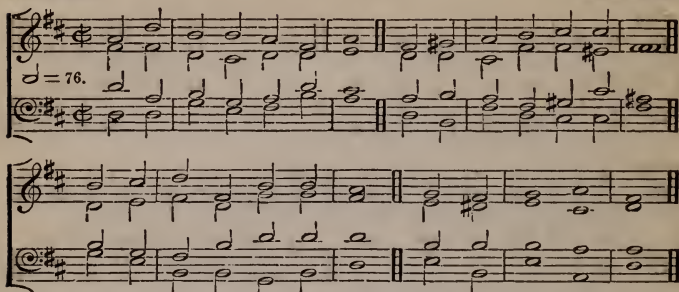
p In life no house, no home,
 My LORD on earth might have:
 In death no friendly tomb,
 But what a stranger gave;
cres. What may I say?
 Heav'n was His home,
 But mine the tomb,
 Wherein He lay.

mf Here might I stay and sing;
 No story so divine;
 Never was love, dear KING,
 Never was grief like Thine!
f This is my Friend,
 In Whose sweet praise,
 I all my days
 Could gladly spend.

CHRISTIAN! SEEK NOT YET REPOSE.

General.

No. 281.



mf CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,
Cast thy dreams of ease away;
Thou art in the midst of foes;
p Therefore watch and pray.
f Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever, night and day;
Near thee lurks the evil One;
p Therefore watch and pray.

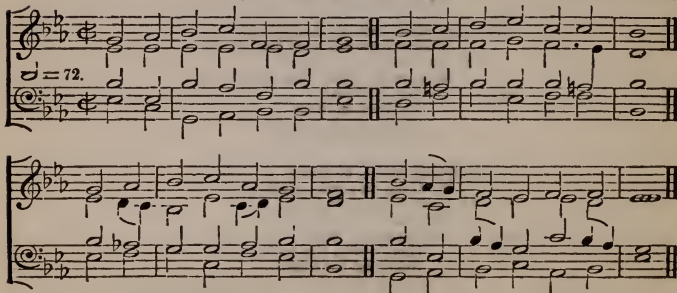
mf Listen to thy sorrowing LORD,
Him thou lovest to obey;
It is He, Who speaks the word,
p Therefore watch and pray.
mf 'Twas by watching, and by prayer,
Holy men of olden day
Won the palms and crowns they wear;
p Therefore watch and pray.

p Watch, for thou thy guard must keep:
Pray, for GOD must speed thy way:
Narrow is the road and steep:
f Therefore watch and pray.

JESU, LORD, TO ME IMPART.

Dignare me, O Jesu! rogo Te.

No. 282.



p JESU, LORD, to me impart
Sholter in Thy wounded heart;
cres. Let me ever here abide,
dim. Resting in Thy stricken side.

mf If the Evil One with wiles,
If the world with wealth beguiles,
cres. In Thy heart retreat is sure,
In Thy side I rest secure.

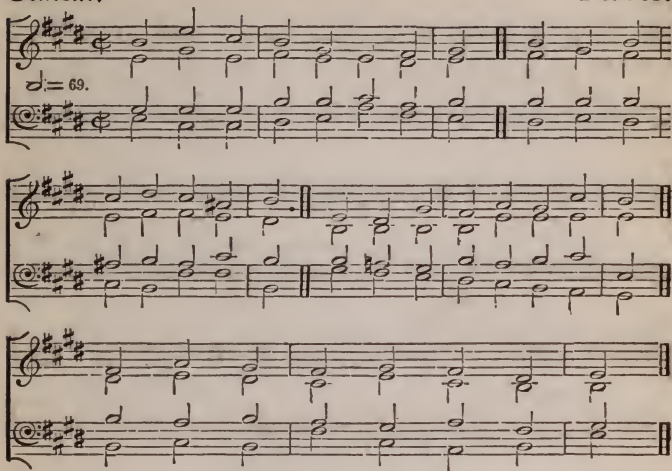
mf When the flesh, more wily, waits,
Haunting me with tempting baits,
cres. Fearless I may safe abide,
All my refuge this Thy side.

p When shall come my closing day,
JESU, cast me not away!
cres. Grant me SAVIOUR, when I die,
dim. Buried in Thy side to lie.

BEHOLD A STRANGER AT THE DOOR.

General,

No. 283.



mf BEHOLD a stranger at the door!
 He gently knocks, has knocked before,
 Has waited long, is waiting still:
 You treat no other friend so ill.

p O lovely Visitor! He stands,
 With melting heart and bleeding hands!
cres. O matchless kindness, for He shows
 This matchless kindness to His foes!

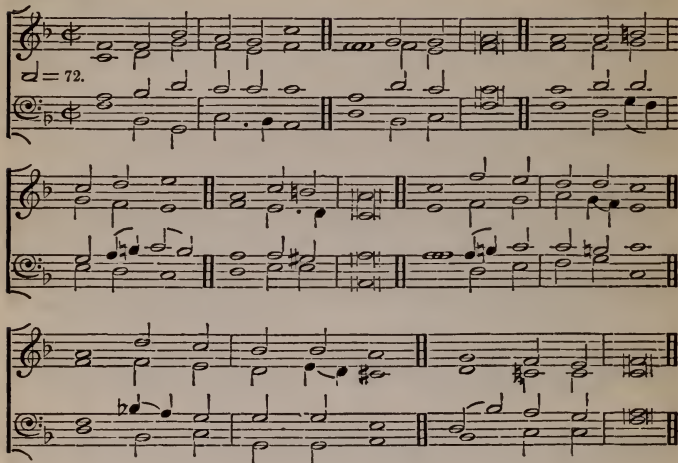
mf But will He prove my friend indeed?
 He will; the very friend you need;
 The Friend of sinners! yes, 'tis He,
 With garments dyed on Calvary.

f Rise! touched with gratitude divine!
 Turn out His enemy and thine.
 That soul-destroying monster Sin,
 And let the heavenly Stranger in!

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

General.

No. 284.



p "NEARER, my GOD, to Thee!"
 Hear Thou my prayer;
 E'en though a heavy cross
 Fainting I bear,
 Still all my prayer shall be;
cres. "Nearer, my God, to Thee;
p Nearer to Thee!"

p If, where they led my LORD,
 I too am borne,
 Planting my steps in His,
 Weary and worn;
 May the path carry me
cres. "Nearer, my God, to Thee;
p Nearer to Thee!"

p If Thou the cup of pain
 Givest to drink,
 Let not my trembling lip
 From the draught shrink;
 So by my woes to be
cres. "Nearer, my God, to Thee;
p Nearer to Thee!"

mf Though the great battle rage
 Hotly around,
 Still where my Captain fights
 Let me be found;
 Through toils and strife to be
cres. "Nearer, my God, to Thee;
p Nearer to Thee!"

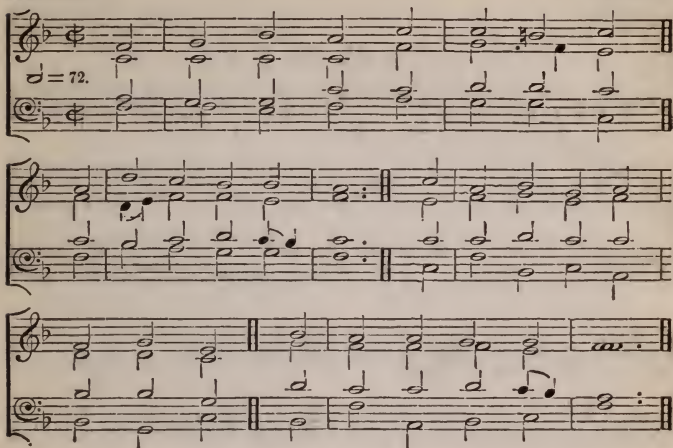
p When, my course finished, I
 Breathe my last breath,
 Ent'ring the shadowy
 Valley of death;
 Even there shall I be
cres. "Nearer, my God, to Thee;
p Nearer to Thee!"

mf And when, Thou, LORD, once more
 Glorious shalt come,
 Oh! for a dwelling-place,
 In Thy bright home!
f Through all eternity
 "Nearer, my God, to Thee;
p Nearer to Thee!"

ALMIGHTY GOD, THY PIERCING EYE.

General.

No. 285.



mf ALMIGHTY GOD, Thy piercing Eye
Strikes through the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to Thy sight.

There's not a sin that we commit
Nor wicked word we say,
But in Thy dreadful book 'tis writ
Against the judgment-day.

And must the crimes that I have done,
Be read and published there,
Be all exposed before the sun,
While men and angels hear?

p LORD! at Thy feet ashamed I lie,
I upward dare not look;
Forgive my sins before I die,
And blot them from Thy Book!

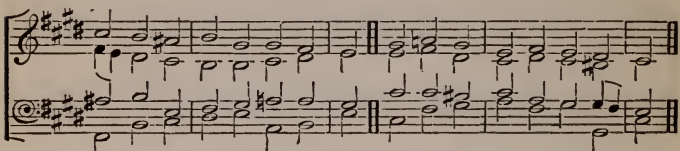
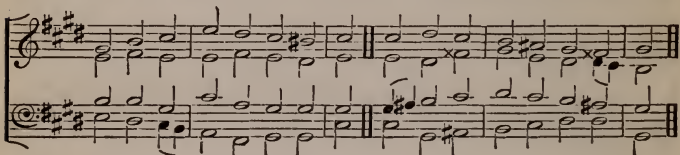
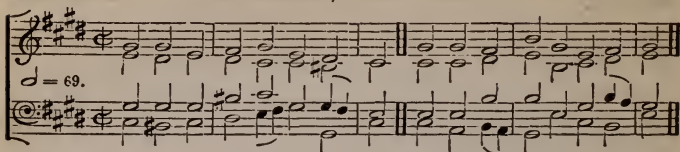
Remember all the dying pains
That my REDEEMER felt,
cres And let His blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.

O PRECIOUS SAVIOUR, FROM THY THRONE.

General.

Jesu dulcissime, e throno Gloria.

No. 286.



p O PRECIOUS SAVIOUR, from Thy throne
Of starry splendor Thou hast shewn,
Thy lost and ruined sheep to seek,
A Shepherd ever faithful, meek!
cres. To Thy dear Self O draw Thou me,
That I may ever follow Thee!

p Alas! how sadly fall'n am I!
A wand'rer from Thy fold I cry!
cres. O! save me from infernal pains,
And in Thy blood blot out my stains;
f That, washed by Thee as white as snow,
My heart with love may ever glow.

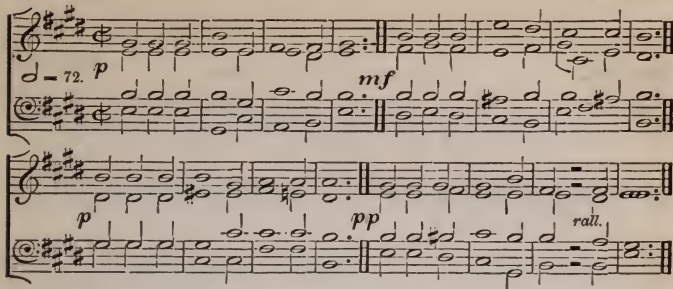
mf O mourners' Comfort! souls' Delight!
Thou loving Fount of mercy bright!
Indulgent SAVIOUR, nigh me stand,
To screen me from the foeman's hand!
Thou faithful Shepherd of the sheep,
Redeem me when in death I sleep.

f O Bridegroom, decked in rich array!
Outshining far the orb of day,
Still sweeter than the honied store,
Thy favour grant me I implore;
Forgiveness that I e'er have strayed,
And joy in dying, ne'er to fade!

JUST AS I AM, WITHOUT ONE PLEA.

General.

No. 287.



p Just as I am, without one plea,
mf But that Thy blood was shed for me,
p And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
pp O Lamb of God, I come!

p Just as I am, and waiting not
mf To cleanse my soul of one dark blot,
p To Thee, Whose blood can cleanse each
 spot,
pp O Lamb of God, I come!

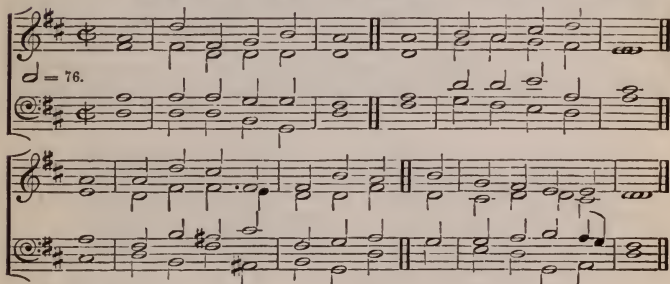
p Just as I am, though tossed about
mf With many a conflict, many a doubt,
p Fightings and fears within, without,
pp O Lamb of God, I come!

p Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
mf Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
p Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

p Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
mf Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse,
 relieve,
p Because Thy promise I believe:
pp O Lamb of God, I come!

p Just as I am: Thy love unknown
mf Has broken every barrier down:
p Thine now to be, yea, Thine alone,
pp O Lamb of God, I come!

MY GOD, MY LIFE, MY LOVE. No. 288.



p My God, my Life, my Love,
 To Thee, to Thee I call:
 I cannot live if Thou remove,
 For Thou art all in all.

cres. Thy shining grace can cheer
 This dungeon where I dwell:
 'Tis Paradise when Thou art here;
 If Thou depart 'tis hell.

f To Thee, and Thee alone,
 The angels owe their bliss;
 They sit around Thy gracious throne,
 And dwell where Jesus is.

p Not all the harps above
 Can make a heavenly place,
 If God His residence remove,
 Or but conceal His face.

Nor earth, nor all the sky,
 Can one delight afford;

No, not a drop of real joy,

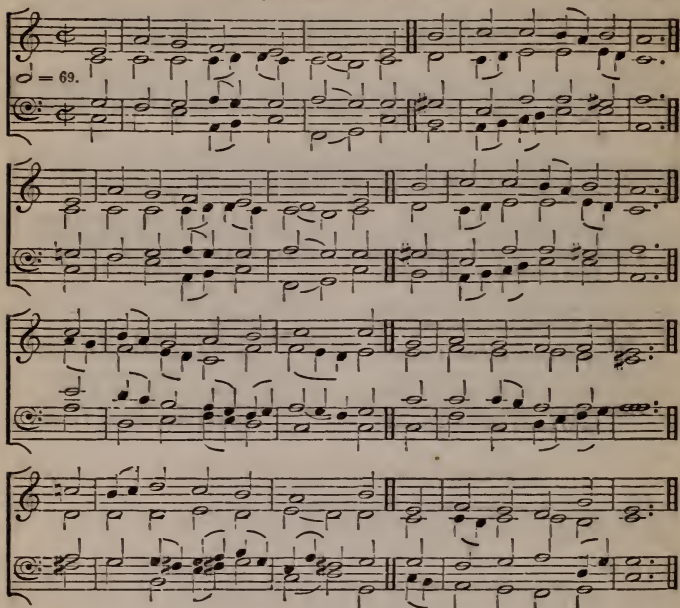
cres. Without Thy Presence, LORD.

O SACRED HEAD, NOW WOUNDED.

General.

O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden.

No. 289.



p O SACRED HEAD! now wounded,
 With grief and shame weighed down,
 Now scornfully surrounded
 With thorns, Thine only Crown!
cres. O SACRED HEAD! What glory,
 What bliss till now was Thine!
 Yet, though despised and gory,
f I joy to call Thee mine.

mf What Thou, my LORD, hast suffered
 Was all for sinners' gain:
 Mine, mine was the transgression,
 But Thine the deadly pain.
 Lo! here I fall, my SAVIOUR!
 'Tis I deserve Thy place;
cres. Look on me with Thy favor,
 Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

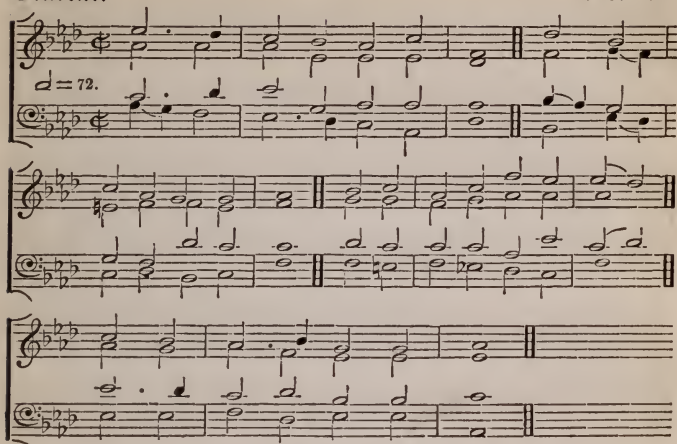
f The joy can ne'er be spoken,
 Above all joys beside,
 When in Thy Body broken
 I thus with safety bide.
dim. LORD of my life, desiring
 Thy glory now to see,
 Beside Thy Cross expiring.
 I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

p Be near me when I'm dying;
 Oh! shew Thy Cross to me;
 And to my succour flying,
cres. Come, LORD, and set me free!
p When strength and comfort languish
 Amidst the final throes,
 Release me from my anguish
 By Thine Own pain and woes.

COME, MY SOUL, THY SUIT PREPARE.

General.

No. 290.



mf COME, my soul, thy suit prepare ;
 JESUS loves to answer prayer ;
 He Himself has bid thee pray,
 Therefore will not say thee nay.

Thou art coming to a King,
 Large petitions with thee bring ;
 For His grace and pow'r are such,
 None can ever ask too much.

p With my burden I begin :
 LORD, remove this load of sin ;
 Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
 Set my conscience free from guilt.

LORD, I come to Thee for rest ;
 Take possession of my breast ;
 There thy blood-bought right maintain,
 And without a rival reign.

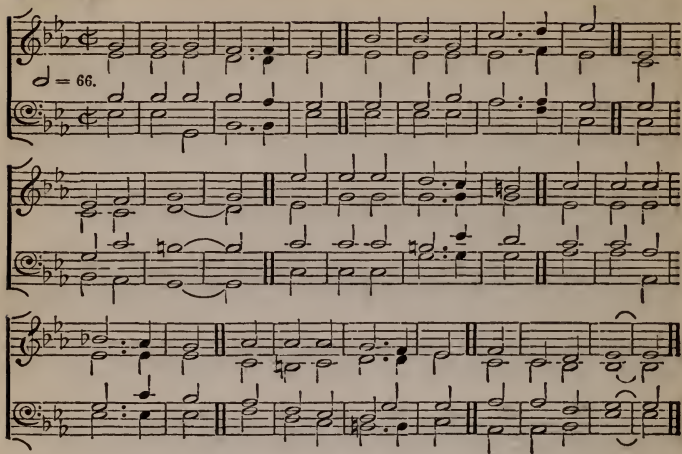
mf While I am a pilgrim here,
 Let Thy love my spirit cheer ;
 As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
 Lead me to my journey's end.

cres. Shew me what I have to do ;
 Every hour my strength renew ;
f Let me live a life of faith ;
p Let me die Thy people's death.

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

General.

No. 291.



p My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
SAVIOUR divine!

cres. Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh! let me from this day
Be wholly Thine!

mf May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire!

cres. As Thou hast died for me,
Oh! may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!

p When life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide!

cres. Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

p When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;

cres. Blest SAVIOUR! then in love
Distrust and fear remove,
O bear me safe above,

f A ransomed soul!

O GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST.

General.

Psalm 90.

No. 292.

The musical score is written for a four-part vocal or instrumental ensemble. It consists of four systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/2. A tempo marking '♩ = 88.' is present at the beginning. The music is a hymn tune, featuring a mix of half and whole notes, with some rests. The final note of the piece is a sharp sign, likely indicating the end of the piece or a specific performance instruction.

mf O God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home ;
cres. Beneath the shadow of Thy throne
 Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
 Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.

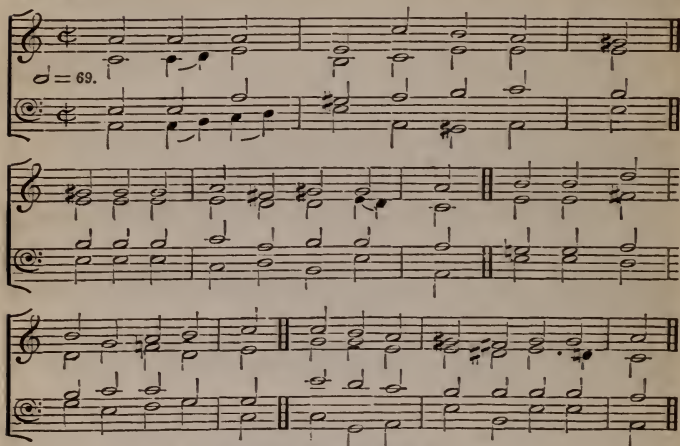
mf Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth received her frame,
 From everlasting Thou art God,
 To endless years the same.
cres. A thousand ages in Thy sight
 Are like an evening gone ;
 As short the watch that ends the night
 Before the rising sun.

p Time, like an overflowing stream,
 Bears all its sons away :
 They fly forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the opening day.
f Our God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
 And our eternal home.

O SAVIOUR! IS THY PROMISE FLED?

General.

No. 293.



p O SAVIOUR! is Thy promise fled?
 Nor longer might Thy grace endure
 To heal the sick, and raise the dead,
 And preach the Gospel to the poor?

mf Come! JESUS, come! return again;
 With brighter beam Thy servants bless,
 Who long to feel Thy perfect reign,
 And share Thy kingdom's happiness.

p A feeble race, by passion driven,
 In darkness and in doubt we roam,
cres. And lift our anxious eyes to heaven,
 Our hope, our harbour, and our home.

Yet, mid the wild and wintry gale,
 When death rides darkly o'er the sea,
 And strength and earthly daring fail,
 Our prayers, REDEEMER, rest on Thee.

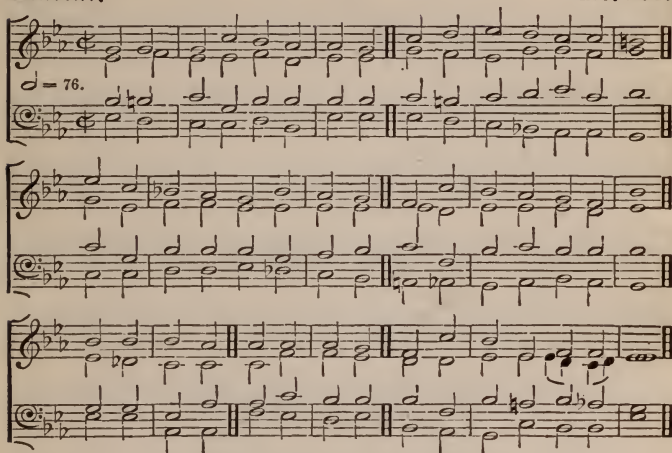
mf Come! JESUS, come! and as of yore
 The Prophet went to clear Thy way,
 A harbinger Thy feet before,
 A dawning to Thy brighter day;

cres. So now may grace, with heavenly shower,
 Our stony hearts for truth prepare;
 Sow in our minds the seed of power,
 Then come, and reap Thy harvest there!

LORD, DISMISS US WITH THY BLESSING.

General.

No. 294.



LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing;
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 Let us each, Thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace:
 Oh! refresh us,
 Trav'ling through this wilderness!

Thanks we give and adoration
 For Thy Gospel's joyful sound:
 May the fruits of Thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound!
 Ever faithful
 To the truth may we be found!

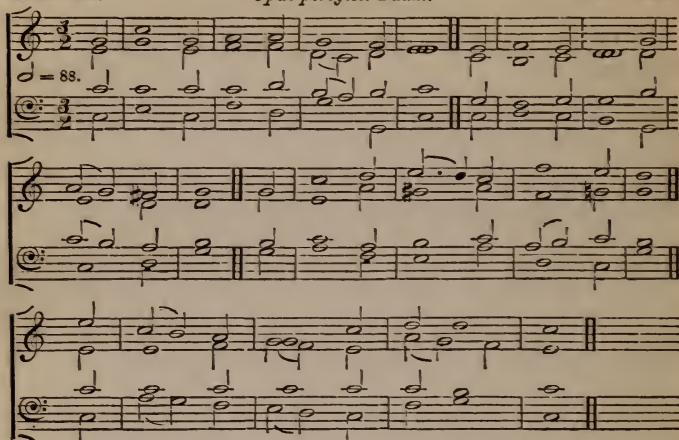
So, whene'er the signal's given
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angel's wing to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 May we ever
 Reign with CHRIST in endless day!

THY GLORIOUS WORK, O CHRIST, IS DONE.

General.

Opus peregristi Tuum.

No. 295.



f THY glorious work, O CHRIST, is done !
The battle waged with death is won !
Thou erst didst leave Thy starry throne,
But heaven demands Thee now its own !

With clouds of splendor now arrayed,
Thou look'st on earth below Thee laid ;
Now started from their distant posts,
Attend their King unnumbered hosts !

Assembled Heav'n in wonder waits !
Fly ope the everlasting gates !
God-man, amid the pealing sky,
Thou tak'st the FATHER'S seat on high !

p O Priest, and Pleader, Fount of Peace,
That blood, which brought us blest release,
Which gushed from out Thine heart of love,
Thou liv'st to offer there above.

cres. 'Tis thence Thy Church, Thy spotless Bride,
Is ever nourished, beautified ;
Thy members, thence with life inspired,
Are with Thy hidden SPIRIT fired.

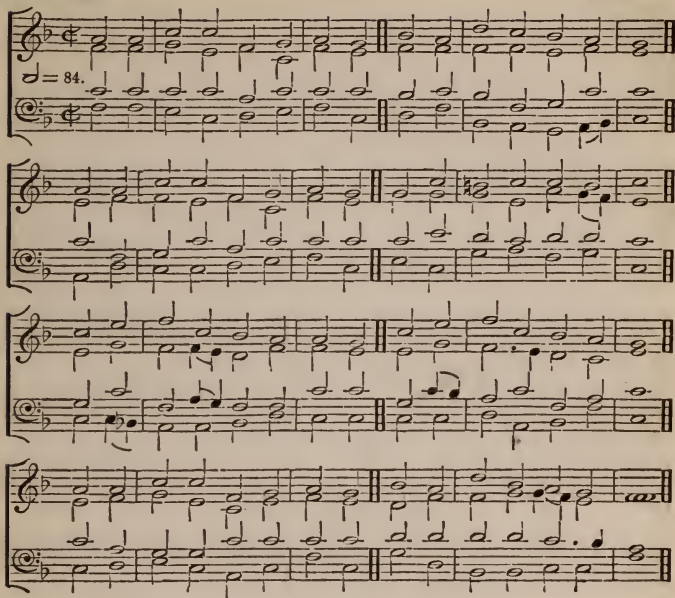
mf Great Head ! where'er Thou dost precede,
Thy Body thither dost Thou lead ;
p Oh ! may we never swerve nor stray,
But walk where Thou hast marked the way.

ff To Thee, O JESU, praise be giv'n,
Returned in triumph into heav'n !
The FATHER, SPIRIT, we adore
Till time shall cease, for evermore !

GLORIOUS THINGS OF THEE ARE SPOKEN.

General.

No. 296.

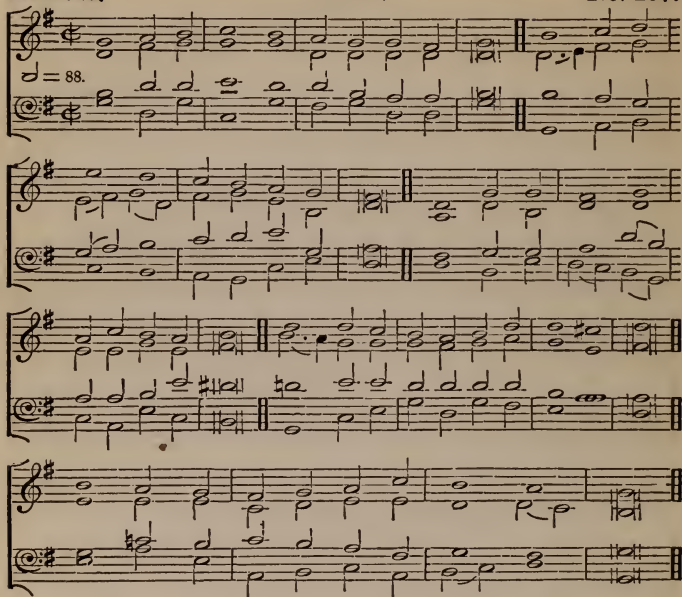


f GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, City of our God!
 He, Whose word cannot be broken,
 Formed thee for His Own abode;
 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou may'st smile on all thy foes.

p See the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove:
cres. Who can faint while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst t'assuage:
 Grace, which, like the LORD, the Giver,
 Never fails from age to age?

mf SAVIOUR! we of Zion's city
 Members through Thy grace became;
 Though the world deride or pity,
 We will glory in Thy Name!
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show;
f Solid joys and lasting treasure,
 None but Zion's children know.

WHY, WEARY MOURNER, SHED THE CEASELESS General. TEAR? No. 297.



p WHY, weary mourner, shed the ceaseless tear?
Why bow thy soul beneath desponding fear?
cres. Lift up thine eyes! behold the gladd'ning sight!
For, crowned with golden rays of mercy bright,
f Lo! CHRIST appears thine everlasting light.

p Thou oft hast fallen, oft the SPIRIT grieved,
By sin enchained, of peace and joy bereaved:
Though circled round by foes of fearful might,
cres. Yet seek the Cross, however dark the night;
f For thee it beams with everlasting light.

mf Draw nigh the Bosom where the weary rest,
There hopeful lay thy heavy laden breast;
Though spotted over with a deadly blight,
cres. Thy sins of scarlet there shall turn to white;
f Thy darkness merge in everlasting light.

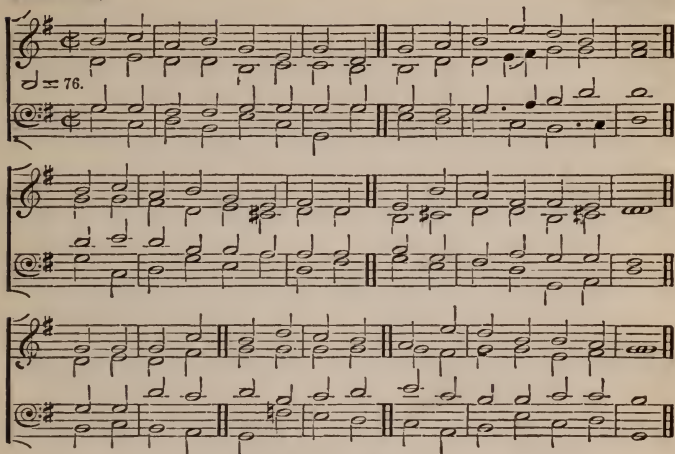
mf With watchful care pursue thy lowly way;
Thy strength shall now be as thy shining day;
With faith thy shield the foeman boldly smite,
With triumph sure maintain the mortal fight:
f Look up to CHRIST thine everlasting light.

p Though tearful sorrow dimmed thy SAVIOUR'S eyes,
cres. Yet, sorrow past, He rose above the skies:
Then stanch thy weeping, speed thy heavenward flight;
Thou soon shalt reach, beyond the starry height,
f Thy deathless crown of everlasting light.

HOLY FATHER, GREAT CREATOR.

General.

No. 298.



mf HOLY FATHER, great CREATOR,
 Source of mercy, love, and peace,
cres. Look upon the Mediator,
 Clothe us with His righteousness;
p cres. Heavenly FATHER,
 Through the SAVIOUR, hear and bless.

mf Holy JESUS, LORD of Glory,
 Whom angelic hosts proclaim,
 While we hear Thy wondrous story,
 Meet and worship in Thy Name,
p cres. Dear REDEEMER,
 In our hearts Thy peace proclaim.

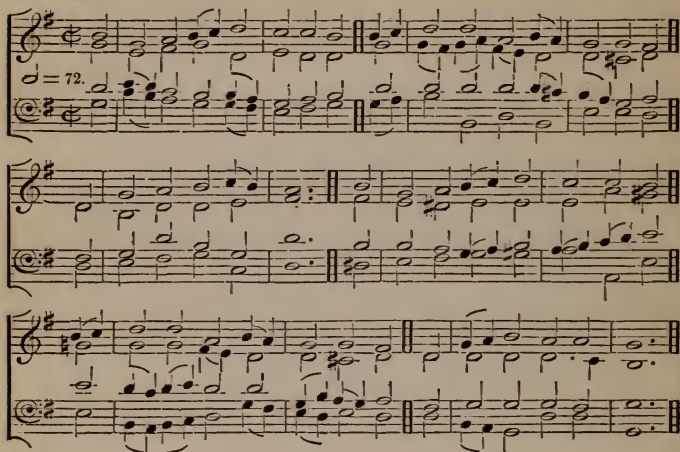
mf Holy SPIRIT, Sanctifier,
 Come with unction from above,
 Raise our hearts with rapture higher,
 Fill them with the SAVIOUR's love;
p cres. Source of comfort,
 Cheer us with the SAVIOUR's love.

f God the LORD, through every nation
 Let Thy wondrous mercies shine!
 In the song of Thy salvation
 Every tongue and race combine!
p cres. Great JEHOVAH!
 Form our hearts, and make them Thine.

O LOVE DIVINE, HOW SWEET THOU ART.

General.

No. 299.



p O LOVE divine, how sweet Thou art!
 When shall I find my willing heart
 All taken up by Thee?
cres. I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
 The greatness of redeeming love,
 The love of CHRIST to me.

mf Still stronger e'en than death or hell,
 Its riches are unsearchable:
 The first-born sons of light
cres. Desire in vain its depths to see;
 They cannot reach the mystery,
 The length, the breadth, the height.

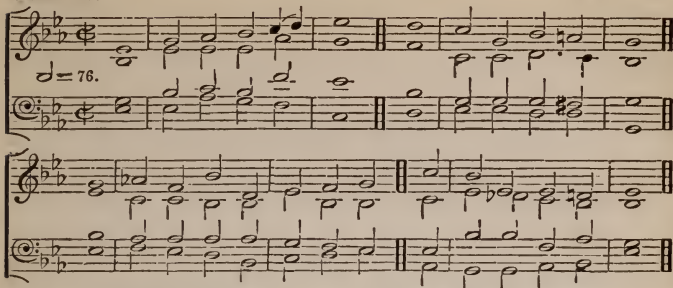
mf GOD only knows the love of GOD:
 Oh! that it now were shed abroad
 In this poor stony heart!
cres. For love I sigh, for love I pine:
 This only portion, LORD, be mine;
 Be mine this better part!

p Oh! that I could for ever sit
 With Mary at the Master's feet!
 Be this my happy choice!
cres. My only care, delight, and bliss,
 My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

OH! WHERE SHALL REST BE FOUND.

General.

No. 300.



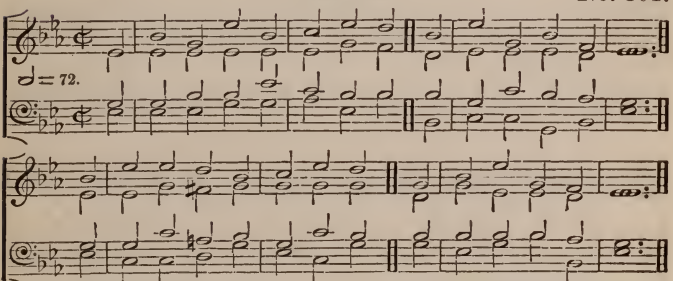
mf Oh! where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean-depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.
The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh :
'Tis not the whole of life, to live,
Nor all of death, to die.
Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years ;
And all that life is love.

p There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath :
Oh ! what eternal horrors hang
Around " the second death " !
mf LORD GOD of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun ;
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
For evermore undone.
Here would we end our quest :
cres. Alone are found in Thee
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality !

OH! 'T WAS A JOYFUL SOUND TO HEAR.

Psalms 122.

No. 301.



f Oh! 'twas a joyful sound to hear
Our tribes devoutly say :
Up Israel, to the temple haste,
And keep your festal day.
At Salem's courts we must appear
With our assembled pow'rs,
In strong and beauteous order ranged,
Like her united tow'rs.
'Tis thither, by divine command,
The tribes of God repair,
Before His ark to celebrate
His Name with praise and prayer.

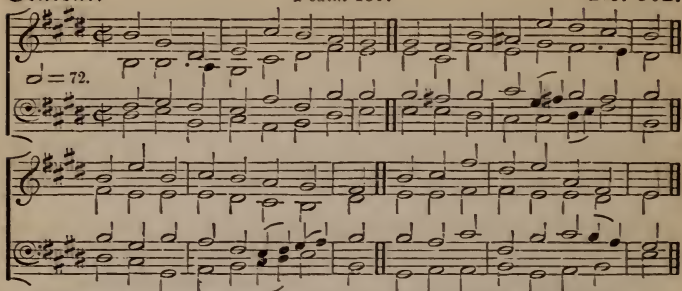
p O pray we then for Salem's peace !
For they shall prosp'rous be,
Thou holy City of our God,
Who bear true love to thee.
May peace within thy sacred walls
A constant guest be found !
With plenty and prosperity
Thy palaces be crowned !
cres. But most of all I'll seek thy good,
And ever wish thee well,
For Sion and the temple's sake,
Where God vouchsafes to dwell.

THOU, LORD, BY STRICTEST SEARCH HAST KNOWN.

General.

Psalm 139.

No. 302.



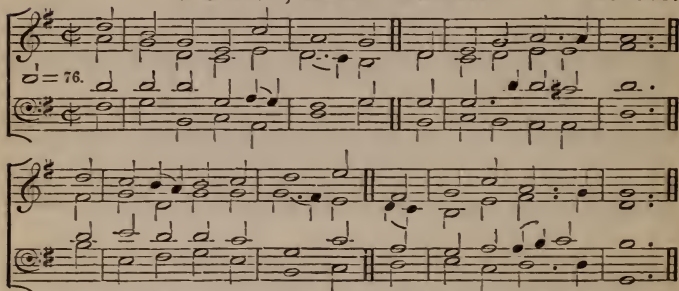
mf THOU, LORD, by strictest search hast known
 My rising up and lying down,
 My secret thoughts are known to Thee,
 Known long before conceived by me.
 Surrounded by Thy power I stand;
 On every side I find Thy hand;
 O skill, for human reach too high!
 Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!
 If up to heaven I take my flight,
 'Tis there Thou dwelt'st enthroned in light;
 Or dive to hell's infernal plains,
 'Tis there Almighty vengeance reigns.

If I the morning's wings could gain,
 And fly beyond the western main,
 Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
 And there arrest Thy fugitive.
 Or should I try to shun Thy sight
 Beneath the sable wings of night;
 One glance from Thee, one piercing ray,
 Would kindle darkness into day.

p Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,
 If mischief lurks in any part;
 Correct me where I go astray,
 And guide me in Thy perfect way.

O JESUS, EVER PRESENT.

No. 303.



mf O JESUS, ever present,
 O SHEPHERD, ever kind,
 Thy very name is music
 To ear, and heart, and mind.

cres. It woke my wondering childhood
 To muse on things above;
 It drew my harder manhood
 With cords of mighty love.

p How oft to sure destruction
 My feet had gone astray,
 Wert Thou not, patient SHEPHERD,
 The Guardian of my way!

How oft in darkness fallen,
 And wounded sore by sin,
 Thy Hand has gently raised me,
 And healing balms poured in!

mf O SHEPHERD good! I follow
 Wherever Thou wilt lead:
 No matter where the pasture,
 With Thee at hand to feed.

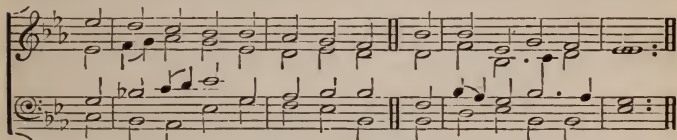
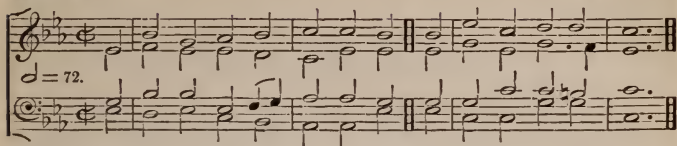
cres. Thy Voice, in life so mighty,
 In death shall make me bold:

p O bring my ransomed spirit
 To Thine eternal fold!

THOU ART THE WAY: TO THEE ALONE.

General,

No. 304.



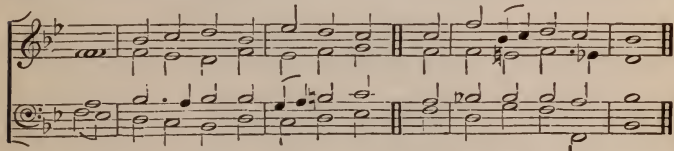
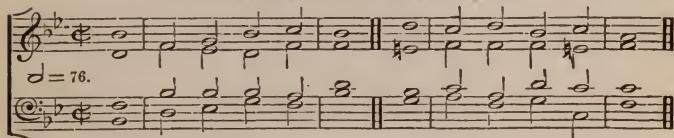
mf Thou art the Way: to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he, who would the FATHER seek,
Must seek Him, LORD, by Thee.

Thou art the Truth: Thy word alone
Sound wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conqu'ring arm;
And those, who put their trust in Thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

f Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that Way to know,
That truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

YE SERVANTS OF THE LORD. No. 305.



mf YE servants of the LORD,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in His sight,
For awful is His name.

p Watch! 'tis your LORD's command;
And while we speak He's near:
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

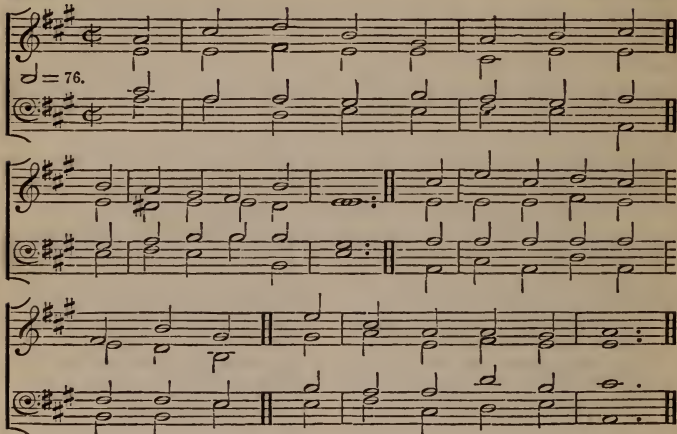
cres. O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall His LORD with rapture see.
And be with honour crowned.

f The banquet CHRIST shall spread
With His Own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amidst th' angelic band.

O FOUNT OF MERCY, GOD OF LOVE!

Hardest.

No. 306.



f O FOUNT of mercy, God of love!
How rich Thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim Thy constant care.

f When 'neath the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

The spring's sweet influence was Thine;
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild refreshing dew.

These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A yellow harvest crowns Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

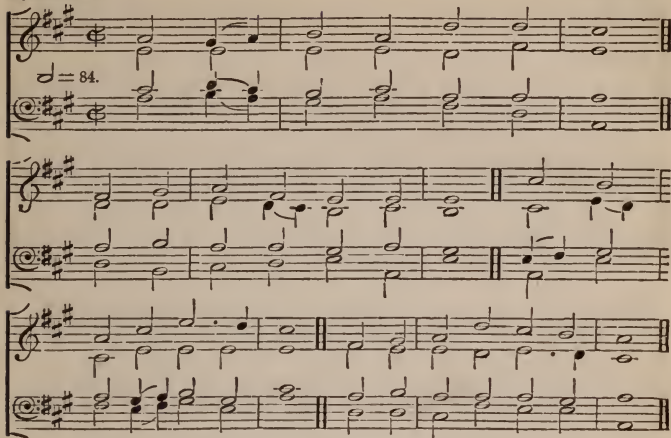
p Seed-time and harvest, LORD, alone
Thou dost on man bestow;
Then let him not forget to own
From Whom his blessings flow!

f O Fount of love! our praise is Thine;
To Thee our songs we'll raise;
And all created Nature join,
In sweet harmonious praise.

PRAISE TO GOD! IMMORTAL PRAISE!

Hardest,

No. 307.



f PRAISE to GOD! immortal praise!
Praise the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ;

mf For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the fruits with melting juice,
Grateful gifts for mortal use;
Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews;
Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse;

All that Spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that lib'ral Autumn pours,
Rich in her o'erflowing stores:

f These to Thee, O God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

p Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
From the stem the ripening ear;
Though the sick'ning flocks should fall,
Dying herds desert the stall;

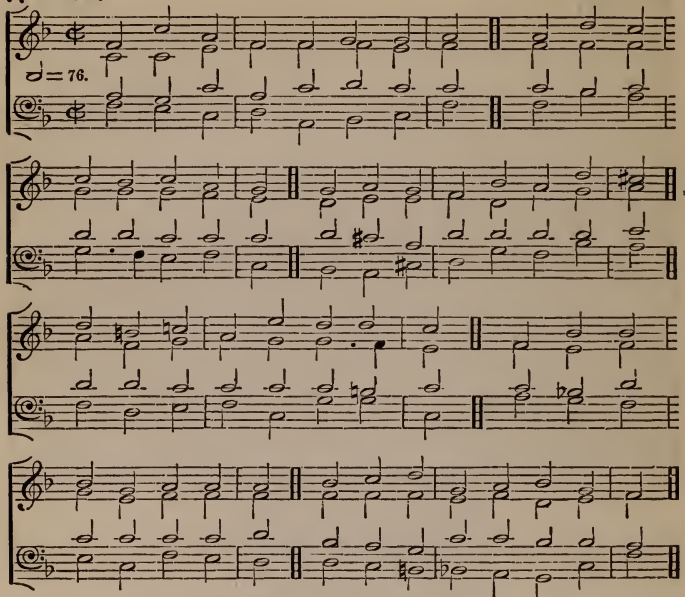
Should Thine altered Hand restrain
Th' early and the latter rain;
Blast each opening bud of joy;
Yea, the rising year destroy;

f Yet to Thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
Then, when every blessing's flown,
Love Thee for Thyself alone!

O LORD OF HARVEST! ONCE AGAIN.

Harbest.

No. 308.



mf O LORD of harvest! once again

We thank Thee for the ripened grain;
For crops safe carried, sent to cheer
Thy servants through another year;

p cres. For all sweet holy thoughts supplied
By seed-time, and by harvest-tide.

f The bare dead grain, in autumn sown,
Its robe of vernal green puts on;
Glad from its wintry grave it springs,
Fresh garnished by the KING of kings:

p cres. So, LORD, to those, who sleep in Thee,
Shall new and glorious bodies be.

mf Nor vainly of Thy Word we ask

A lesson from the reaper's task:
So shall Thine angels issue forth;
The tares be burnt; the just of earth,

p cres. The sport of sun and storm no more,
Be gathered to their Father's store.

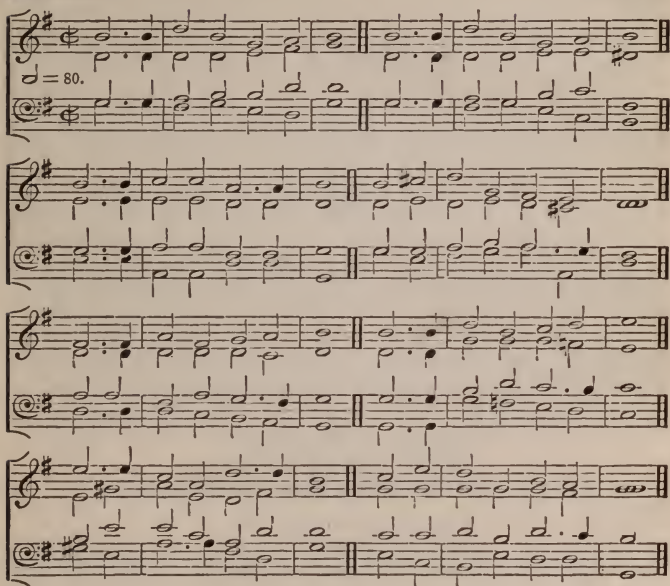
p O LORD, our prayers be daily said,
As Thou hast taught, for daily bread;
But not alone our bodies feed,
Supply our fainting spirits' need!

cres. O Bread of Life! from day to day,
Be Thou their Comfort, Food, and Stay!

COME, YE THANKFUL PEOPLE, COME!

Harbest.

No. 309.



f COME, ye thankful people, come!
 Raise the song of Harvest-home!
 All is safely gathered in
 Ere the winter storms begin:
 GOD our Maker doth provide
 For our wants to be supplied:
 Come to GOD's own temple, come!
 Raise the song of Harvest-home!

p For the LORD our GOD shall come,
 And shall take His Harvest home;
 From His field shall in that day
 All offences purge away;
 Give His angels charge at last
 In the fire the tares to cast;
cres. But the fruitful ears to store
 In His garner evermore.

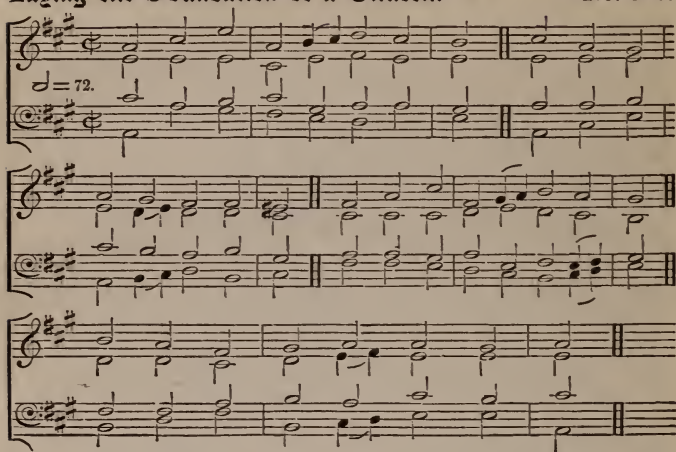
mf All the world is GOD's own field,
 Fruit unto His praise to yield;
 Wheat and tares together sown,
 Unto joy or sorrow grown:
 First the blade, and then the ear,
 Then the full corn shall appear:
 Lord of harvest, grant that we
 Wholesome grain and pure may be.

mf Even so, LORD, quickly come
 To Thy final Harvest-home;
 Gather Thou the people in,
 Free from sorrow, free from sin;
 There for ever purified,
 In Thy presence to abide;
f Come, with all Thine angels, come,
 Raise the glorious Harvest-home!

O LORD OF HOSTS, WHOSE GLORY FILLS.

Laying the Foundation of a Church.

No. 310.



f O LORD of hosts, Whose glory fills
The bounds of the eternal hills,
And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands,
To dwell in temples made with hands.

O grant that we, who here to-day,
Rejoicing, this foundation lay,
May be in very deed Thine Own,
Built on the precious Corner-stone.

mf Endue the creatures with Thy grace,
That shall adorn Thy dwelling-place;
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them Thine.

To Thee they all pertain, to Thee
The treasures of the earth and sea;
And when we bring them to Thy throne,
We but present Thee with Thine Own

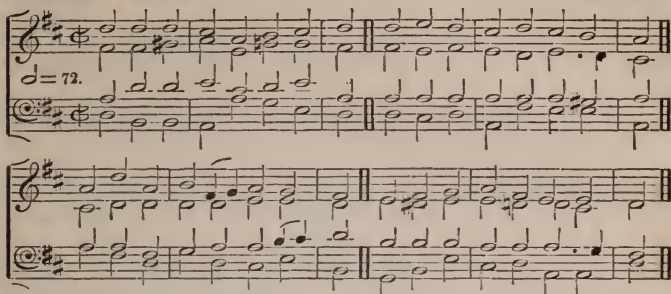
The heads that guide endue with skill;
The hands that work preserve from ill;
That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the topstone in its day.

f Both now and ever, LORD, protect
The temple of Thine Own elect;
Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,
O ever blessed Trinity!

O JESU, WHERE THY PEOPLE MEET.

Church Dedication.

No. 311.



mf O JESU, where Thy people meet,
They there behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee Thou art found,
And where Thou art is hallowed ground.

For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And, parting, take Thee to their home.

cres. Yet everywhere Thou guid'st Thine Own
To raise for Thee an earthly throne;
And where Thy Name Thou dost record,
There Thou wilt come and bless them,
LORD.

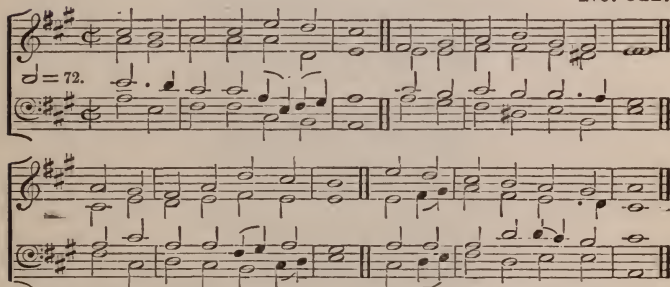
p Great SHEPHERD of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew,
And still to wayward hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving Name.

Heremay we prove the might of prayer,
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

cres. LORD, we are weak, but Thou art near;
Nor short Thine arm nor deaf Thine ear;
f O come with might and mercy down,
And make our cleansed hearts Thine
Own!

LORD OF HOSTS, TO THEE WE RAISE.

No. 312.



mf LORD of hosts! to Thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise;
Thou Thy people's hearts prepare,
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

f Let the living here be fed
With Thy Word, the heavenly Bread;
p Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest!

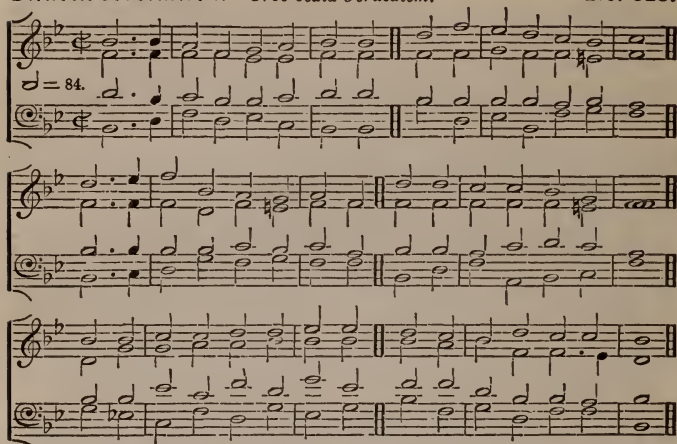
mf Here to Thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land!
Here reveal Thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure!

f Hallelujah! earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply!
f Hallelujah! hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

BLESSED CITY! HAPPY SALEM!

Church Dedication. *Urbs beata Jerusalem.*

No. 313.



f BLESSED City! Happy Salem!
 Peace is thine eternal name!
 Fashioned in celestial regions,
 Living stones have knit thy frame;
 Thou art decked by waiting angels,
 Like a Bride of salutly fame.

mf Blooming fresh, from heaven descending,
 For the wedding-chamber dight,
 As a fair affianced virgin,
 Fitted for her Bridegroom's sight;
 All thy streets and walls are blazing,
 Built of gold, thrice-pure and bright.

f Gleam with pearls thy sparkling portals;
 Open lie thy stretching shrines:
 They, who for their LORD have suffered,
 Whom to crush the world combines,
 There, by virtue of His merits,
 Every saint in glory shines.

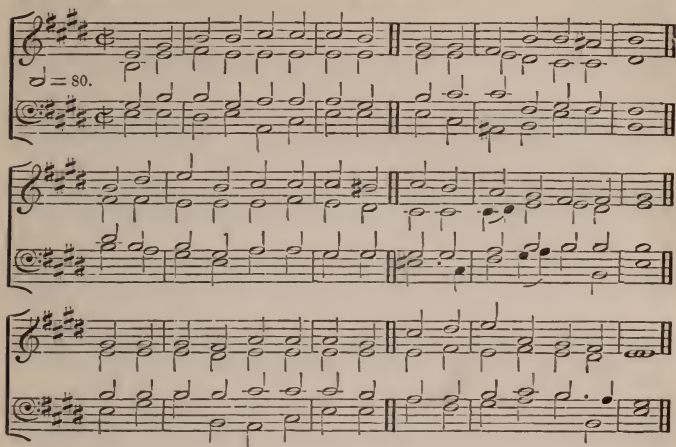
Hammered stones of smoothest polish,
 Chiselled by Divine command,
 In their places are cemented
 By the Builder's artful hand,
 Ranged throughout thy holy structures,
 There for ever will they stand.

f Glory, honour, praise, and power,
 Give the FATHER and the SON;
 Join the SPIRIT in the worship,
 One in THREE, and THREE in ONE;
 Offer still the adoration,
 While uncounted ages run!

CHRIST IS LAID THE SURE FOUNDATION.

Church Dedication. *Angulare Fundamentum.*

No. 314.



f CHRIST is laid the sure Foundation,
 Corner-stone from heavenly hands;
 Firm the coupled walls uniting,
 Both He links with sacred bands:
p cres. Holy Sion, thus supported,
 Resting on Him ever stands.

f Loved of GOD, to GOD devoted,
 High the City doth upraise
 Loudest songs of exultation,
 Bursting strains of measured praise;
ff THREE in ONE her GOD proclaiming,
 Sounding forth triumphant lays.

p GOD of Heav'n! in this Thy temple,
 When implored O be Thou nigh;
 With Thy tenderest compassion,
 Hearken to our prayerful cry;
cres. Send us down Thy richest blessing
 Evermore, as here we lie.

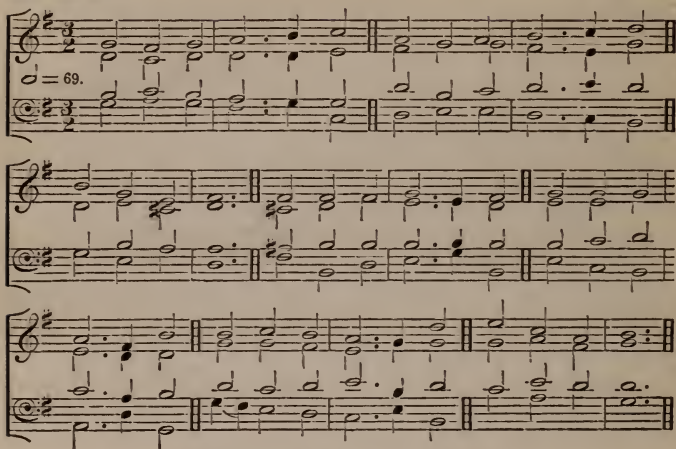
mf Here bestow on all Thy suitors
 What they crave in meek request;
 Ever holding fast Thy mercies,
 Joined for ever with the blest;
p cres. Then Thy Paradise to enter,
 There translated to Thy rest.

f Glory, worship, praise, and power,
 Give the FATHER and the SON;
 Shew the SPIRIT equal honour;
 ONE in THREE, and THREE in ONE;
ff Offer holy adoration,
 While uncounted ages run.

THOU, WHOSE ALMIGHTY WORD.

Missions.

No. 315.



f THOU, Whose Almighty Word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
p Hear us, we humbly pray,
cres. And, where the Gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
ff Let there be light!

mf Thou, Who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
p cres. Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh! now to all mankind
ff Let there be light!

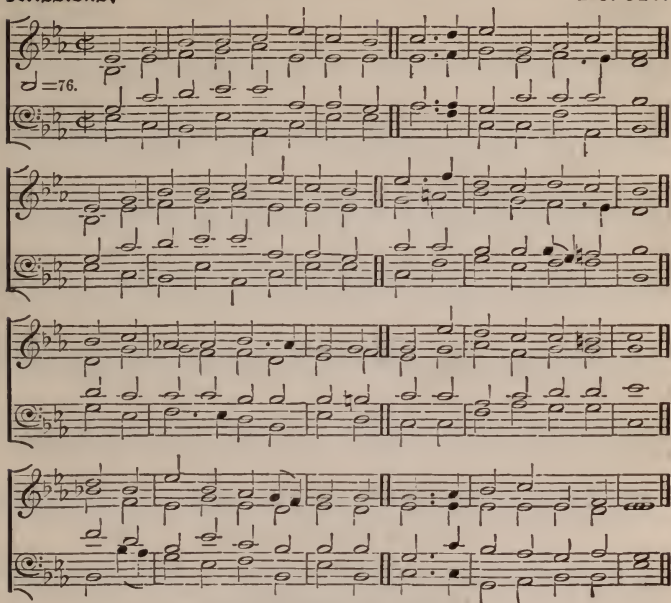
mf Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Sweep forth Thy flight!
p cres. Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
ff Let there be light!

p Holy and blessed Three,
Glorious TRINITY,
Wisdom, Love, Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
cres. Through the earth far and wide,
ff Let there be light!

SAVIOUR, SPRINKLE MANY NATIONS.

Missions,

No. 316.



mf SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations;
 Fruitful let Thy sorrows be;
 By Thy pains and consolations,
 Draw the Gentiles unto Thee;
 Of Thy Cross the wondrous story,
 Be it to the nations told;
 Let them see Thee in Thy glory,
 And Thy mercy manifold.

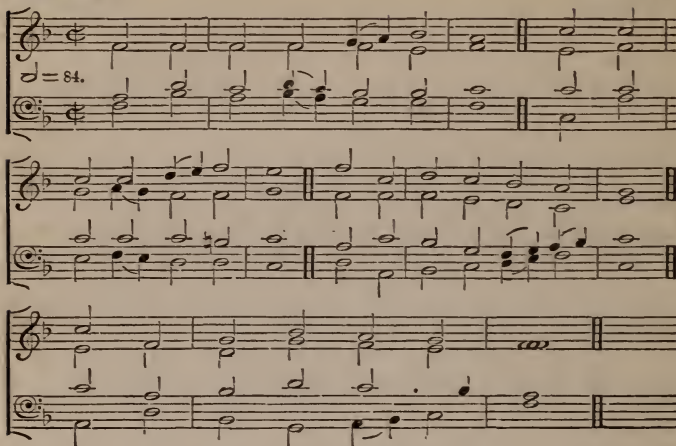
p Far and wide, though all unknowing,
 Pans for Thee each mortal breast;
 Human tears for Thee are flowing,
 Human hearts in Thee would rest,
 Thirsting, as for dews of even,
 As the new-mown grass for rain,
 Thee they seek, the God of heaven,
 Thee, as Man, for sinners slain.

cres. SAVIOUR, lo! the isles are waiting,
 Stretched the hand, and strained the sight,
 For Thy SPIRIT, new creating
 Love's pure flame and wisdom's light:
 Give the word, and of the preacher
 Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
f Till on earth by every creature
 Glory to the LAMB, be sung.

SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS, ARISE!

Missions.

No. 317.



f SOLDIERS of the Cross, arise!
Gird you with your armour bright!
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.

O'er a faithless, fallen world,
Raise your banner in the sky;
Let it float there, wide unfurled;
Bear it onward, lift it high.

mf 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living Word,
Let the SAVIOUR's herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.

Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry Truth's unsullied ray;
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving Sign display.

To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease;
To the outcast, and forlorn,
Speak of mercy and of peace.

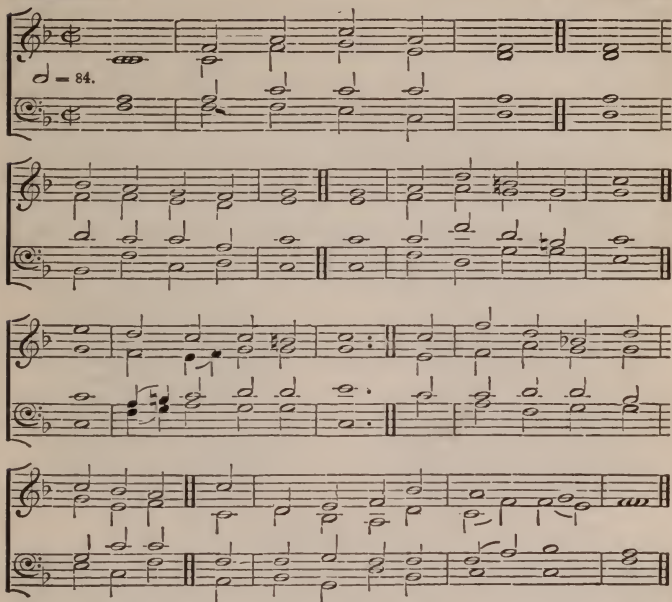
Guard the helpless, seek the strayed,
Comfort troubles, banish grief;
With the SPIRIT's sword arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

f Be the banner still unfurled;
Bear it bravely still abroad;
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdoms of the LORD.

ARISE, O LORD, AND SHINE!

Missions.

No. 318.

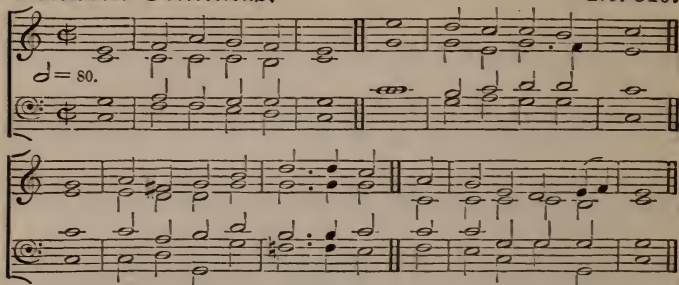


- mf* ARISE, O LORD, and shine,
 In all Thy saving might,
 And prosper each design
 To spread Thy glorious light;
cres. Let healing streams of mercy flow,
 That all the earth Thy truth may know.
- f* Bring distant nations near
 To sing Thy glorious praise;
 Let every people hear,
 And learn Thy holy ways!
- ff* Reign, mighty God! assert Thy cause,
 And govern by Thy righteous laws!
- mf* Put forth Thy glorious power,
 That Gentiles all may see,
 And earth present her store
 In converts born to Thee:
- f* God, our own God, H's Church shall bless,
 And fill the earth with righteousness.
- f* To God, the only wise,
 The one immortal King,
 Let hallelujahs rise
 From every living thing!
- ff* Let all that breathe, on every coast,
 Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST!

WE GIVE THEE BUT THINE OWN.

Charitable Collections.

No. 319.



mf We give Thee but Thine Own,
Whate'er the gift may be :
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O LORD, for Thee.

f May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blestest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

p Oh! hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold;
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold!

cres. To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

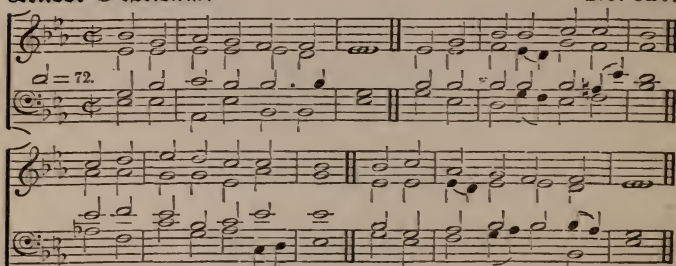
The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,—
It is a CHRIST-like thing.

f And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be,
Whate'er for Thine we do, O LORD,
We do it unto Thee.

GOD OF MERCY, THRONED ON HIGH.

School Festivals.

No. 320.



mf God of mercy, throned on high,
Listen from Thy lofty seat;
Hear, O hear our humble cry;
Guide, O guide our wandering feet.

Young and erring travellers, we
All our dangers do not know;
Scarcely fear the stormy sea,
Hardly feel the tempest blow.

p JESU, lover of the young,
Cleanse us with Thy blood divine;
Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
Save us, keep us, make us Thine!

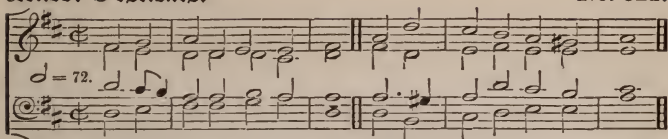
Let us ever hear Thy voice;
Ask Thy counsel day by day;
Saints and angels will rejoice,
If we walk in Wisdom's way.

mf SAVIOUR, give us faith, and pour
Hope and love on every soul;
cres Hope, till time shall be no more;
Love, while endless ages roll!

GENTLE JESUS, MEEK AND MILD.

School Festivals.

No. 321.



p GENTLE JESUS, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity;
Suffer me to come to Thee.

mf Put Thy hands upon my head;
Let me in Thine arms be stayed;
Let me lean upon Thy breast;
Lull me, lull me, LORD, to rest.

f Hold me fast in Thine embrace;
Let me see Thy smiling face;
Give me, LORD, Thy blessing give;
Pray for me, and I shall live.

p LAMB of GOD, I look to Thee,
Thou shalt my example be;

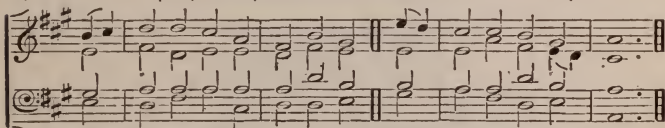
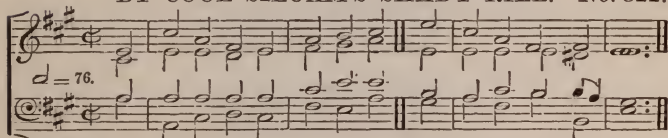
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild;
Thou wast once a little child.

mf Let me, above all, fulfil
God my heavenly FATHER's will;
Never His good SPIRIT grieve,
Only to His glory live.

p Loving JESU, gentle LAMB,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, SAVIOUR, what Thou art,
Live Thyself within my heart.

f I shall then shew forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
CHRIST, the holy Child, in me.

BY COOL SILOAM'S SHADY RILL. No. 322.



p By cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

mf Lo! such the child, whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod!
Whose secret heart, with influence
sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

p By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

mf O Thou, Whose infant feet were found
Within Thy FATHER's shrine;
Whose years, with changeless virtue
crowned,
Were all alike divine;

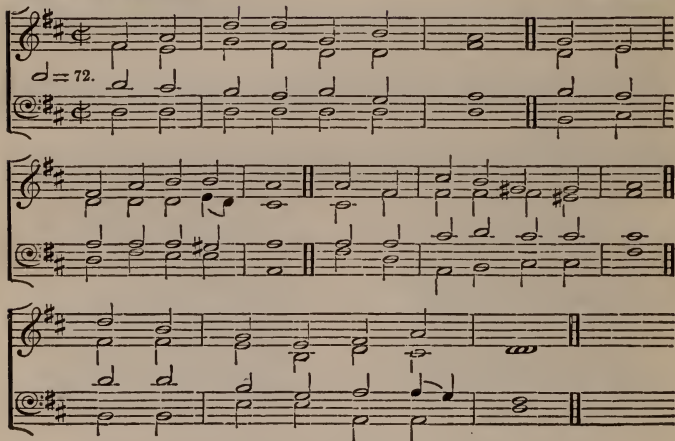
Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,

cres. In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine Own.

LORD, THIS DAY THY CHILDREN MEET.

School Festivals.

No. 323.



mf LORD, this day Thy children meet
In Thy courts with willing feet;
Unto Thee this day they raise
Grateful hearts in hymns of praise.

Not alone the Day of rest
With Thy worship shall be blest:
In our pleasure and our glee,
LORD, we would remember Thee.

p Help us unto Thee to pray,
Hallowing our happy day;
From Thy Presence thus to win
Hearts all pure, and free from sin.

mf All our pleasures here below,
SAVIOUR, from Thy mercy flow:
But if earth has joys like this,
What shall be our heavenly bliss!

Make, O LORD, our childhood shine
With all lowly grace, like Thine:
f Then through all eternity
We shall live in Heaven with Thee.

LORD, IN MINE AGONY OF PAIN.

In time of Sickness.

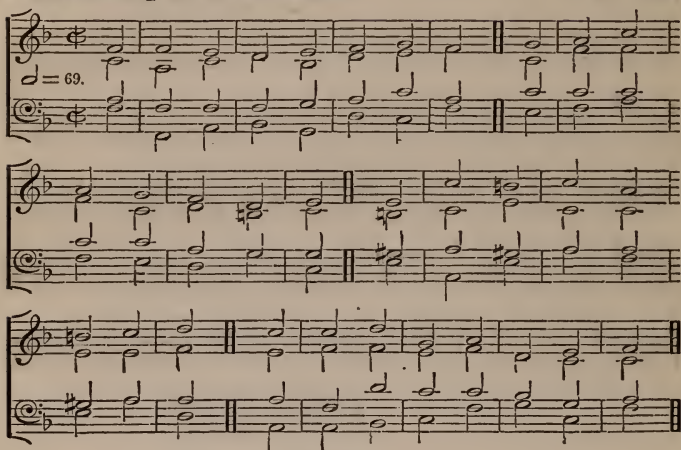
No. 324.

♩ = 69.

Ver. 2. 3.

- p* LORD, in mine agony of pain
I turn mine eyes to Thee,
cres. in humble trust, that as my day
My promised strength will be :
p Teach me to pray with Thy dear Son,
"FATHER, Thy will, not mine be done."
- p* Sleepless I pass the weary night,
And long for dawn of day ;
The dawning day no respite brings,
Again for night I pray :
cres. Thou, LORD, canst aid, and Thou alone !
Help me to say, "Thy will be done."
- p* 'Tis Thine, my sharpest pains to soothe,
And dry each falling tear ;
cres. 'Tis Thine, by precious promises,
My fainting heart to cheer :
p In patience then my race I'll run,
Still meekly pray, "Thy will be done."
- p* A moment's light affliction here
On earth, bears no compare
cres. To that eternal weight of bliss,
With JESUS I shall share :
f The cross on earth, in heaven the crown ;
"FATHER, Thy will, not mine be done."

MY HEALTH WAS FIRM, MY DAY WAS BRIGHT.
 On Recovery from Sickness. No. 325.



mf My health was firm, my day was bright,
 And I presumed 'twould ne'er be night;
 I fondly said within my heart,
 My joy and peace shall ne'er depart.

p But I forgot Thine arm was strong,
 Which made my mountain stand so long;
 When once Thy face began to hide,
 My health was gone, my comforts died.

I cried aloud to Thee, my God:
 "What canst Thou profit by my blood?
 Laid deep in dust, can I declare
 Thy truth, or sing Thy goodness there?"

O hear me, God of grace," I said,
 "And bring me from among the dead:"
mf Thy word rebuked the pains I felt,
 Thy pard'ning love removed my guilt.

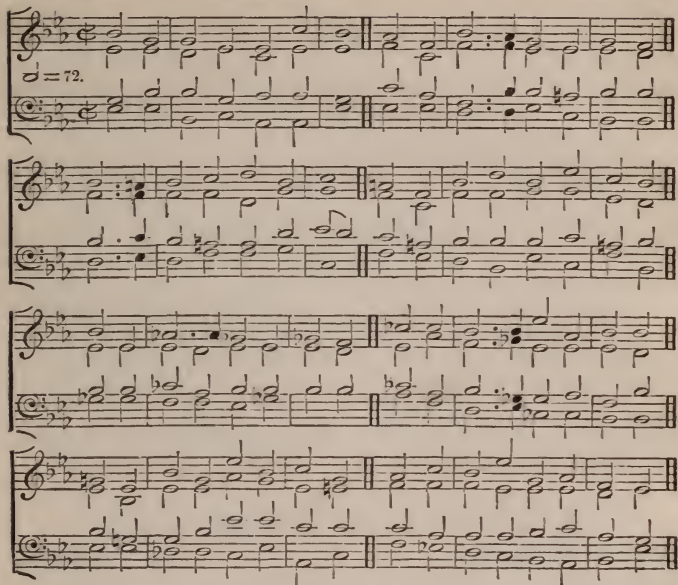
cres. My groans, and tears, and forms of woe,
 Are turned to joy and praises now;
 I throw my sackcloth on the ground,
 And ease and gladness gird me round.

f My tongue, the glory of my frame,
 Shall ne'er be silent of Thy Name;
 Thy praise shall sound through earth and heaven,
 For sickness healed, and sins forgiven.

LIFT NOT THOU THE WAILING VOICE.

On the Christian's Death.

No. 326.

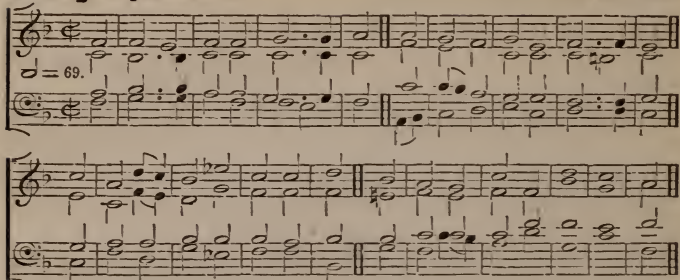


- p* LIFT not thou the wailing voice;
Weep not, 'tis a Christian dieth;
cres. Up, where blessed saints rejoice,
Ransomed now, the spirit flieth.
p Freed from earth and earthly failing,
Lift for him no voice of wailing;
cres. High in heaven's own light he dwelleth;
f Full the song of triumph swelleth.
- mf* Pour not thou the bitter tear;
Heaven its book of comfort opeth,
Bids thee sorrow not, nor fear,
But as one who always hopeth;
p Humbly here in faith relying,
Peacefully in Jesus dying,
cres. Heavenly joy his face is flushing:
Why should thine with tears be gushing?
- p* They who die in CHRIST, are blest:
Our's then be no thought of grieving;
Sweetly with their God they rest,
All their toils and troubles leaving;
cres. So be our's the faith that saveth,
Hope, that every trial braveth,
Love, that to the end endureth,
f And, through CHRIST, the crown secureth.

IT IS THE LORD! BEHOLD HIS HAND.

During a Pestilence.

No. 327.



p It is the LORD! behold His hand,
Outstretched with an afflictive rod;
And hark! a voice goes through the land,
"Be still, and know that I am God!"
Shall we, like guilty Adam, hide
In darkest shades, our darker fears?
For who His coming may abide?
Or who shall stand when He appears?

mf No! let us throng around His seat,
And let us meet Him face to face;
Our spirits prostrate at His feet,
Confess our sins, and sue for grace.

Who knows but God will hear our cries,
Turn swift destruction from our path,
Restrain His judgments, or chastise
In tender mercy, not in wrath?

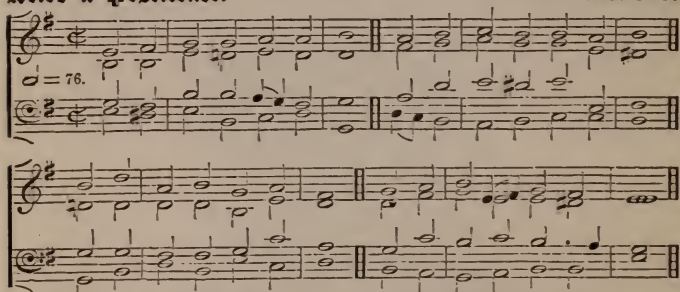
f He will, He will, for JESUS pleads;
Let Heaven and earth His love record;
For us, for us, He intercedes:
Our help is nigh; it is the LORD!

p Into His hands then let us fall,
Come health or sickness, life or death,
Whether He sends us balm for gall,
Or immortality for breath.

WALKING ON THE WINGED WIND.

After a Pestilence.

No. 328.



mf WALKING on the winged wind,
Fear before Him, Death behind,
When the LORD came down in wrath,
Clouds and darkness girt His path!
Thence abroad His arrows flew,
Thick and fast they smote and slew!
p We in dust and ashes lay:
None could help, but all could pray.

cra. Prayer prevailed amidst despair;
God delights to answer prayer;

Judgment laid its terrors by;
Mercy beamed o'er earth and sky.

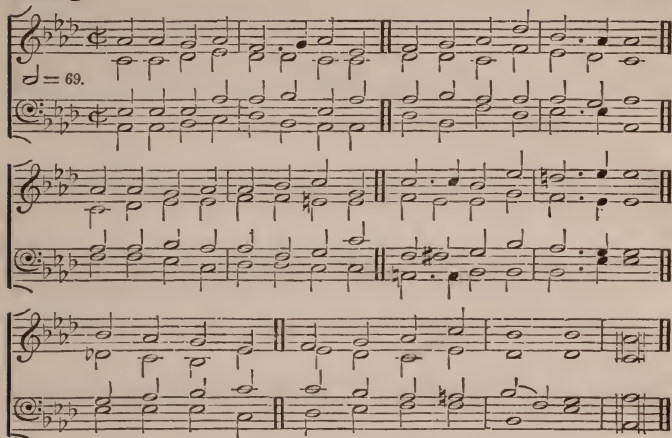
mf Now be sorrow turned to song;
Let the bruised reed grow strong;
Smoking flax break forth and blaze;
Prayer transform itself to praise!

f Let the living now record
All the goodness of the LORD!
Him let His redeemed adore,
Go in peace, and sin no more.

JESUS, LORD, WE KNEEL BEFORE THEE.

Litany.

No. 329.



p JESUS, LORD, we kneel before Thee;
Bend from heav'n Thy gracious ear!
cres. While our waiting souls adore Thee,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear!
p cres. By Thy mercy,
Oh! deliver us, good LORD!

mf Taught by Thine unerring SPIRIT,
Boldly we draw nigh to GOD,
Only in Thy spotless merit,
Only through Thy precious blood:
p cres. By Thy mercy,
Oh! deliver us, good LORD!

p From the depths of nature's blindness,
From the hard'ning pow'r of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
p cres. By Thy mercy,
Oh! deliver us, good LORD!

p When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's pow'r,
cres. In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
p cres. By Thy mercy,
Oh! deliver us, good LORD.

p In the weary night of sickness,
In the throes of grief and pain;
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When the creature's help is vain.
p cres. By Thy mercy,
Oh! deliver us, good LORD!

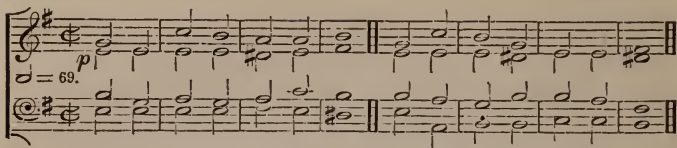
pp In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment-day,
May our souls, on Thee relying,
cres. Find Thee still our Hope and Stay!
p cres. By Thy mercy,
Oh! deliver us, good LORD!

mf JESUS, may Thy promised blessing
Comfort to our souls afford!
May we, now Thy love possessing,
Find at last the great reward!
p cres. By Thy mercy,
Oh! deliver us, good LORD!

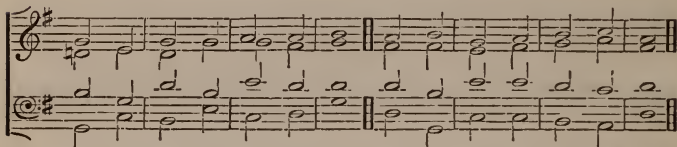
JESU! CHILD OF MORTAL THROES!

Litany.

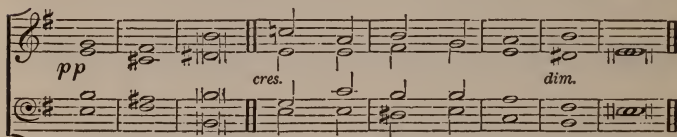
No. 330.



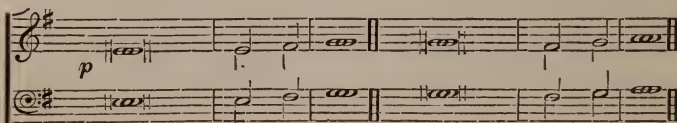
1. JE - su! Child of mor - tal throes! Quit-ting Thy di - vine re - pose,



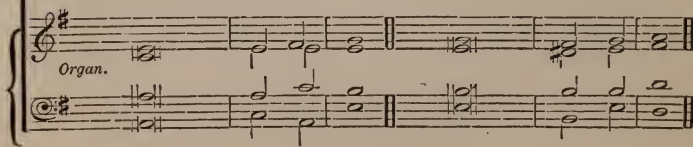
Meek - ly bow - ing 'neath the blows, Dealt by Thy re - lent - less foes:



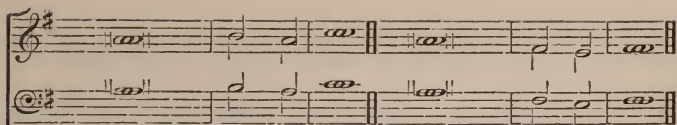
SON of Man! Save us from e - ter - nal woes!



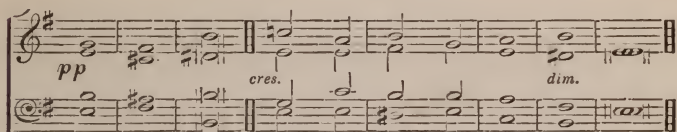
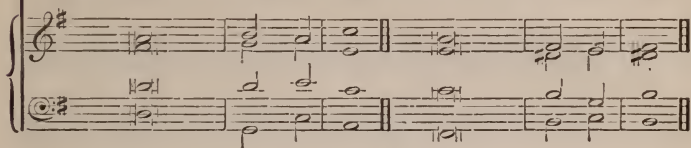
2. By Thy wants, Thy griefs, Thy tears; By Thy hopes, and doubts, and fears;
3. By Thy trial, framed in hell, Circling Thee with craf - ty spell,



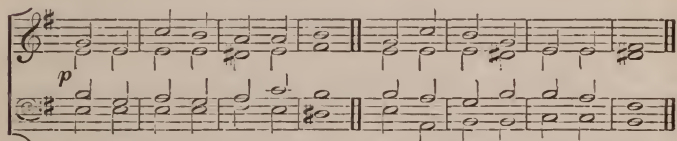
The first four lines of Verses 2, 5, and 8 to be sung in *Unison*; those of Verses 3, 6, and 9 in the same way, with the Organ Accompaniment.



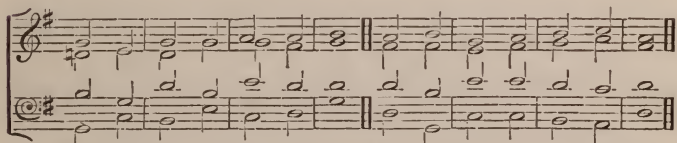
2. By the scorn, the scoffs, the jeers, Gall'ning Thee for three long years!
3. Wielding force that none can tell, Quick to ring our mor-tal knell:



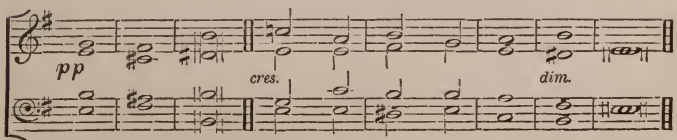
2. Suff'r - ing LORD! Bend to us Thy listen - ing ears!
3. Tempt - ed LORD! Help us Sa - tan's power to quell!



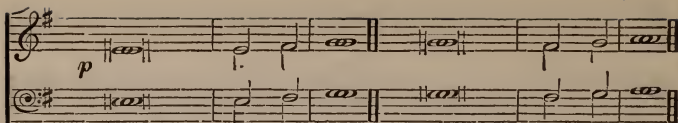
4. By Thy mer-cy, ne'er con-fined; Mer-cy showered on the blind;



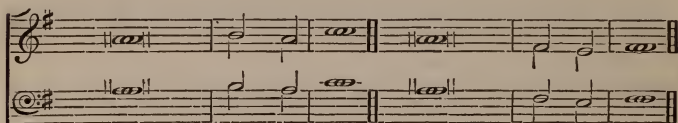
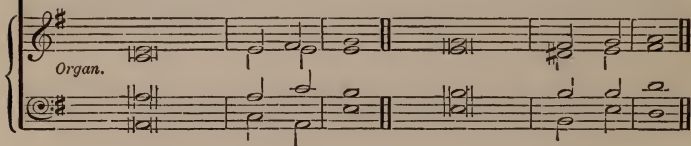
Mer-cy to the shat-tered mind; Mer-cy shewn to all man-kind;



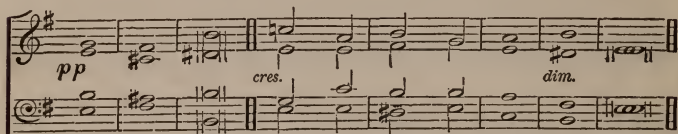
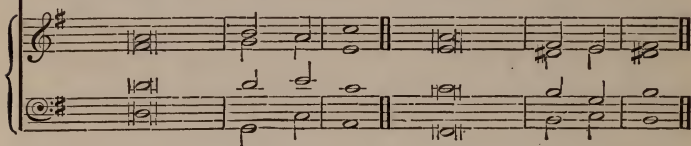
Pity - ing LORD! Grant that mer - cy we may find!



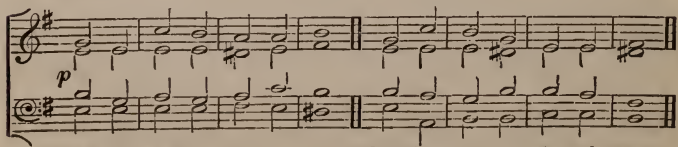
5. By the love that touched the bier; Where the widow poured the tear,
6. By the drops, from sor - row fed, Which in pity Thou didst shed,



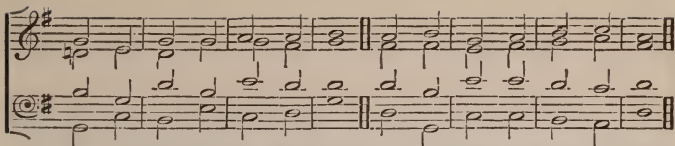
5. Knowing not that Thou wast near, With Thy word di - vine to cheer:
6. Standing by the rock - y bed, Holding Laza - rus the dead:



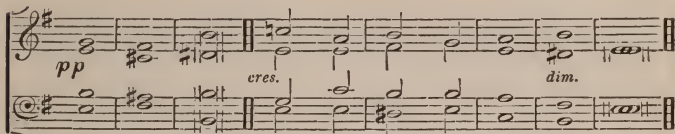
5. Ten - der LORD! In the hour of grief give ear!
6. Weep - ing LORD! Wipe the eyes with an - guish red!



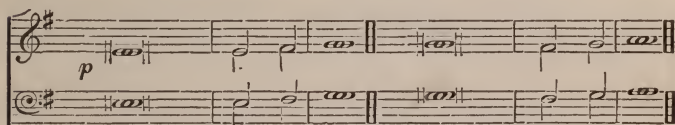
7. By the woes of that re - treat, Wherefor qui - et, calm and sweet,



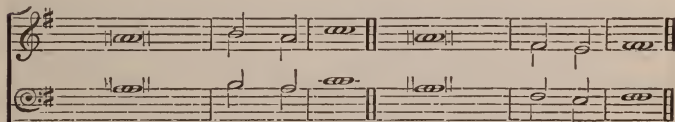
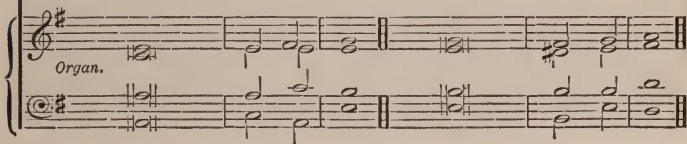
Oft re-paired Thy sa - cred feet, Once the trait - or kiss to meet!



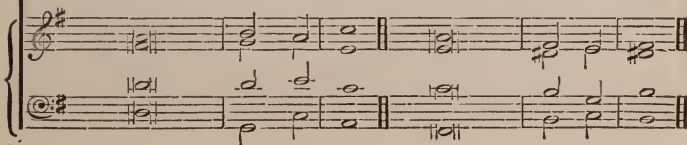
Strick - en LORD! Help us from Thy mer - cy seat!

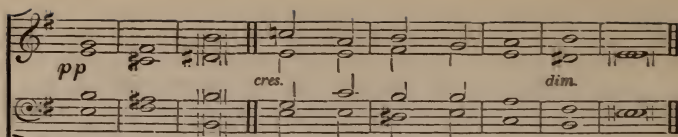


8. By the sweat that dewed the ground! By that bitter, wail - ing sound,
9. By the Cross of shame and scorn, Where Thou hangedst all for - lorn,

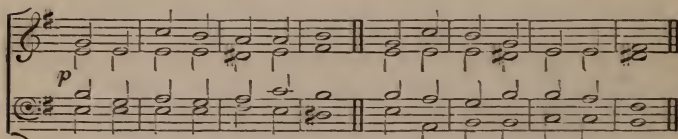


8. Rising from the waste a - round; Friends unseen, } while } foes a - bound;
9. Mocked with purple, crowned with thorn, Scourged and } pierced, and } bruised, and torn;

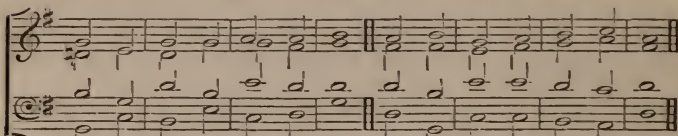




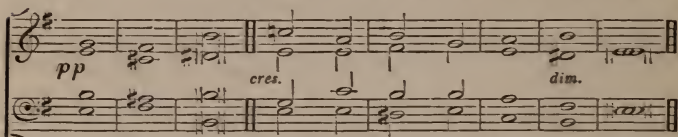
8. Lone - ly LORD! Oh! be Thou our so - lace found!
9. Bleed - ing LORD! Save Thy peo - ple, wast - ed, worn!



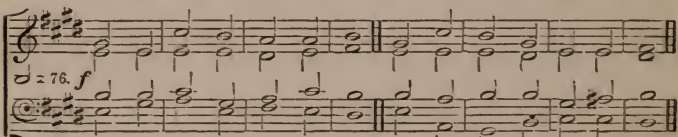
10. By Thy last ap - pall - ing groan, Pierc - ing hearts as hard as stone,



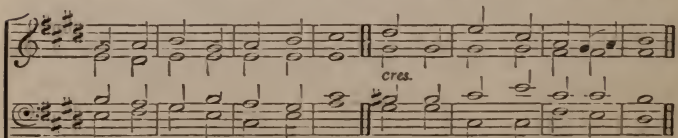
As Thy Soul to rest hath flown, While the Ma - rys weep and moan:



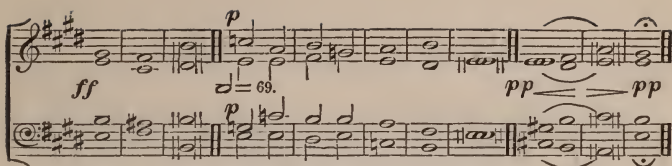
Dy - ing LORD! Save us! Thou canst save a - lone!



11. By Thy tri - umph o'er the tomb, Burst - ing from Thy char - nel room,
12. By Thy conqu'ring course on high, 'Mid the squad - rons of the sky,



11. Pour - ing light to kill the gloom! Death of Death! Cor - ruption's Bloom!
12. Who in splen - dor round Thee fly, Rais - ing their ex - ult - ing cry:



11. Ris - en LORD! Save us in the Day of Doom!

12. SON of God! Save us ere we sink and die! A - men.

JESU! Child of mortal throes!
Quitting Thy divine repose,
Meekly bowing 'neath the blows,
Dealt by Thy relentless foes:

Son of Man!

Save us from eternal woes!

By the woes of that retreat,
Where for quiet, calm and sweet,
Oft repaired Thy sacred feet,
Once the traitor kiss to meet!

Stricken LORD!

Help us from Thy mercy seat!

By Thy wants, Thy griefs, Thy tears;
By Thy hopes, and doubts, and fears;
By the scorn, the scoffs, the jeers,
Galling Thee for three long years:

Suffering LORD!

Bend to us Thy listening ears!

By the sweat, that dewed the ground,
By that bitter, wailing sound,
Rising from the waste around;
Friends unseen, while foes abound;

Lonely LORD!

Oh! be Thou our solace found!

By Thy trial, framed in hell,
Circling Thee with crafty spell,
Wielding force that none can tell,
Quick to ring our mortal knell:

Tempted LORD!

Help us Satan's power to quell!

By the Cross of shame and scorn,
Where Thou hangedst all forlorn,
Mocked with purple, crowned with thorn,
Scourged and pierced, and bruised, and torn,

Bleeding LORD!

Save Thy people, wasted, worn!

By Thy mercy, ne'er confined;
Mercy showered on the blind;
Mercy to the shattered mind;
Mercy shewn to all mankind:

Pitying LORD!

Grant that mercy we may find!

By Thy last appalling groan,
Piercing hearts as hard as stone,
As Thy Soul to rest hath flown,
While the Marys weep and moan:

Dying LORD!

Save us! Thou canst save alone!

By the love that touched the bier,
Where the widow poured the tear,
Knowing not that Thou wast near,
With Thy word divine to cheer!

Tender LORD!

In the hour of grief give ear!

By Thy triumph o'er the tomb,
Bursting from Thy Charnel-room,
Pouring light to kill the gloom!
Death of Death! Corruption's Bloom!

Risen LORD!

Save us in the Day of Doom!

By the drops, from sorrow fed,
Which in pity Thou didst shed,
Standing by the rocky bed,
Holding Lazarus the dead:

Weeping LORD!

Wipe the eyes with anguish red!

By Thy conquering course on high,
'Mid the squadrons of the sky,
Who in splendor round Thee fly,
Raising their exulting cry:

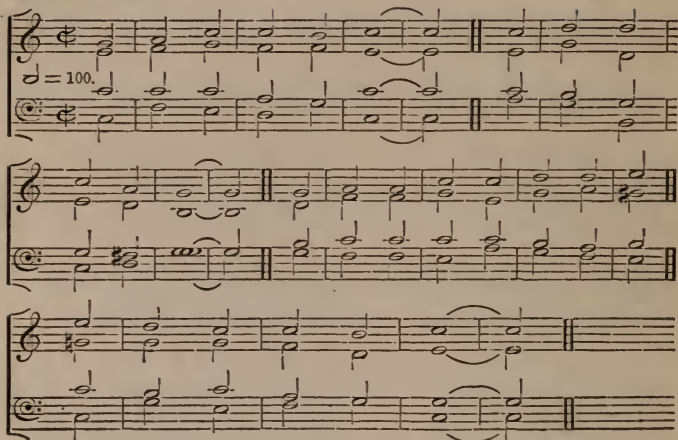
Son of God!

Save us ere we sink and die! Amen.

REJOICE, YE PURE IN HEART.

Processional.

No. 331.



f REJOICE, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing!
Your orient banner wave on high,
The Cross of CHRIST your KING!

Bright youth, and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek,
Raise high your free, exulting song!
God's wondrous praises speak!

Yes! onward, onward still,
With hymn, and chant, and song,
Through gate, and porch, and columned aisle,
The hallowed pathways throng!

mf With ordered feet pass on!
Bid thoughts of evil cease!
Ye may not bring the strife of tongues
Within the home of peace.

With all the angel choirs,
With all the saints of earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth!

f Your clear Hosannas raise,
And Hallelujahs loud!
Whilst answering echoes upward float,
Like wreaths of incense-cloud!

With voices full and strong,
As ocean's surging praise,
Lead forth the hymns our fathers loved,
The psalms of ancient days!

mf Yes! on through life's long path!
Still chanting as ye go!
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.

Still lift your standard high!
Still march in firm array!
As warriors through the darkness toll,
Till dawns the golden day.

p At last the march shall end,
The wearied ones shall rest;
The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest

f Then on! ye pure in heart!
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing!
Your orient banner wave on high,
The cross of CHRIST your KING!

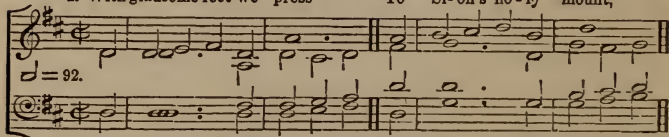
ff Praise Him, Who reigns on high,
The LORD Whom we adore!
The FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
One God for evermore!

WITH GLADSOME FEET WE PRESS.

Processional.

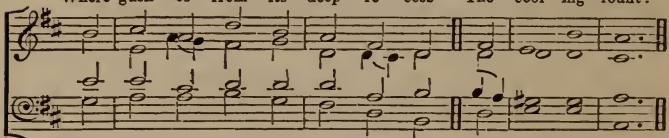
No. 332.

1. With gladsome feet we press To Si-on's ho-ly mount,



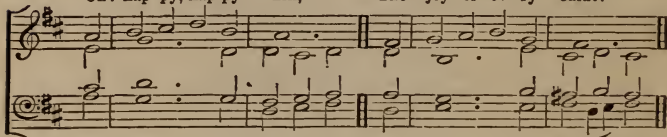
1. With glad - some feet we press To Si - on's ho-ly mount,

Where gush - es from its deep re - cess The cool - ing fount:



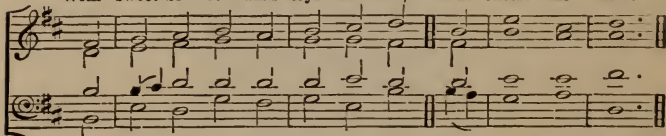
Where gush - es from its deep re - cess The cool - ing fount:

Oh! hap-py, hap-py hill, The joy of ev-'ry saint!



Oh! hap - py, hap-py hill, The joy of ev-'ry saint!

With sweet Si - lo - am's crys - tal rill, That cheers the faint!



With sweet Si - lo - am's crys - tal rill, That cheers the faint!

f With gladsome feet we press
To Sion's holy mount,
Where gushes from its deep recess
The cooling fount :
Oh! happy, happy hill,
The joy of every saint!
With sweet Siloam's crystal rill,
That cheers the faint!

We love fair Sion well :
The LORD in her is seen ;
With her is ever fain to dwell
In radiant sheen !
He there reveals His face,
There stretches out His arm,
A lamp to light a darkened race,
A shield from harm.

mf Thou, LORD, dost crown the steep ;
Thou broodest o'er the stream :
Then leave us never more to weep
Thine absent beam !
Refresh the thirsty soul,
Thou springing Well of life !
Conduct us towards the heavenly goal,
Amid the strife !

p Great City, blest of God !
Jerusalem the free !
With ceaseless step the path be trod,
That leads to thee !
The martyrs' bleeding feet,
The saints with woundless breast,
Alike have sought thy golden seat,
To win their rest.

mf The tow'rs, that point on high,
Our earth-bound spirits teach
To scorn the world, and upward fly,
True bliss to reach :
To veil Thy shrine of love,
Lord, let no mist arise ;
No cloud to hide the scene above
From longing eyes.

We come, with fervent zeal,
Beneath Thy hallowed dome,
The pledge of our eternal weal,
Our happy home !
Thine house our Sion stands,
Though reared of earthly stone,
The type of that, not made with hands,
Yet still Thine Own.

p There, calming all alarms,
Thy Cross of love is traced,
Outstretching salutary arms,
To bless the waste ;
The sinner there can plead
In ever listening Ears ;
On hope, and Thee, can sweetly feed,
And dry his tears.

mf LORD, while Thy courts we tread,
Arrayed in robes of white,
May evil never lift its head
To shame the light !
But all be pure below ;
Each heart from taint be free,
Unsullied, bright as sunless snow,
Meet shrines for Thee !

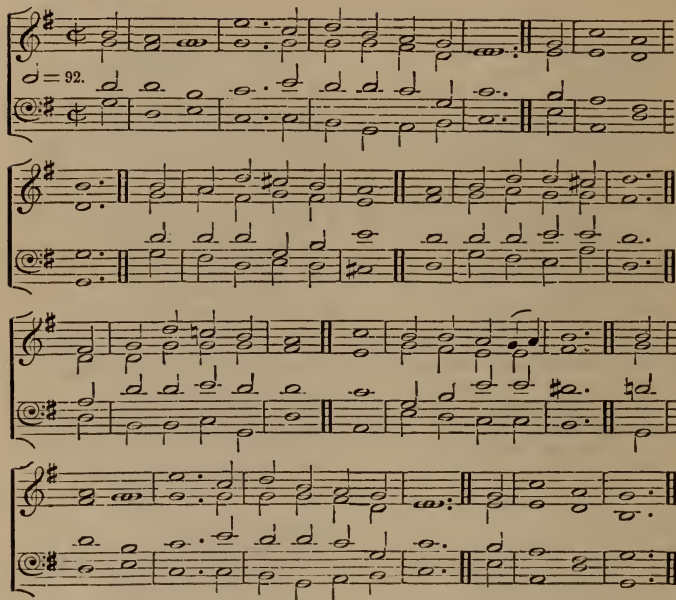
f So this our festal day
Celestial joy shall raise,
While lips and hearts, conjoined, essay
To hymn Thy praise !
The very stones shall ring,
Resound each holy wall,
With Thee, Thyself the Rock, the Spring,
Our Heaven, our All !

ff The FATHER loud adore !
And loud adore the SON !
Exalt the SPIRIT evermore,
The great THREE-ONE !
The Trinity extol
In Unity sublime,
Till circling ages cease to roll !
The death of Time !

LET ALL THE WORLD IN EVERY CORNER SING.

Call to Praise.

No. 333.



f LET all the world in every corner sing

My GOD and KING!

The heavens are not too high;

His praise may thither fly;

The earth is not too low;

His praises there may grow.

ff Let all the world in every corner sing

My GOD and KING!

f Let all the world in every corner sing

My GOD and KING!

The Church with Psalms must shout;

No door can keep them out:

But, above all, my heart

Must bear the longest part.

ff Let all the world in every corner sing

My GOD and KING!

NOW READY.

The Anglican Hymn Book,

EDITED BY THE

REV. ROBERT CORBET SINGLETON, M.A.,

FIRST WARDEN OF ST. PETER'S COLLEGE, RADLEY,

AND

EDWIN GEORGE MONK, MUS. DOC., OXON.,

ORGANIST AND CHOIRMASTER OF YORK MINSTER.

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3.	Kyrie Eleison				
4.	Nicene Creed	}	...	1 6	0 4½
5.	Sanctus				
6.	Gloria in Excelsis				
7.	Magnificat	}	...	1 0	0 3
8.	Nunc dimittis				

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